



Sarah's Statement





I found out I was pregnant in 2022, and we were overjoyed by the news.

During my second trimester, I experienced some spotting, and my midwife suggested that I go to the hospital for an ultrasound. After waiting for a while, we were taken to a small room and met with a doctor who used a small ultrasound machine to perform an examination. She quietly told me that she could not see any movement and that there was no heartbeat.

My heart broke into pieces. I closed my eyes and let out an audible breath.

She explained that I would need another ultrasound because the machine she had used could not officially diagnose a pregnancy loss. From there, we went to the main ultrasound waiting room. The other women sitting there were filled with excitement as they waited to see their babies on the screen. I remembered what it had felt like to be in their shoes. But now I sat there knowing that my baby had died, and it took every bit of strength I had not to cry.

Eventually, they called me in for the second ultrasound. I had prayed for a miracle, having heard stories of doctors being wrong. But in that room, I received the same heartbreaking news.

Afterward, we were taken to another private room, where a doctor came in and officially confirmed that I was going to miscarry.

He wanted to discuss my options. Because I was already in my second trimester, taking medication to induce labour was not recommended. He explained that I could wait to see if I miscarried naturally, but that he recommended having a D&C. They would make an appointment for me at the women's clinic, and I could have the procedure within the next day or two.

He told me that most women choose this option because it spares them the physical pain and emotional trauma of miscarrying. They wouldn't have to worry about it happening unexpectedly at work, in the grocery store, or while driving. He also explained that sometimes a miscarriage does not happen on its own, and that can become dangerous. He assured me that a D&C was a quick procedure and that the risk of complications was extremely low. I got the impression that he was encouraging me to choose that option.

But I told him I wanted to wait and see if I could miscarry naturally.

I knew that if I had a D&C, I would have to go to the clinic where abortions were also performed, and the same doctors who performed abortions would be touching my body and my baby. I knew that with a D&C, Journi's body would not remain whole, and I didn't know whether I would be able to have any part of him back afterward because he was so tiny.





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I had an overwhelming desire to protect Journi's body and give him the respect he deserved. Even though I knew he was in Heaven, I desperately wanted, God willing, the chance to see and hold my baby.

So I told the doctor that I wanted to wait and miscarry naturally if possible. He said that if nothing happened within a couple of days, it would be best to schedule the appointment at the clinic.

Waiting for Journi to come was incredibly difficult, but I also felt as though I was being given a little more time to love him and prepare for what I was about to go through.

A few days later, I miscarried at home.

It was one of the most difficult and sacred experiences of my life.

Journi was perfectly formed. He had ten long fingers, just like his dad's, ten tiny toes, eyes, a nose, a mouth, and a little tummy. It is truly amazing how God knits us together in our mother's womb.

I held Journi in my hand, laid him on my chest, and talked to him for a few hours. His dad got to meet him too and give him a kiss.

Then came another difficult question: we didn't know what our options were for laying our miscarried baby to rest.

I knew we couldn't take him to a funeral home. He was just too tiny. Burying him at home wasn't an option either because we knew we wouldn't be living there forever. No one talks about what to do in situations like this, so I didn't know where to turn for help.

We decided to call St. Andrew's Cathedral. I spoke with the secretary and explained our situation. I don't remember the exact conversation anymore, but I do remember hanging up without any real answers. They said they would pass the information on to someone and call me back soon.

The next day passed, and when I still hadn't heard from them I decided to call again. They told me that we could purchase a space in the columbarium and come take a look.

While I had been waiting to hear back from the cathedral, I was desperately trying to think of who else I could call. I ended up contacting a small local Catholic church. I spoke with the priest, and he immediately sprang into action.

He told me about a parish about twenty-five minutes away where he had previously been assigned. They had a proper cemetery, and he said there was an area where we could lay Journi to rest. He explained that it wouldn't be a formal burial plot, but rather a peaceful place beneath a large tree near a statue of Mary. He told us we would just need to bring a shovel.

It felt like exactly the right place for Journi.



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We attended Mass the next day, met with the priest afterward, and followed him to the other church.

When we arrived, we were completely overwhelmed.

The cemetery caretaker was waiting for us and had already prepared a proper burial plot for Journi. He had thoughtfully chosen one beside another baby who had also passed far too soon.

We weren't going to need the shovel after all.

The priest conducted a beautiful ceremony for Journi and for us, and together we laid our baby to rest in a small casket his dad built and his head resting on a pillow I made.

I have never experienced Christ's love more profoundly than I did through the compassion and kindness shown to us by these two men.

I will always be grateful for the Church—for being a place we could turn in our time of loss, where we were met not with hesitation, but with strength, dignity, and love. In the midst of our grief, they cared not only for our son's body, but also for our hearts. It is a gift I will never forget.