

Sew Precious In His Sight

Volume Ten, Issue 1



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TOL Logo Pins Still Available

If you did not get a chance to order one of our logo pins, they are still available for \$1.75 each. To order, please make your check payable to: Threads of Love, and mail to:



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Denham Springs, LA 70706



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Happy Birthday to Threads of Love group in Alpharetta, Georgia at First Baptist Church. In October, 1997, they were to become the first Threads of Love chapter outside of Baton Rouge. At that time Carolyn Caswell started the group, and later when she had to step down, Faye Chasteen stepped up to the plate to take the group. Thanks Alpharetta, for being the first and to have continued for the past ten years!

In the last two issues of Sew Precious In His Sight we have looked at how two little babies that came to earth for a very short time changed the lives of myself and Debbie in a way that has touched the lives of many families in their loss of their precious baby. In this issue we will take a look at another person, Daphne, who lost a daughter and turned that loss into something positive, and has also touched the lives of other's who lost their precious baby.

This is Daphne's story in her own words: **You are not Alone**

After a perfectly normal, healthy pregnancy, I delivered the first of my four daughters on August 2, 1998. My intro into motherhood, however, was anything but perfectly normal and healthy. My first daughter was stillborn. Looking back at my experience, I believe the hospital staff was trying to help me by giving me space and not coming in my room much. Not even the professionals seemed to know what to do. I had a doctor walk into my room and inform me not to ask any questions because she had no answers for me. It was just "one of those things". I was even discharged before I got to take a bath so I would not have to stay in the same place as other recovering mothers. I remember the wheelchair ride through the hospital to our car when I was discharged. I was sure every person we passed looked at me and thought, "What a failure."

I went home and dealt with the aftermath of a full term pregnancy, labor and delivery, but without my baby. I felt confused and isolated. I had no idea who or what I was anymore. I had had a baby but no one seemed to want to acknowledge that. Was I a mother to the daughter I named Rya? Why did everyone seem to want to pretend she had never existed? Physically I had all the signs I had just delivered a baby, yet I was alone.

The barrage of emotions I faced were so forceful and intense there is no way I can put them down in black and white. While my family and friends cared about me and wanted to help, they did not understand at all what I was going through. I understand now their intentions were right but more

often than not they just caused me to feel more pain and isolation. The common theme seemed to be 'forget about what happened and move on'. I would have loved to move on from the most painful experience of my life and not continue to feel so crushed and ruined. It was just not an option for me no matter how hard I tried.

I actually thought I was going crazy and that something was wrong with me because I loved my daughter so much and could not get over her death after a month. I was becoming more and more confused and isolated and could not find anyone who understood me at all. I heard about a local support group and forced myself to go out of desperation. The relief I found was so overwhelming I actually cried myself sick. These women actually understood me AND I was not crazy! That support group truly became a lifeline to me. I was offered a platform to express how I honestly felt without the subject being changed or something hurtful or inappropriate being said to me. My healing had begun and I was no longer alone.

As God grew me spiritually and helped me move through my grief, He also opened my eyes to the opportunity to minister His Love and Healing to others. 2 Corinthians 1:4 says God comforts us in all our troubles so that we can comfort others. When others are troubled, we will be able to give them the same comfort God has given us. It became so important to me to let other mothers who had lost a baby know they were not alone. Out of the local support group I attended, some of the mothers formed an organization that offered additional pregnancy and infant loss support in various ways. I began volunteering to help this group and found a new level of healing that comes with reaching out to and helping others.

Not long after I got involved with this group that brought me so much comfort in the year following Rya's death, they decided to move out of state. I felt I had to do something for our area to keep other mothers from feeling that extreme isolation I felt that first month after my loss. I needed a way to let other mothers know they were not alone. I took a few ideas from the organization that helped me so much and made them my own and formed Angels

Among Us. One of my favorite ideas was donating teddy bears to local hospitals to give to mothers who had just lost a baby. The idea really touched my heart and it became my mission to get a teddy bear into the empty arms of as many mothers who had lost their babies as possible. I also re-wrote a grief information packet with many articles on topics I had faced on my own grief journey. I included information I wish had been available to me during the first days of my loss that could have guided me in a more healthy direction.

I am not a professional, but I am powered by the Holy Spirit. I have no training to back what I do, but I have lived through loss. I have experienced the devastating loss of my baby and have done more than survive. I have walked out Romans 8:28 which says “all things work together for our good for those who love God and are called according to His purposes”. I have peace; I have joy and I no longer feel alone. My God has said He will never leave me or forsake me (Hebrews 13:5) and I need to help mothers who have lost their baby discover this truth. I do this through Angels Among Us with these sweet little teddy bears I found to donate. I attach a tag to each bear that says Galatians 6:2 Bear One Another’s Burdens and also has In Memory of...a baby that was lost to miscarriage, stillbirth or infant death. This enables those who have lost a baby to do something positive in memory of their baby and reach out to other families going through the same thing. It is my way to say to any mother facing a pregnancy or infant loss, **“You are not alone”**. Daphne Haynes



Each one of us allowed God to work in our lives and reach out to others in helping them to start the healing process. Through our loss, and reaching out to others, all three of us have been able to heal. It just goes to show you that God can and will, if you allow Him, turn bad experiences into positive experiences and make a difference to others. A good example of trusting God is Job; if Job could survive in his many losses and still trusted God then who are we to turn away from God?

God prepared my heart to be open to the call of

making clothes to allow families see their baby dressed in clothes that fit, so they look sweet and like that precious baby that each parent dreams of. I don’t know if each one of us would have been open to that call if we had not experienced our loss. As for me, I know the importance of wanting to see that baby brother and being told no. At that time in society it was a no-no to see a baby that passed away at birth. I didn’t start the healing process until I began to sew for those families and Threads of Love was started. Oh, how I wish I had a picture, a lock of hair, just any thing that belonged to my little brother. On the other hand Debbie has a picture of her little brother and she knows the value of that picture and she wants others to have those priceless items to hold on to. For Daphne she understands the importance of being allowed to heal and grieve openly. What more could each of have asked for; God has taken each of our sorrows and turned it into dancing for the joy of being able to help others. To be a servant for the Lord is an honor.

“Hear, O Lord, and be gracious to me; O Lord, be Thou my helper.” Thou has turned for me my mourning into dancing; Thou hast loosed my sackcloth and girded me with gladness; That my soul may sing praise to Thee, and not be silent. O Lord my God, I will give thanks to Thee forever. Psalms 30:10-12





MAIL BOX...

To Kelley Butler and Tiny Threads of Love:
Thanks you so much for making the little outfit my son Tristan wore in the hospital. It meant a lot that other people care about things like that. My son didn't make it very long, but the time we had with him was very precious. Now we have an outfit to remind us of our beautiful baby boy. Thank you.
Love,
Kelly, wife to Dan, mom to 10



I can't count the number of times I have said to myself, "What would we do without the wonderful ladies who provide us with these wonderful keepsakes." My patients all touch them with such care and gentleness when you hand them the memories that we have made with your help. Thank you for the time and energy you put into such a worthwhile cause.
Kim, RN



Dear Friends,
My words seem inadequate when trying to express my heartfelt thanks for all you do for the families we care for at Woman's Hospital.

The memories you help create are all a grieving family will have to bring home from the hospital. These memories will last them a lifetime.

You have, in a way, provided them with a tiny link between Heaven and Earth. You are part of an amazing ministry.
God Bless You!
Veronica, RN

My preemie son has been in the Neonatal ICU for nearly three months in OSF St. Francis Medical Center in Peoria. Labor Day weekend, my husband and I decided it was time for the baby to be baptized and have our five generation photo. Thanks to Threads of Love, Sloane's baptismal gown and blanket made for a beautiful ceremony.
Thank you so very much.
Tammie



I want to thank you so much for all of the wonderful things that were made for Juliet Lee. Juliet was born early at 29 weeks and only lived three days before she died on January 8, 2007. While she was in the Northside Hospital NICU, she had wonderful nurses. One day when we were visiting her, the nurse gave us each a sock baby. We each wore one close to our bodies and also gave them to her two sisters to wear. We put them in her incubator the next day. It meant so much to us that our scent was with her. Those sock babies are my most favorite moments from Juliet's short life - I just smile each time I see them because they are so dear to me. Her death was extremely difficult for us, but it meant so much to us that when we came down from our room to baptize her, she had on a bonnet and baptismal gown and next to her was a blanket, booties, mittens and another crotched gown. Thank you so much for helping to ease the pain at the most difficult time in our lives. It truly mean so much to us.

Thank you again so very much for the compassion that Threads of Love has shown to our family.
Sincerely,
Jennifer

Books of the Bible Quiz

Try to unscramble these Books of the Bible

seesign
moodytenure
hobaida
usedox
nominaltaste
ijeerham
tileaccesses
shipinpipal

human
hemwatt
chairhaze
nailed
violenta
lastagain
socialsons

visitclue
hazephina
ashoe
onmars
hemplion
asheepskin
beshrew

“A woman’s heart should be so hidden in

Christ that a man should have to
seek Him first to find her.”

When I say... “I am a Christian”
I’m not shouting “I’m clean livin’.”

I’m whispering “I was lost,
Now I’m found and forgiven.”

When I say... “I am a Christian”
I don’t speak of this with pride.

I’m confessing that I stumble
and need Christ to be my guide.

When I say... “I am a Christian”
I’m not trying to be strong.

I’m professing that I am weak
and need His strength to carry on.

When I say... “I am a Christian”
I’m not bragging of success.

I’m admitting I have failed
and need God to clean up my mess.

When I say... “I am a Christian”

I’m not claiming to be perfect,
my flaws are far too visible

But, God believes I am worth it.
When I say... “I am a Christian”

I still feel the sting of pain..
I have my share of heartaches.

So I call upon His name.
When I say... “I am a Christian”

I’m not holier than thou,
I’m just a simple sinner

who received God’s good grace, somehow!

Pretty is as pretty does...
but beautiful is just plain beautiful



Threads of Love
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Place address label here

Mission Statement

Threads of Love is a sewing ministry meeting the needs of tiny premature infants. The ministry is about healing and binding hearts together - the hearts of parents at a time of uncertainty about their baby's health or when they lose an infant. Our mission is to show parents the love of Christ at a time when their personal pain is hard to endure and let them know that God is faithful. Through acts of obedience and donation, His work can and will continue. Pray that this ministry will have an impact far beyond our expectations.

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**Sow a seed of friendship,
reap a bouquet of happiness**