



2020 National  
Remembrance  
Service

# *Connection*

**red  
nose**  
grief and loss



# Welcome

to the 2020  
Remembrance Service

*This service is dedicated to all the beautiful and  
precious babies and children who are no longer with us.*



# Acknowledgment of Country

Cherisse Buzzacott,  
Red Nose National Scientific Advisory Group member  
*In memory of daughter, Senna Bartlett*

*Red Nose Australia acknowledges the Traditional Custodians of the land in which our staff, Board and committee members work, live and visit. We pay our respects to the Elders of those many nations from past and present, recognising their continuing connection to land, waters and community.*

*Red Nose respects the knowledge and expertise of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people with their strong culture and traditions whose hands have touched many babies birthed and children reared on this land, and acknowledges their experience of loss in many forms.*

## Welcome

Keren Ludski, Red Nose CEO  
*In memory of son, Ben Ludski*



# The Cord

Read by Keren Ludski,  
Red Nose CEO  
*In memory of son, Ben Ludski*

We are connected, my child and I,  
by an invisible cord not seen by the eye

It's not like the cord that connects us 'til birth,  
This cord can't be seen by any on earth

This cord does its work right from the start  
It binds us together, attached to my heart

I know that it's there, though no one can see  
The invisible cord from my child to me

The strength of this cord is hard to describe  
It can't be destroyed, it can't be denied

It's stronger than any cord man could create  
it withstands the test, can hold any weight

And though you are gone, and not here with me  
The cord is still there, but no one can see

It pulls at my heart, I am bruised, I am sore  
But this cord is my lifeline as never before

I am thankful that we became connected in this way  
A mother and child, death can't take it away



# His poem

Read by Megan McMillan  
*In memory of son, Byron McMillan*  
*Written by Lena Moses*

Our lives were changed from the moment we knew...  
That a blessing was upon us, that blessing was you.

The bets were on, are you a boy or a girl?  
Your parents didn't mind because you were already their  
world.

Names were being suggested, even from across the  
sea...

But your mummy and daddy said, Byron Eriapa  
McMillan you will be.

Your stay with us was short, like a gentle wind that  
blows...

You will forever be remembered, for as long as our  
blood flows.

So now the time has come my love, time we must part...  
Fly away knowing that you are always in our hearts.

Please don't fear for mum and dad, your family will  
remain..

To hug and kiss and remind them that, they will see you  
again.



# Fix You

By Coldplay

Performed by Stacey Searle

## MEDITATIONS BEFORE KADDISH

Read by Rachel Kleinman,  
Red Nose Bereavement Counsellor  
*In memory of brother, Dave*

When I die give what's left of me away  
to children and old men that wait to die.  
And if you need to cry,  
cry for your brother walking the street beside you.  
And when you need me, put your arms around anyone  
and give them what you need to give me.

I want to leave you something,  
something better than words or sounds.  
Look for me in the people I've known or loved,  
and if you cannot give me away,  
at least let me live in your eyes and not your mind.

You can love me best by letting hands touch hands,  
and by letting go of children that need to be free.  
Love doesn't die, people do.  
So, when all that's left of me is love,  
give me away.



# A Fathers Love

Told by TK Hess  
*In memory of daughter, Jasmine Hess*

## Tiny Footprints

By Holly's Mum

Read by Benn Lockyer  
*In memory of son, James Lockyer*

These are my footprints,  
so perfect and so small.  
These tiny footprints,  
never touched the ground at all.

Not one tiny footprint,  
for now I have my wings.  
These tiny footprints  
were meant for other things.

You will hear my tiny footprints,  
in the patter of the rain.  
Gentle drops like angel's tears,  
of joy and not from pain.

You will see my tiny footprints,  
in each butterflies' lazy dance.  
I'll let you know I'm with you,  
if you just give me a chance.

You will see my tiny footprints,  
in the rustle of the leaves.  
I will whisper names into the wind,  
and call each one that grieves.

Most of all, these tiny footprints,  
are found in all our hearts.  
Because even though I'm gone now,  
we'll never truly part.



# The Scientist

By Coldplay

Performed by Stacey Searle

## The Mother Cheetah who cried

Read by Tracey Paech,  
Red Nose Bereavement Counsellor  
*In memory of daughter, Ariel Gowlett*

One day a mother cheetah went out to gather food for her baby cub,  
and she left her baby cub in a safe place, under a bush.  
She was only gone for short while, but when she returned  
she did not find her baby cub where she had left her.

Alarmed, she looked and looked for her baby cub,  
sniffing the ground for a trail. She looked under every bush,  
she looked under every rock, she looked under every tree,  
but still she could not find her baby cub.

The mother cheetah had become distraught, she kept looking and she  
looked in every cave, she looked in the long grass,  
she looked along the river,  
but still she did not find her baby cub.

The mother cheetah looked until it was dark, and kept looking through the  
night.

When morning came, the mother cheetah had not found her baby cub;  
as the sun rose on the new day, and she came to the realisation that  
she would never see her baby cub again,  
she sat on a rock and cried and cried and cried, all day, until she fell  
asleep from exhaustion.

When she awoke the next day, her face was stained black  
with the tracks.. from where her tears had run down her cheeks.

And to this day, every cheetah has the marks down their face, from their  
tear-ducts to their mouth,  
to remember that mother cheetah, who lost her baby





# A Couple's Grief

By Anon

Read by Kate Cowmeadow,  
Sands National Manager Community Engagement

He wasn't there  
And, truth be told, neither was I.  
Just a robot enduring a surreal experience.  
"Push" they said and so I did  
Bringing loss and an excruciating pain  
To a place that previously held excitement and love.

She called.  
She spoke, but I couldn't understand.  
She was matter of fact - choked up but somehow empty  
"Just come and get me" she said.  
And I did. What else could I do?  
Our baby. My pain - not even a part of the picture.

He asked,  
He questioned,  
He pondered.  
My silence stabbing him in the heart  
and yet the heavy weight of grief entrapped every answer I had to give.  
I saw his pain. I saw his pain.

She cried  
She trembled  
She curled into a ball,  
holding herself so tight there was no room for me  
I couldn't reach her  
I saw her pain. I saw her pain

He told our kids,  
He told our family.  
He cleaned my shoes and disposed of my blood stained clothes.  
In the silence and without the answers  
he made his own truth.  
The story of our child and our experience entirely his own.

She held conversations  
inside her head.  
She wanted comfort and I wanted intimacy.  
Sadness thwarted our every attempt.  
And so she made her own truth.  
The story of our child and our experience entirely her own.



Life is busy.  
We move on.  
The things that remain unsaid locked away.  
From "he" and "me" we find a new "we"  
It is fragile, brittle and tenuous  
We are quick to anger but survive on love.

Five years on,  
We feel strong.  
We are through the tears, the silence, the many agonising "firsts"  
And then he says  
"When I see Prince George, I think of our baby".  
I can't breathe.

Five years on  
We have learned to avoid the hard topics.  
But I still think about our baby, our life, our plans.  
So I say  
"When I see Prince George I think of our baby".  
I can't breathe.

Thoughts go through my head faster than lightening.  
Why does he think of Prince George? Our baby was a girl.  
How often is he thinking about our baby?  
Does he wish for another child?  
Its unending.....  
But I find the strength to talk.

The longest of moments go by.  
A conversation emerges  
We had a daughter, a baby girl.  
She took a breath.  
I unravel, so does my wife.  
We find each other – for the first time we find each other.

Our journeys have been different.  
Our grief, the same.  
The silence, tears, anger,  
And compulsive need to keep busy  
Were our individual experiences.  
Wishing we could do better by each other is a regret held true.  
This, love and loss are our shared experiences.



# Reading of Children's Names

Laura Martinello

*Reading in memory of daughter Abigail*

Jay Stuhmcke

*Reading in memory of daughter Daisy*

Megan McMillan

*Reading in memory of son Byron*

## Candle lighting

*After the reading of children's names we invite everyone to light a candle or turn on your mobile phone torch.*

## You Raise Me Up

By Secret Garden



# I Heard Your Voice In The Wind Today

Read by Donna Campbell  
*In memory of daughter, Larissa*

I heard your voice in the wind today  
and I turned to see your face;  
The warmth of the wind caressed me  
as I stood silently in place.  
I felt your touch in the sun today  
as its warmth filled the sky;  
I closed my eyes for your embrace  
and my spirit soared high.  
I saw your eyes in the window pane  
as I watched the falling rain;  
It seemed as each raindrop fell  
it quietly said your name.  
I held you close in my heart today  
it made me feel complete;  
You may have died...but you are not gone  
you will always be a part of me.  
As long as the sun shines...  
the wind blows...the rain falls...  
You will live on inside of me forever  
for that is all my heart knows.



# Bayini

by Gurrumul

*"Bayini" is 'spiritual love song' performed in Yolngu Matha, an indigenous language of Northern Australia.*

*After the Service we invite you to join us in break out rooms to further connect with other bereaved family members in smaller groups.*

*These will be supported by a Red Nose counsellor or a Sands Peer Supporter.*



# Very Special Thanks

*Red Nose would like to thank all the bereaved families for their participation in today's service.*

*We would also like to thank Stacey Searle for sharing her beautiful voice with us all.*

*Coming together to remember the babies and children that we have lost but are forever in our hearts, helps to keep us connected in our grief.*

*If you need to talk to someone, please remember that the Red Nose 24/7 Bereavement Support line is available to anyone affected by the sudden and unexpected loss of a baby or child 1300 308 307.*





**Red Nose 24/7 Support Line 1300 308 307**

**[rednosegriefandloss.org.au](http://rednosegriefandloss.org.au)**