



Katie Elise Lambert Foundation

Judy's Letter during the Butterfly Release

It was approximately 4 years and 7 months ago that I was given the most wonderful news that a woman could be given. That news...was that I was going to become a mother, a mommy, a mom for the 3rd time. I remember feeling so happy, elated, so incredibly blessed to be carrying this little miracle inside of me.

For the next 7 months, I therefore, tried to eat the right foods, play the right music for my growing baby, read the right stories and think relaxing thoughts--- all for the good of my baby. I vividly remember Bob and I discussing quite frequently whether or not to have the sex of our baby disclosed to us. After our ultrasound, we had even asked my physician to write the sex on a piece of paper. I then stuck that folded piece of white paper deep inside my wallet- never to peek at the mysterious secret until months after my baby's birth. Yes, it was a beautiful, busy and mysterious time.

And so the months of pregnancy crept by as I eagerly anticipated the arrival of my 3rd little miracle. We prepared a neutral-primary colored nursery with sponge-paintings of red, blue and yellow. Bob rebuilt our 2nd crib, I bought new sheets and new baby blankets that fit the crib perfectly. And before we knew it, July 2001 rolled in and my 9 months of pregnancy were just about completed. I recall my physician asking me to choose a date for the planned cesarean section. I thought and I thought of which date may be good for a birthday and finally chose July 30th. Not exactly sure why I chose that date. but I did. And so our preparations were coming to a close. Diapers were bought, my suitcase was packed and we told our 2 little boys, Bobby and Evan that mommy was going to the hospital and soon they would be the proud big brothers to either a baby brother or baby sister.

I remember lying in the O.R. thinking, "wow, this is it!" The O.R. was really crowded that day. There were many nursing students present, several med students, along with the normal nurses, anesthesiologist, nurse anesthetists and my regular physician. Several of those present asked if we knew the sex of our baby and we responded proudly, "no." We had wanted to be surprised. We proceeded to inform everyone that we had 2 little boys at home waiting for us and that whatever sex God gave to us, we would be happy--Please just let our baby be healthy.

Within a few minutes the doctors were busy doing their thing, when before I knew it...a tiny cry emerged from the direction of my belly and I breathed an enormous sigh of relief. Within a moment someone shouted "it's a girl!" A low roar then erupted from the delivery O.R. room. The joy which emanated from each person witnessing this miracle of birth was overwhelming. God had sent to us a baby girl! -- a special, special baby girl. She had dark brown hair and big brown eyes. We felt that she had completed our family. And our 3rd little miracle's name? We chose Katie Elise...just because we liked it.

And so my baby girl was born. My child, one of life's greatest loves, my daughter. I spent the next 3 1/2 years getting to know my daughter better not realizing what life events were to unfold. I watched in awe as this tiny, helpless infant grew into an independent one-of-a-kind toddler and then into a shy, beautiful preschooler. Her smile still radiates in my memory, her laughter echoes in my dreams. I am so proud to have spent 3 1/2 years with my precious daughter. The joy that Katie gave to me from her birth until the present is immeasurable. NO words can describe the heartache which I feel each and every day that she is not here with me on this earth. The pain...I wish on no one.

My daughter had touched more lives in her 3 1/2 short years than most of us will touch in a lifetime. I am so proud of you, my Katie. Mommy misses you and I wish you a happy 4th birthday. Fly free with the butterflies my angel! I love you!

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