

Brenna George Rosary and Rose Ceremony
May 9, 2009

Words fail to express the anticipation, prayers, and longing until her conception. Words can't adequately describe how my heart and soul were finally complete and whole with the sound of her cry as she entered this world. Words hold no candle to the pure joy she shared with those around her, with each sound and hug. The way her sweet arms would hug your neck as she nestled her face in your shoulder. The way she would wake each morning with a smile on her lips and a song in her heart, just talking as if to say "I'm here and it's another blessed day". The way her sweet thighs would squeeze your hip tight when excited. The way she would push her head back to get another dip or twirl. The way she would walk with grace and confidence on her tippy toes. The way she would sing and dance to our favorite songs. The way her shoes never stayed on and every drawer or purse had to be emptied. The way she would look at you with her big blue eyes and talk in full paragraphs in her special language. The manner in which when upset she would throw up her arms in exasperation and ramble on as if to say, "why can't I have that or do that, what's the big deal anyway". The way she called for her bah, bah in her sing song voice. The way each morning she would go into Carson's room to take out all his toys. The way Kendra would hold her and even help change her diapers. The way she looked up to both of them with love, just to play or for a hug. The way she would squeal with delight when dad came home each night. Words can't touch the depth of true peace and joy when rocking her to sleep and gently tickling her neck to hear her sweet laugh.

I had known sorrow before our sweet Brenna, the loss of my dad and my sister, and the everyday hardships. But NEVER could I have imagined or comprehended the depth of pain and sorrow Mary, our heavenly mother, experienced when she watched her only son, our savior, suffer and die to save us all. How could I have fully appreciated that a mother's heart can't be measured? It is living, growing, unselfish and pure, that when it loses one of its own, it can never be the same. Like the shepherd that loses its sheep, it will ACHE and MOURN for the missing piece until it is reunited again in eternal life. So I will pray for the day when I can once again be complete and whole and love, kiss, and hold my sweet Brenna. Until then we will find comfort in Mary who knows and understands our pain and suffering. We will continue on and remember the blessings we have: Kendra, Carson, Terry our family and our friends.

For today our tears are filled with gratitude, gratitude to all of you for giving us this wonderful way to honor and memorialize our sweet Brenna. Today our tears are laced with hope. Hope from above on wings of faith and whispers of love. Hope that we can live our lives worthy of having had our baby girl. Hope that we can remember all that Brenna taught and continues to teach us about the pure love of our heavenly father, that each life is a precious gift to be honored, cherished, loved and respected every moment. That through our children we can see and experience the way to welcome our savior into our actions, thoughts and meanings. We lay Brenna's rose at Mary's feet to remind us that we are all God's children and that He loves us unconditionally and passionately and that one day we will be with Him in love, peace and true joy. We, all of us have a new angel, Brenna. Watch over us sweetie, help guide us till we are together again!

I LOVE YOU FOREVER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!