



## BOS Monthly Letter of Hope

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### **You're Forever Etched in My Heart**

By: Tracey M. Ross

You came into my life during a time when I was looking for someone to love me for me. I will never forget the day I found out I was pregnant with you, February 14, 1984. Instantly, I fell in love with you and began wondering if you were a boy or girl, how you would look, and the type of person you would become. Every month I tracked your development by all the pregnancy books I could find. I enjoyed every single moment I carried you inside of me. We were connected in a way that blew my mind and you were my baby. Then, on October 14, 1984, we met face to face and my call name changed from Tracey to Mommy.

Every year, a week leading up to your birthday, I would tell you the story about everything that took place during that time. I told you that story so much that it became part of your birthday celebration. Once you became older and moved out on your own you always made sure you called me every day. I knew you had grown to love the story as much as I did. I wish I had known that the week of October 14, 2009 would be the last time you would hear the story of your birth and the last time I would tell it to you.

On June 12, 2010, my life forever changed, you were gone and I never got the chance to say how much I love you, how proud I was of you, how you changed my life for the better, how you made me want to have more children and how every right decision I made was because of you. But, most importantly, I never got the chance to say goodbye. Your first birthday in heaven was so very hard for me. As soon as the weather started to change from hot, humid, days and nights to cool, breezy, days and nights my emotions were all over the place. I wanted so much to tell the story of your birth that I would go off and talk to myself. On your birthday, family members came up to support me, landscapers were planting trees in your honor (21 to be exact) and for the first time since we met, it rained like crazy.

Tomorrow, October 14, 2018, is your birthday Lamont, you would've been 34 year old and I have replayed the story of your birth in my mind because you're forever etched in my heart. Thank you, Lamont for being a wonderful, hardworking, responsible and dependable son. It still hurts that I don't have my baby boy here with me, but the intensity of the pain isn't the same as it was in the beginning. I've learned to move forward with my life by starting a support group for parents who have suffered the loss of a child. Together, I, Mr. Tony, Taryn and your Father work with four other moms whose children have passed away to hold monthly support group meetings. Next week will be Bridge of Support's one-year anniversary. Guess what? I get to talk about you and what an awesome son you were. The stories of you and my own personal stories of a grieving mother's heart, who refuses to pretend that your passing hasn't affected

every area of my life, are helping parents know that they can and will make it.

This is not the road I would have chosen for us, but it was God's plan for us. As much as your passing hurts, and the sorrow of not having you physically with me still shows up at times, there is joy that floods my soul every time The Lord uses us to help a parent who is in the raw sorrow of grief. So, in honor of your birthday, my dear, handsome and loving son, I promise to be strong, hardworking, responsible and dependable to the parents of Bridge of Support because you were always giving, supporting and encouraging to those with whom you came in contact. I will always honor and talk about your life and your memory because you're forever etched in my heart.

Happy Birthday Lamont.