



Victoria

Victoria Jane Baxter
28 July 2000

Vanessa and Tim are Australian expatriates who have lived in Singapore for 18 months. Vanessa shares the loss of her first child.

Written by Vanessa Baxter, Victoria's mother

Our first pregnancy was complicated from the beginning. I suffered morning sickness all day long and felt exhausted and frustrated rather than elated and blooming. Yet I typified any first time mother-to-be. I bought a journal to fill in, pampered myself with oils and massage, listened to relaxing prenatal music and dreamed of finally having a baby in my arms. When the doctors expressed concern following a scan at 13 weeks we were numb. These were early days though and our naivety and innate desire to err on the positive provided us with strength to continue. We struggled through the weeks with conflicting test results and scans, our little baby battling to grow healthily. By 28 weeks it was evident that her brain was malformed, her limbs were growing at different rates and my placenta was weak. All advice leant to allowing her to rest in peace and so with prayer and heartfelt guidance we made the painful decision to guide our first baby straight into the arms of our Father.

Following is the poem I wrote in the face of this terrible loss, the mystery of which overwhelmed us at the time.

28th July 2000—To Victoria Jane:

Our dream was to have you
Share in our life
To fill all our days
With laughter and light

Our time together
Our memories are few
But our love for each other
Reflects our love for you

Your journey seemed
Altogether too brief
And right now
Our lives seem consumed with our grief

But God had you chosen
Right from the start
And has brought you
To heaven and into His heart

As parents your memory
Will make our lives whole
And together, forever
We will pray for your soul

