

August 2023 Honored Angel

Rowan Griffin Knight

You find out you are pregnant. You are excited. The dreams you have are coming true.

You go to the first ultrasound. Everything is good. Measuring on time. You have zero complications. You have normal symptoms of pregnancy. Everything progresses fine.

THEN... 34 weeks hit... and your entire world comes crashing down on top of you and there is no way out. Our baby was born... 7 pounds 7 ounces, 20 inches long at 34 weeks and very very sick.

The overwhelming feeling that you get when doctors can't tell you what's wrong with your baby or if your baby will even survive. They don't know. You don't know. It's a feeling of exhaustion and not being able to breath all at the same time. You can't explain it. It's a rollercoaster of good news and bad news.

The doctors do their rounds every morning. We would always be there by 9am to hear the news. They try to keep the news as positive as possible but you can tell when they just aren't sure the issue.

Then you get the dreaded talk... we learned that the more people in the room the more serious the issues are. We also learned that if one nurse is assigned to one baby then that baby is considered very sick or critical. Due to our baby not responding to medication, enlarged heart, and not being able to come off the ventilator they recommended he be transferred to another hospital to be watched under a pediatric cardiologist.

Our baby was airlifted to a high risk hospital because of his condition they couldn't risk him being caught in traffic. After 2 days of being at the next hospital they finally gave us answers. Our baby was sick. It was time to let him fly. Keeping him here on earth was not where he was meant to be. His life was short here on earth... we got 13 days with him. He didn't get to meet his brother or his grandparents or extended family or friends. He met a lot of nurses, doctors, and hospital staff. This little boy was very well cared for everyday all hours of the day he was monitored. He would look into my eyes and I knew he was telling me to let him go. He was sick. I could now see that.

When we were given the news by the doctor so many things went through my head... we pictured every scenario possible. The doctors left the room and let us talk and get our thoughts together. We looked at each other and knew the decision we needed to make. It's so hard even thinking of letting your baby go but then to actually make the decision is gut-wrenching. The only thing I kept thinking was...keep Rowan alive for him to never even know he is here on earth to then change Wyatt's life so much when he does know he is here... why mess up 2 kids lives when one is meant to fly and the other is meant to grow up here on earth with us. I can't explain my thought process but it made sense to me and still does. It gave me the closure I needed.

I can only speak about infant loss where the baby is sick and we chose to let him go due to his condition. I got the closure I needed. I got to see his eyes, hear him cry, hold him while he was alive, and got the answers we needed to let him fly. This is very different than a baby born still or a miscarriage.

I can say these all have at least one thing in common... the dreams you had for the future are gone in the blink of an eye. The life you envisioned is taken from you. You have to go back home and go back to the life you had before you were pregnant because the life you envisioned isn't happening now. You are fine one minute and not fine the next. Then you have the constant reminders of all the baby things in the house and big brother asking for his little brother.

After we redirected care and our baby boy went to Heaven we spent the day honoring him as if he was still here with us but without cords and needles attached to him. We got to bathe him, snuggle him, and take newborn pictures. When we left late that night I was exhausted. It was the first night I felt like I could sleep after 2 weeks. I held my babies blanket and snuggled that. It gave me a lot of peace. That still didn't change the fact that my baby should be in my arms not just his blanket.

Life after the storm... we have a healthy little boy here at home that needs his parents so that is something that keeps me going. I never for one second ever want Wyatt to look back on his life and think that after his brother passed away his parents were gone too. I don't want him to ever think we don't want to parent him or be with him or continue to raise him. We love both of our boys so much and I know they both will always know that.

Our story continues... each day is getting better. When I'm feeling down I remember a story I read... when I'm sad or crying then Rowan's candle in Heaven can't be lit so I need to be happy so my tears don't put his candle out. We will see a rainbow one day and I'm looking forward to it... when the time is right and handpicked by big brother. We love you Rowan! Until we see you again.

Fast forward to TODAY (7/9/23)... we have a healthy little girl who turned 2 years old in April and another little one on the way that will be here this Fall! We miss our little man more than anything and while he is never ever forgotten, we are so happy and I sure hope he is proud of us.



In loving memory of Rowan Griffin Knight
June 28, 2020-July 10, 2020