

# Emilia's Wings

"There is no footprint so small that it does not leave an imprint on this world."

## Website

[www.emilias-wings.org](http://www.emilias-wings.org)

Our website offers a range of materials designed to support you on your journey through grief and healing. You'll find a variety of resources, including eBooks, lists of supporting organizations, recommended reading, music selections, and more.

Be sure to visit our BLOOM page to learn about our monthly Pregnancy & Infant Loss support group meetings.

## Facebook

[facebook.com/EmiliasWings/](https://facebook.com/EmiliasWings/)

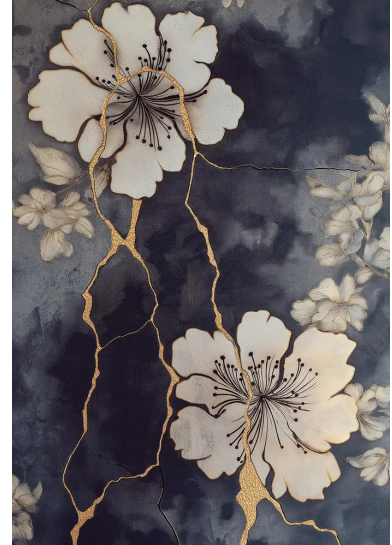
Stay up to date on our projects, special events, and programs by following us on Facebook!

## Contact Us

[info@emilias-wings.org](mailto:info@emilias-wings.org)

You don't have to walk this path alone. Together, we can get through it. Please feel free to reach out to us by email anytime.

"In kintsugi,  
they say the  
cracks are part  
of the story.  
So too is my  
grief—a line of  
gold through  
the porcelain  
of my life"



## December 2025 Newsletter

We welcome you to Emilia's Wings. To those who are newly bereaved, we understand the depth of your devastation and want you to know that you are not alone. We have walked through the darkest valleys of grief ourselves, and we are here to offer unconditional love, support, and understanding. We hope this newsletter provides comfort, guidance, and helpful resources as you navigate your journey through grief. If you know someone who might benefit from our support, please share our website - [www.emilias-wings.org](http://www.emilias-wings.org) and invite them to join our BLOOM monthly meetings.

### *November in Review*

BLOOM held our November support group meeting last month at the North Kansas City Public Library. Thank you to everyone who attended. Your presence and the experiences you share offer meaningful opportunities for other parents to connect and find empathy within the group. We value each of you and are so thankful to have you as part of our monthly meetings!

## DATES & EVENTS

### BLOOM

Holiday Candlelight Ceremony  
December 4th @ 7:00 - 8:15 pm

Kansas City Northland Support  
Group - Meetings are held every  
first Thursday of each month.

North Kansas City Public Library  
2251 Howell St.  
North Kansas City, MO 64116

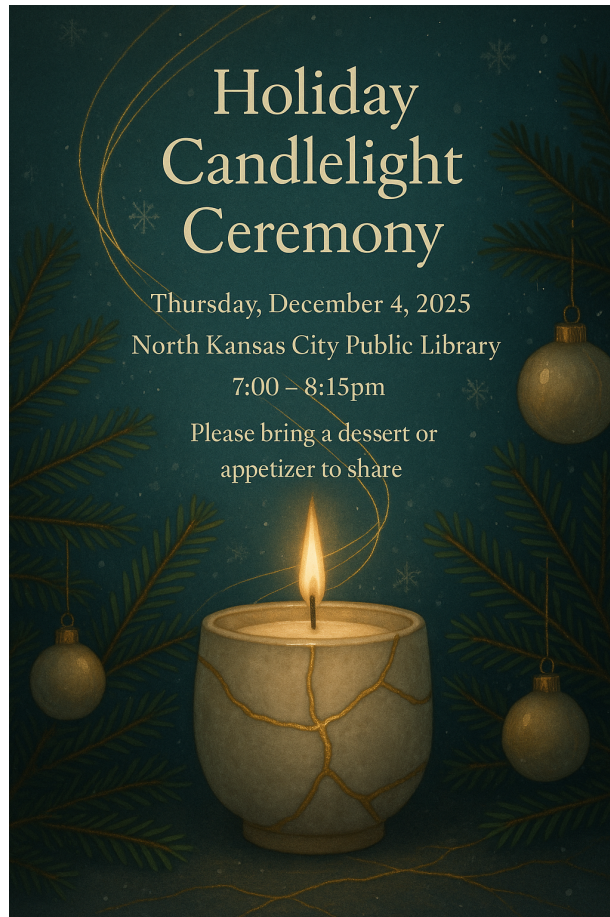
### OTHER

### Donations

-Donations can be sent & made  
payable to Emilia's Wings at:  
10637 N. Holmes St, Kansas City,  
MO 64155 OR sent via Venmo.

### *Looking Toward December*

The holidays are often seen as joyful times of the year, but they can be incredibly painful when you're celebrating the season without your baby.



This December, we will gather for our Annual Holiday Candlelight Ceremony. The act of lighting a candle in honor of those who have passed is a centuries-old tradition that allows us to express what words cannot. By lighting a candle for our babies, we remember and honor their lives and memories.

Our ceremony will take place during our regular December BLOOM Support Group Meeting on **Thursday, December 4th, from 7:00 to 8:15 p.m.** Please note that we will end a little earlier than usual to allow time for cleanup.

A gentle reminder: members are welcome to bring their household to this meeting. We may have several new faces joining us, so guests of *all* ages - including infants, rainbow children, pregnant women - may be present. We recognize that seeing little ones or growing bellies can stir tender feelings, and we want you to feel prepared and supported however you show up.

Due to the North Kansas City Public Library's no-flame policy, please leave your candles at home. We will instead hold a flameless candlelight ceremony, and LED candles will be provided.

We kindly ask each family to bring a dessert or appetizer to share with the group. If you haven't yet RSVP'd, please reach out to Charmel so she can plan accordingly.

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### **Stocking Christmas Card Collection**

We hang our family stockings for the loved ones who celebrate the holidays with us each year - but what about our babies who are no longer here? An empty stocking can be yet another painful reminder of the hole left behind in their absence.

It's hard to know how to include those we've lost in our holiday celebrations. Do you hang a stocking? Do you buy a gift - or does that only deepen the ache? Each of us has different needs and ways of coping with the empty stocking, the unopened gifts, or the heartbreaking reality that there are no presents under the tree with your baby's name on them.

This holiday season, we offer you an opportunity - a way to still give gifts, though different from the traditions you had dreamed of sharing with your baby over many Christmases to come. Join us in honoring the cherished memories of our little ones by bringing Christmas cards, letters, drawings, or other small tributes for each BLOOM baby to our next support group meeting - the December Holiday Candlelight Ceremony. These gifts will be given to each baby's family to place in their baby's stocking and open on Christmas Eve or Christmas Day.

Your heartfelt contributions will honor all of our babies, surrounding this season with love, remembrance, and the warmth of our shared community. Whether it's a message of love, a favorite holiday thought, or a creative drawing, your words and creations will help celebrate their lives and the joy they brought.

If you would like to participate in this year's Christmas Card Collection, please reach out to Charmel to confirm your attendance at the December meeting. Once I have gathered the names of all the babies who will be participating, I will share the list of names with everyone taking part in this meaningful activity.

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### *Inclement Weather*



It's that time of year again when the weather can be unpredictable, sometimes making it unsafe to gather for our monthly BLOOM meetings. Just a reminder that BLOOM follows North Kansas City School Districts' severe weather procedures. Please remember that BLOOM follows the severe weather procedures of the North Kansas City School District. If North Kansas City Schools are canceled due to weather conditions, our BLOOM meetings will also be canceled for the evening. I will send updates via text and email to notify you of any cancellations, providing as much advance notice as possible.

*We extend our most sincere sympathy to those who have recently lost a child.*

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Please know that we are thinking of you and share in your hurt and sorrow

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### *This December we Remember...*

**Grauberger Baby #1** - December 1990  
**Grauberger Baby #2** - December 1991  
**Baby Siren** - December 1998  
**Baby Bliss** - December 2002  
**Baby Jacob** - December 2006  
**Baby Walker-Troxler** - December 1, 2006  
**Margaret Ann** - December 4, 1975  
**Dillon Joseph** - December 6, 1993  
**William Henry Johnson** - December 13, 2007  
**Levi Michael Alley** - December 13, 2016  
**Baby Nichols** - December 19, 2001  
**Meagen Irene** - December 21, 2006  
**Madeline** - December 22, 2015  
**Asa Timothy** - December 25, 2012  
**Elizabeth** - December 27, 2003  
**Marissa Ann** - December 28, 1994  
**Gavin Cole** - December 31, 2002

*To add your baby's name to our remembrance list, please email us at [info@emilias-wings.org](mailto:info@emilias-wings.org).  
Please include your baby's name along with any significant dates you'd like us to honor.*



### *Redefining Christmas And The New Year*

By Katja Faber

Oh, how I used to love a big, sparkly Christmas! All of us together, the decorations, carols playing, and food prepared – the excitement, the hugs, the smiles, the presents placed under the Christmas tree. We would sing, feast, and afterward sit snuggly for hours.

But then it stopped, extinguished as if it had never existed.

With the death of my son, I lost Christmas. And consequently, so too did my surviving teenaged children.



I know of many loss parents who try hard to keep the Christmas spirit alive for the sake of their loved ones, especially if they have young children. Often, those around them don't realize just how much of an effort it takes to show up and be festive.

It's a tough balancing act keeping the smiles and roast turkey warm whilst containing the very thing that threatens to ruin the day, and I admire them greatly.

For me, the idea of hosting a traditional Christmas or New Year's Eve dinner was out of the question. Alex was murdered a few days after Christmas and we were officially notified 48 hours later, so the holidays became an excruciatingly painful event. There was no let-up, no fissure through which the festive mood could penetrate the darkness. My mind gagged on images of his final moments; his last heartbeats pounded my brain.

I could barely make it through the hours, let alone pretend that I found joy in Christmas. My eldest boy was dead – what was there to celebrate? My life lay smashed in a million pieces like a shattered bauble that would never mend.

So, the tree went, along with the decorations and the presents, and with them any attempt to rejoice in Jesus' birth or the New Year.

The first years clawed by and all-encompassing melancholia settled over the festive season. A nauseating numbness crushed all sense of fun. Around me people wished each other cheer, the Christmas lights burned bright and shops were clad with jingle bells and bows.

Yet my broken heart perceived the merriment as an overblown charade. Even holiday cards – shiny photos of families smiling out at me that I'd once rejoiced in receiving – arrived with a gut-punch. They made my inability to feel happy at a time of communal celebration all the more distressing. I understood others' joy and thanked their kindness but it was tough explaining that this most important celebration was dead to me.

"I'm sure it'll get better!" my friends said, and then shocked would add: "You mean you don't have stockings or presents or anything?"

It struck them as a symptom of depression. I assured them it was not. If anything, it was a sign of my resolve to be true to my feelings.

I didn't want to pretend everything was O.K. and was too exhausted to feign cheeriness. I refused to be pressurized into saying that I wished good things to all men – I didn't.

I hated the fact that my son was dead. I was traumatized and needed understanding, not wrapped presents, or mince pies. Getting through the days was hard enough without also having to be insincere.

What I wanted was to hide under the covers until the holidays were done.

Yet, as is often the case with grief, it was complicated. My inability, or call it 'choice' if you will, to not celebrate Christmas came with a new emotion: guilt.

I experienced guilt so heavy that it flattened me. I felt an utter failure in not being able to provide a beautiful Christmas for my two still-living children.

I realized that my lack of celebration bore witness to the fact that I could not fix our grief, that there was no Christmas message that would ever take the hurt away. There would never be a present that I could gift that would replace their brother, no prayer that would ensure our happiness for years to come.

One of us would always be missing.

Like the war wounded, we staggered through the holidays and did the best we could. We did hug, a lot. We did feel grateful for what we had. We told each other how much we loved one another. We cried. We may not have unwrapped gifts because there were none but we did donate to charity. We tried.

And in our own way, very slowly, we picked up the broken pieces of our lives and redefined what Christmas meant to us. Freed of the pressure to celebrate in the traditional manner, we found our own way to be together in remembrance of the birth of Christ. We held Alex's memory close on the anniversary of his death.

This year, my children expressed their gratitude for not having been made to celebrate a jolly Santa season in our time of deepest grief. My guilt dissipated and is gone.

Christmas is now stress-free. It's liberating to decide for ourselves what it should look like. Perhaps it's not for everyone, but for us, our simple holiday get-together helps us honour Alex and the Nativity, whilst remaining true to ourselves.

I can well imagine that we'll continue to redefine how we celebrate this festive season with the coming of each year as we learn to navigate through our grief.