

Today We Remember

The Little Life

of

Matilda Mae



Star of the Sea and of the Sky
2.5.12 to 2.2.13

Twinkle Twinkle Little Star by The GiggleBellies

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Welcome and Introduction

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Hymn: Make Me A Channel of Your Peace

Make me a channel of your peace.
Where there is hatred let me bring your love;
Where there is injury your pardon, Lord;
And where there's doubt true faith in you.

Make me a channel of your peace.
Where there's despair in life let me bring hope;
Where there is darkness, only light;
And where there's sadness, ever joy.

Oh, Master grant that I may never seek
So much to be consoled as to console;
To be understood as to understand;
To be loved as to love with all my soul.

Make me a channel of your peace.
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned;
In giving of ourselves that we receive;
And in dying that we're born to eternal life.

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Reading: Song of Solomon 2:10-13

My beloved speaks and says to me: "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away; for lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth, the time of singing has come, and the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land. The fig tree puts forth its figs, and the vines are in blossom; they give forth fragrance. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

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Little Miss Matilda Mae

Writing the life of a 9 month old baby is not an easy thing to do and we had not a clue where to start until Uncle Steven sent us this:

"My first encounter with Matilda Mae (although I did not know what her name would be at the time and just how much I would get to know her) was when I took a photograph of Jennie and

David leaving their wedding reception. Only on looking at the photograph a few days later did I turn to Carolyn and ask whether she felt Jennie was pregnant! For me, of all people, to have spotted this was nothing short of remarkable!"

Of course, Uncle Steven was right.

Matilda was our miracle baby. Conceived against all odds and was our very special secret on our wedding day. In comparison to carrying Esther and William this pregnancy was a breeze. A blessing. As was our beautiful daughter on the day that she was born.

Wednesday 2nd May 2012.

Exactly on one of her due dates!

After an easy pregnancy we had the perfect labour and birth. It more than made up for the traumatic experience that we had with Esther and William. We were able to spend precious time with Matilda as soon as she was born and we were all three able to go home in time for tea.

We cannot say that life was perfect, having three children under two was not easy at all but as weeks and months passed we began to find our way and each day we fell in love with our beautiful daughter a little bit more.

I think most people that had the pleasure of meeting Matilda Mae fell head over heels in love with her.

Matilda was never a fan of sleeping unless she was attached to a person. She was a baby who from the start was happiest at the breast of her mummy or snuggled on the chest of her Daddy. She liked to be worn close, she did not like being in a crib or a pram.

Lack of sleep did not seem to adversely affect Matilda though, for when she was awake she was the happiest baby many people had ever seen.

Her cheeky smile and her twinkling chocolate eyes attracted the attention of family and friends, and total strangers EVERYWHERE!

Matilda Mae has touched the hearts and lives of so many people and we would like to share with you just some of the things we will never forget. I am sure it is a list we will be adding to for years to come.

Matilda Mae, we will never forget ...

Your beautiful smile

Your infectious giggle

Your determination to get the things you couldn't or shouldn't have.

Your love of the camera especially as a teething accessory!

Your love of lights! What a lovely first Christmas you had.

How when we walked in or out of your room, when we thought you were asleep, you would lift your chest up, crane your neck and grin at us.

You smiled whenever Mummy or Daddy entered the room.

How you flapped your arms with excitement and when you were really excited your whole body trembled and you scrunched up your face with delight.

How you cried the second you were in a room on your own.

You had long thick eyelashes and bright sparkling brown eyes. Beautiful chocolate brown eyes.

You had one long lock of hair that often curled on your forehead.

You loved playing nappy free after your bath especially in front of a roaring log fire.

How you loved laying beneath the apple tree and watching the colourful ribbons we hung there.

For ages before you could crawl you would bottom shuffle and kind of bottom twirl around a room. You could get from place to place though no one would ever see you move.

You loved music and would clap along to Mummy's singing. You had a bit of a thing for Wheel's On The Bus. A passion you share with your siblings.

You loved jingle bells and got very excited when you saw them coming your way.

You loved chewing on Sophie the Giraffe.

For a long time you hated going into your car seat and protested loudly about being in the car!

You giggled and smiled so much when we blew on to your face or pretended to feast on your tummy.

You loved to stick out your tongue! You were such a playful, cheeky little thing.

You snuggled up tight and rested your head on our shoulders when we cuddled you.

You could sit yourself up in your cot.

How you loved playing in our bed early in the morning.

Your favourite toy in these times was always Daddy's phone!!

How if we bent our heads to one side you would copy us and giggle and make it into a game

How you were so very very good at blinking!

You loved to nod and shake your head.

How you smiled and laughed a long to stories and songs.

How you curled up in a tiny ball like a hedgehog and cried if Esther or William hurt you.

How you looked so pleased with yourself each time you did something new.

Your love of food and how you would study us all as we ate. Your eyes moving from plate to mouth, plate to mouth.

How you would try to steal food from your siblings plates.

Your determination to feed herself with a spoon.

How you loved cuddles with Esther and William, and how you adored watching them play.

How you loved the bath and had learned to do splashing.

That your best thing to do was rifle through a waste paper bin or take things out of a basket so that you could put them all back in again.

Such little things!

We will never forget Esther and William calling you Baby Tiger before they could say Baby Tilda.

You will only ever be Baby Tilda to them, to all of us now.

We will never forget how you beamed when you were pleased with yourself.

That mischievous chuckle.

Your gurgles and giggles and how you used to babble and chat away to yourself all of the time.

I wonder what your first word would have been?

Your wonderful nature

How you seemed to truly believe that everyone was only ever there to entertain you.

Your love of people.

How your smile could light up a room.

Such a beautiful smile.

Such a beauty.

Things we must never forget

We love you and we miss you Matilda Mae

We promise we will never forget.

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Reading: Please Don't Cry

Daddy please don't look so sad, mummy please don't cry.
Cause I'm in the arms of Jesus, and he sings me lullabies.
Please try not to question God, don't think he is unkind.
Don't think he sent me to you and then changed his mind.

You see I'm a special child, I am needed up above.
I'm the special gift you gave Him, a product of your love.
I'll always be there with you, so watch the sky at night.
Look for the brightest star and know that's my halo's brilliant light.

You'll see me in the morning frost that mists your window pane.
That's me in the summer showers, I'll be dancing in the rain.
When you feel a gentle breeze from a gentle wind that blows.
Know that it's me planting a kiss upon your nose.

When you see a child playing and your heart feels a tug,
Don't be sad mummy, that's just me giving your heart a hug.
So Daddy don't look so sad and mummy please don't cry.
I'm in the arms of Jesus and he sings me lullabies.

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Matilda's Legacy

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Revelation 7. 9-10, 15-17

After this I looked and there was an enormous crowd - no one could count all the people.
They were from every race, tribe, nation and language, and they stood in front of the throne and
of the lamb, dressed in white robes and holding palm branches in their hands.

That is why they stand before God's throne and serve him day and night in his temple. He who sits
on the throne will protect them with his presence. Never again will they hunger or thirst; neither
sun nor any scorching heat will burn them, because the Lamb, who is in the centre of the throne,
will be their shepherd, and he will guide them to the springs of life-giving water. And God will wipe
away every tear from their eyes.

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We Three: A Photo Montage

Set to Rule The World by Take That and Somewhere Out There from An American Tail

No! No! No! Baby Tilda!

When Baby Tilda first arrived at our house, just before tea time, Granny and Granddad had been looking after us and it seemed a bit funny for Mummy and Daddy to bring a “Baby Tiger” home in a car seat.

She was very small and you had to be very careful of her, and you mustn’t throw things in her cot, but mostly she seemed quite good, but a bit boring for a little “Baby Tiger”.

When we got a bit bigger we knew that really she was “Baby Tilda” and not a “Baby Tiger” after all.

Baby Tilda liked to lie across Mummy’s tummy and snuggle up to get her food, she didn’t eat fish fingers *or* beans. We liked to hold our teddies across our tummies and give them some food too, sometimes we’d walk round the house like this saying “their having some food!” – just to make sure Mummy and Daddy knew what was happening. Esther still likes to do this now.

One day Baby Tilda was bouncing in her Jumperoo, William thought she might be thirsty so we tried to give her some water from our drinking cups, she didn’t seem to want any so we tried shaking the cups above her head instead. This gave her a nice shower like flowers can have from a watering can. She didn’t seem to like it a first, but we think she was probably just about to, but then Mummy stopped us and said it was naughty.

Once Baby Tilda was a little bit bigger she was allowed to come in the bath with us, you must be very careful of her and not squash her if you wanted to get past to the other end of the bath. If you were careful and good you could wash her carefully by pouring some water over her tummy and sometimes her head, she liked the water on her tummy, and she *quite* liked the water over her head, but not too much water.

We liked to give Baby Tilda big cuddles and kisses. The best thing to do is to give her as much cuddle as possible as quickly as you can because you never knew when Mummy or Daddy might come along and stop you and tell you to be careful. She did sometimes get a bit squashed because she got soo much cuddle so quickly, but she would really like it, sometimes she would giggle and flap her arms, but could get a bit grumpy if the cuddle went on a bit too long or was a bit too big.

Sometimes when we were cuddling her she would pull our hair, but we never got cross with her because we knew she was just little. When she pulled on Esthers hair or pulled her pretty dress Esther would laugh and say ‘she likes my hair’, because Baby Tilda did like Esther’s hair and did like looking at her pretty dresses very much.

Baby Tilda had her baby toys and we have all our big toys. Sometimes Baby Tilda would start trying to play with one of our toys! Mummy and Daddy would say that she was “just looking at it” but we could see that actually she was trying to play with it! So we’d tell her “No No No Baby Tilda! No!” and quickly come over and take it away. This made Baby Tilda sad and Mummy and Daddy sad, so Mummy said that if we took our toy away we should give her one of her baby toys to play with instead. So from then on we would always throw a baby toy at her after we had taken our toy back so she would have a nice toy to play with and wouldn’t be sad. But then we learnt that you shouldn’t throw toys so we would mostly just give her a toy nicely.

Sometimes when we were all in our high chairs we might be looking at something or looking at the story Daddy was reading and Baby Tilda would be in her high chair too. Sometimes she was close to us and she would lean over and try and take our bowls or our spoons. Luckily mostly we could see her doing it so we could tell her “Noo Noo Noo Baby Tilda, you should have a baby spoon”. But she didn’t seem to know, and sometimes she managed to get our spoon and tried to put it in her mouth!

Other times we would be having snack time on the carpet watching long Thomas or maybe show me show me and Baby Tilda would come leaning over and try and take our crisps or our grapes. She was a funny Baby Tilda.

On the last day we saw Baby Tilda she had started to crawl around the room. We had been showing her how to crawl for ages but she had only just learned it. It was very tricky to try and keep her playing only with her baby toys and she would keep crawling after all our big toys. Esther tried to pick up all the big toys off the floor at once so Baby Tilda couldn’t play with them, but it is very tricky holding so many toys at once.

The next day we woke up and Mummy and Daddy seemed very sad and Baby Tilda wasn’t in her high chair at breakfast time. We didn’t know where she was and Mummy and Daddy said she had Died, and she was gone, gone to be star in the sky, and she wasn’t coming back. They were very sad. We didn’t really understand so William asked for some more Shreddies, as he had eaten all of his.

But then she wasn’t there at tea time either, or in the bath, or the next morning at breakfast time, or anytime ever again. When we went in the car her car seat wasn’t there and she wasn’t in it. We told Mummy and Daddy in case they had forgotten her and they told us again that she had died and wouldn’t be coming in the car again, they were very sad.

Now we know Baby Tilda has died and gone to be a star in the sky

We like to talk about Baby Tilda being a star in the sky. Esther said Baby Tilda is up in the sky looking for stars and the moon.

Esther was listening to the funny telephone Mummy Daddy use to listen to us in bed. Mummy asked her what she was listening to and she said she was “Listening to Baby Tilda in the sky”.

Later Mummy asked us if we liked Baby Tilda, William said – No! – because he had just remembered once when she took his toys. Esther was a bit sad and said “I loiked Baby Tilda”.

Esther likes looking at the video of Baby Tilda with music on Mummy’s laptop and William likes helping Mummy write Baby Tilda’s name in the sand at the seaside. We both like looking at Baby Tilda’s pictures.

We miss our Baby Tiger.

Esther and William’s blissful ignorance and natural innocence about the enormity of what has happened may just be what gets us through the coming hours and days. They will never understand the gravity of our loss but we hope that their beautiful smiles and unconditional love will help to make even our darkest days feel a little brighter.



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Laura's Star

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Reading: 2 Corinthians 4.13-18

And since we have the same spirit of faith, according to what is written, "I believed and therefore I spoke, "we also believe and therefore speak, knowing that He who raised up the Lord Jesus will also raise us up with Jesus, and will present us with you.

For all things are for your sakes, that grace, having spread through the many, may cause thanksgiving to abound to the glory of God.

Therefore we do not lose heart.

Even though our outward man is perishing, yet the inward man is being renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, is working for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while we do not look at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen.

For the things which are seen are temporary, but the things which are not seen are eternal.

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Born To Be An Angel: A Photo Montage

You had the most infectious smile
A hearty giggle too
You were so happy and content
Nothing seemed to phase you

You were bished and bashed by both the twins
They found you such a trouble
But I know that if they had the chance
They'd march you back here at the double

You loved to play with jingle bells
You clapped your tiny hands
You loved your mummy's singing
You were my number one fan

Your eyes lit up for wheels on the bus
You chattered along to stories
You nodded your head when something was said
You never found anything boring

You sat up from an early age
Your posture was just outstanding
You were learning to crawl the day you died
But often fell with a crash in your landing

You did not like to be alone
You cried if I left a room
I would never ever have put you down
If I'd known you'd be gone so soon

You were not very good at rolling
You often got stranded on your back
But you used to try things over again
Determination you did not lack

You wanted always what you couldn't have
Especially when it came to toys
You loved watching Esther and William play
You enjoyed their fun and their noise

You loved it when your Daddy was there
You liked sitting with him as he worked
You used to stare at our computer screens
As though you could read every word

Your favourite thing was a waste paper bin
You loved rummaging with what was inside
You loved nothing more than an old magazine
You destroyed them with gusto and pride

You loved to sleep wrapped in my arms
It was wonderful having you there
I am struggling to sleep at night right now
The emptiness of not having you there

I hate waking without your nuzzling
Without your chubby fingers poking my face
Without you pulling or chewing my hair
Nothing will ever take your place

You flirted and wooed every stranger you met
With your intense sparkling chocolatey eyes
Everyone commented on beautiful you
Perhaps they realised

You were too special for this earth
It is becoming clear to me
You have touched so many lives
I am certain this has to be

I think my darling Matilda Mae
You were never meant to stay
You came to teach us, help us, better us
But you were always going to be taken away

In the moments I am strong enough
I think in my heart I know
You were born to be an angel
God has made this so

He chose us to look after you
To help you earn your wings
Now he has reached down and taken you back
On to better more beautiful things

Your memory will live on in each of us
In every person you touched
This is what I have to believe
When the sadness gets too much

You are our precious daughter
We loved you all we could
And now you are with the angels
For earth you were just too good

Be happy my beautiful darling
Look down on us from the sky
Please know my heart is breaking
I will love you til I die

Then we will once again be together
We will giggle and cuddle and play
For I am always your mummy
And I will get you back one day

Until then I will live my life
In such a way to make you proud
I will care for siblings old and new
And talk to you in the clouds

I will look after your Daddy
Help him to be strong
We are a family including you
Nothing will ever break our bond

Thank you for being wonderful you
Thank you for all your love
Thank you for magical memories
Keep watching us from above

I promise to say your name every day
I promise to include you in our lives in every way
I promise to love you with all that I am
And I promise to find you as soon as I can

I love you Matilda Mae
Please please be at peace x

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**Hallelujah by Jeff Buckley
and**

My Angel written especially for Matilda Mae by Sarah Case

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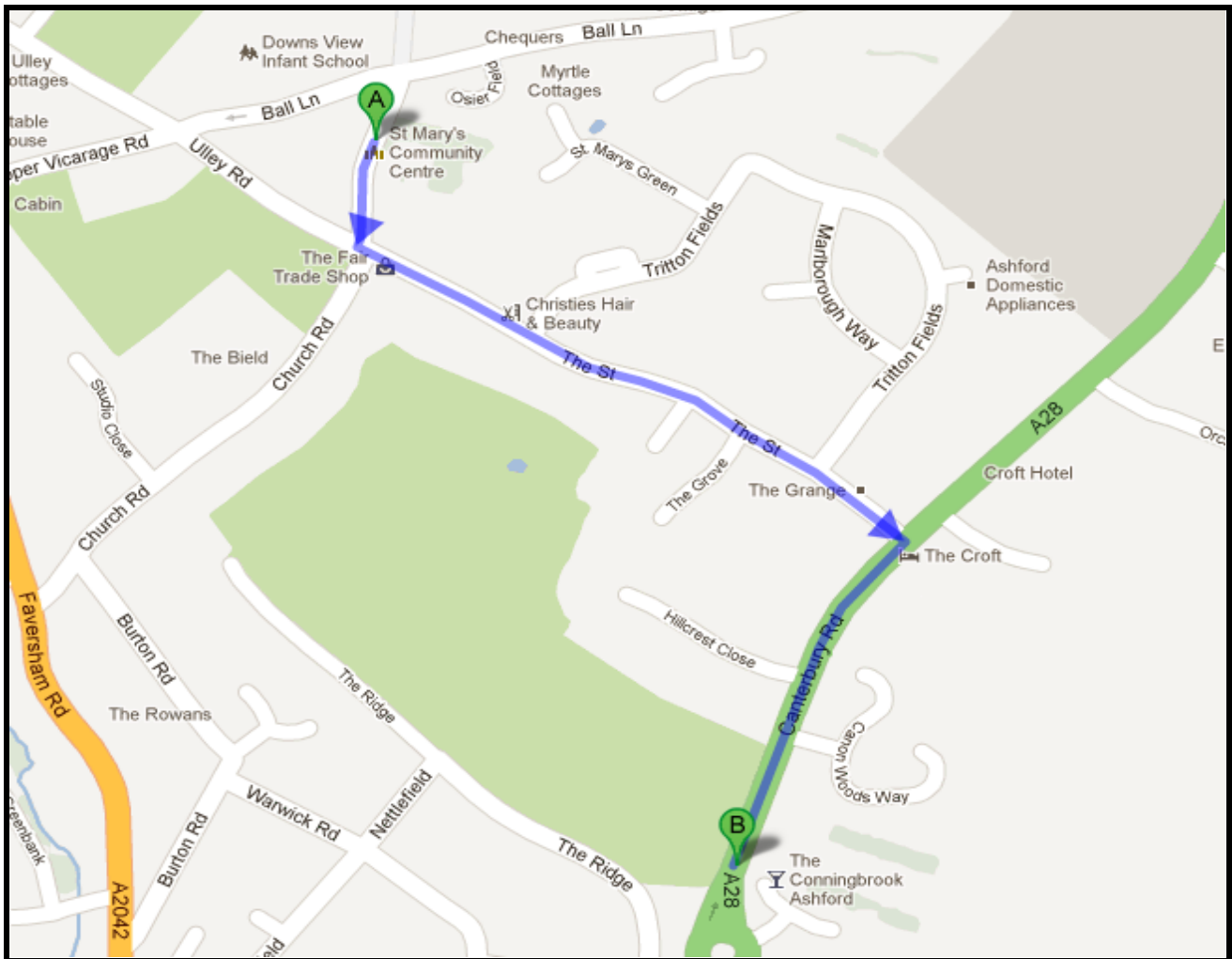
Time of Prayer

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Starlight by Muse



**Matilda's Farewell Reception is at The Conningbrook Hotel
Canterbury Road, Ashford TN24 9QR**



There will be some light refreshments when we return from the crematorium but please feel free to order more substantial food if you wish to.

If you would like to donate money to Matilda's Precious Star Fund for Bliss the details can be found here - <https://bliss.tributefunds.com/fund/Matilda+Mae>.

We are so proud and overwhelmed by people's kindness so far and we have already raised over £2000. This fund will remain open for always and David and I will contribute through the years to come. We chose to support Bliss as we feel that this is the charity that links our three children together.

On the 11th May we will be hosting a Mile in Memory to raise money for The Foundation of Sudden Infant Death Syndrome. We are hoping to raise money to help them research reasons for and raise awareness of cot death. If you would like to join us for this walk and family fun day, then please ask us for more information and also check out the event page on Facebook.



You can keep up to date with our family news
by following Jennie's blog at
www.edspire.co.uk



"An angel in the book of life wrote down my baby's birth.
Then whispered as she closed the book "too beautiful for earth".

Author unknown