

Tiny Hands

little feet

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Framed Impressions

*Written in memory of the imprints that were made of
Naomi's hands and feet.*

The cracks and lines
on the bottoms of
feet and on the
palms of hands,
tell us that God specifically
designed Baby the
way He understands.



They are not just
impressions on paper,
Baby's tiny fists
can be curled.
Little feet can kick,
God knew who
He would pick.

Clay imprints
can be made,
the lines are
intricately carved,
with care.

Baby's pattern
is put in a
frame for
us to share.

-Kathy



Mending Hope

Written because I find healing and comfort in God's plan, when all the pieces don't fit the way I think they should.

There is a thread of hope,
Words can't mend,
But a stitch of love
Will repair the
Ache of a tear,
But the memories
Will always be there.

Different textures,
We are God's treasures,
Each piece has a story
Of value to lure,
Variety of shapes
And colors so pure.

God does the piecing,
He has a specific design
That won't be tattered,
When all else is shattered.

A gorgeous heirloom
So bold,
God's legacy is ours
To hold.

-Kathy



Tiny Hands

introduction

I GREW UP IN A HOME OF SEVEN GIRLS AND FIVE boys. My dad was in the army from 1958-1978. My mom stayed at home to rear a lively batch of boys and seven inquisitive girls. Our house buzzed with an overactive bunch of children.

We moved from Germany to the United States when I was eight years old. My parents weren't reared in Christian homes, and I wasn't either. When we lived in Harrisburg, Oregon, my parents took us to a Baptist church. Our neighbors were Mennonites. I often played with their daughter. We had grand times of laughter and climbing their storage shed rafters. I also went to church with her. She invited me to school a couple of times. That was our first taste of how Mennonites lived.

Later we moved to Portland, Oregon. I missed my friend a lot, but we frequently wrote each other and kept the phone lines hot.

In the spring of 1989, our family (except Dad) went to the Porter Mennonite Church for the first time. Dad joined us a year later.

In the fall of 1992, I moved to Aroda, Virginia, where I started nurse's training. I graduated in the spring of 1994.

During nurse's training, I began dating Aaron Mast, who later became my husband. We were married in October 1994. We moved from Oregon to Kentucky in 1996, where we now reside.

We have two children who keep me busy as a mom. I desire another baby, but have surrendered those dreams to God.

I'm sitting in my dining room as the warm sunshine filters in through the dirty smudges that are on the windows. The steady flow of the sun's rays warms my soul.

I rely on God's help in writing my story. It is my desire that God will use my story to encourage and help other women who have lost a baby.

I bare my heart in these pages. Every time I write, my heart heals a little more, and I know I am doing something to honor God.

Tiny Hands
the good news

I FELT EXCITED WHEN I DISCOVERED WE WOULD be blessed with a another baby. Aaron and I both felt God had answered our prayers after about eight years without being able to conceive. “Momma,” my daughter Larissa said, “I wish we could have a little baby. Lyndall’s little baby brother is so cute. I wish I could have a baby sister or brother too.”

I had longings for a little one of my own too. Watching other mothers cradle their tiny babies stirred emotions in me. My mind pondered these thoughts. “Momma, did you hear me?” Larissa interrupted my thoughts.

I looked over at my daughter. “Yes, I heard you, and a baby would be nice. But just wishing doesn’t bring one. You can pray for a baby, okay?”

“Okay,” Larissa answered slowly.

My husband and I already knew God had answered our prayers. We knew the time would seem so long if we told

our children too early, even though we could hardly wait to tell them the good news. I felt excited about a baby joining our family.

I went to the OB/GYN for the first time. He was ecstatic to hear about my pregnancy. I fell sick from May until August, fighting dehydration and nausea constantly. Every time I went in for an appointment I would ask, “Is it normal to be so sick all the time?”

The doctor would reply, “Yes, that is a sign of a healthy pregnancy.” So I took his word for granted.

I was just emerging from three months of constant nausea and vomiting when we decided to tell our children about the baby. It was rewarding to see delight written all over their eager little faces. They would ask, “Momma, are we really going to have a baby?”

I responded with joy, “Yes, God has answered our prayers.” They could hardly wait till I would wear a maternity dress, so they could tell their friends about the baby.

Sunday morning arrived all too soon. *I finally get to wear my new maternity dress!* Despite the morning sickness, I looked forward to letting others know.

At church that day, Aaron and I received many congratulations. As I glanced over at my husband receiving congratulations, his big grin thrilled my soul. His eyes sparkled with enthusiasm and joy.

A month later, Aaron being on a business trip, I went in to have an ultrasound. My appointment got canceled due to a delivery the doctor had to make. That week, my sister Amanda

stayed with me while Aaron was gone.

As weeks passed, my anticipation to know and hold my baby grew. Aaron and I would pray for our baby, as we had done with our other two children. It was such a joyful time for our family to anticipate a little one. I had so many hopes and plans for this precious baby that was within me.

Then came the day of the ultrasound. It was a routine four-month exam to determine the heartbeat and measurements. After waiting for a half hour, the nurse finally called my name. I hopped up onto the examination table with delight just to be able to see our baby. The screen showed perfect little arms and tiny feet and a heart with a steady beat.

The nurse kept looking at the screen and moving the probe all over to determine the measurements of the baby's head. She said with a hint of reservation, "I can't get an accurate measurement because the baby won't hold still." The nurse left the room with a worried expression on her face. I began to feel a little apprehensive.

The doctor and the nurse came back into the room. Fear kept rising in my mind like a thick cloud of fog. Such stillness and dread as the doctor directed the probe over my belly, looking intently at the screen.

He kept looking at the baby's head. He began to take measurements, typing something into the computer, freezing the image and then letting it go again. Then more measurements and more typing.

Finally the doctor looked over at me. "Your baby's head is not normal. She has anencephaly." As I lay on the cold, hard