

Our Hushed Little Baby, you never said a Word.
Just one faint soft cough was all that was ever heard.

You were born into this world way too soon,
Only twenty six weeks inside your mother's womb.

Through Emergency C-section you had come,
Just 14 1/2 inches long with a weight of 2.1.

There were tough times and battles we all know,
Your daddy e-mailed hundreds with each "blow by blow."

Every day people read, rooted and prayed for you,
As he described all the things you were going through.

He'd tell of all the setbacks and Great "Milestones"
Even when you put some meat on those tiny little bones.

You knew who your Mom & Dad were when they walked in,
You'd crack your eyelids, move your hand or tiny little chin.

The day for heart surgery when you first opened both your eyes,
You Made your Mom & Dad Smile So Much with that Big Surprise!

So many people said that they Cried with Joy,
After four weeks, when Mom first Held her Precious Little Boy.

"He's a Warrior, Truly a Little Fighter" people all would say,
Through calls, cards and e-mails sent every day.

But prayers, medicine and technology just weren't enough,
You Breathed your Last Breath in your Parents' Arms of Love.

In your short five weeks of life you fought so brave and hard,
Now you're gone from us and will Always be Held in the Hands of God.

There are no more Medicines, Machines and No More Pain,
Except what's in our hearts now that you've gone away.

Unlike other parents who can watch and hear their children run and play,
Yours are learning to become gardeners for you at your grave.

Now that you're no longer physically here with us,
In your memory, we'll help kids and their families at Ron McDonald's House.

Although your life in Body may be Gone,
Your Spirit and Memory Will Always Live On.

'Cause

We Will Always Remember, Love and Cherish You, Dear Angel Sean.

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6/9/99 - 7/14/99

"An Angel With A Small Body, Giant Spirit"