

# *Quilt Raffle Fundraiser*

*Benefiting*

*Rachel's Retreat*



This beautiful, totally hand-crafted quilt was made by Pat Elie in memory of her granddaughter Rachel. The reversible quilt is made of 100% washable cotton. It is entirely crafted in thimbleberries fabrics in the warm colors of autumn, and measures 90 x 90 (queen size).

All proceeds will benefit Rachel's Retreat. A non-profit 501(c)3, bereavement retreat for adults and families which will be located on the beautiful Penobscot River, approximately 45 minutes north of Bangor, Maine.

**Suggested Donation \$1 for 1 or \$5 for 6**

**Date of raffle: 12/16/2007**

**Time of raffle: 3:00 pm**

**Place of raffle: Snellville, Ga.**

The lucky winner will be notified by phone. You do not need to be present to win. Winner's name will be posted on our website no later than 12/17/2007.

3550 Eagle Landing Drive  
Snellville, GA 30039

Phone: 404-310-1766

[www.rachelsretreat.org](http://www.rachelsretreat.org)

Email: [info@rachelsretreat.org](mailto:info@rachelsretreat.org)

*A Sanctuary for the Soul*

## *Rachel's Rose*

After seven years of praying that God would bless us with a child, we stopped trying. We accepted, finally and sadly and with tears, that we would not be having a baby. A few years later, we found out that this was not God's plan after all. I went to the doctor only to hear, "You are pregnant". We could not believe that God had blessed us with this wonderful miracle. It was a time of celebration and planning for our hoped-for baby.

On February 7, 2001, my husband, Hayden, and I anxiously sat in a quiet doctor's office waiting for my 20 week ultrasound. Many thoughts were racing through my head. Would my baby be okay? Would we know if we were having a boy or a girl? What would Hayden think when he heard his baby's heartbeat for the first time? I could never have imagined the pain and sadness that awaited us.

What followed was the longest ten minutes of my life. After failing to find our baby's heartbeat, the technician had our doctor come look at the sonogram. All the doctor could tell us was, "We can't find a heartbeat". How could that be? It was only last week that I felt her kicking and turning. They had to be wrong! Our baby could not be dead! We drove home in a trance. This had to be a nightmare, and I would soon wake up. I cried as I called my Mom. It broke my heart to tell her that her grandchild was dead. I would deliver her in a couple of days, but we would not be bringing our baby home.

After 20 hours of labor, our sweet Rachel was delivered on a Saturday morning at 6:20am. Hayden carried her into my room in a white basket. Then, he held his tiny, still daughter wrapped in her little blanket. He smiled at me as he said, "This is the most wonderful day of my life because I'm a daddy".

In my grief, I could not understand how he could say that. Our baby was dead! I didn't understand any of this. I looked at her, but I didn't want to touch or hold her. Why didn't I hold her that day? I will never know what it would be like to have her in my arms. I realize, now, that I could not bear any more pain. To this day, I thank God for the strength and love of my wonderful husband and family during those long and horrible hours. We returned home that afternoon without our little angel Rachel.

We were touched by all the gifts, cards, and flowers that we received from our friends and family. Hayden's mom brought us a little angel statue. We put it under a small dogwood tree in our backyard. We also received a miniature rose bush full of tiny yellow roses. We planted the bush near the angel statue. This was to become Rachel's special garden.

Rachel's rose bush always seemed to bloom at the very times we needed special comfort. In October 2001, a single rose appeared. Just like our little angel, this tiny rosebud appeared, grew, and then suddenly stopped growing just before it was in full bloom. On October 21st, we laid this tiny rosebud on Rachel's memorial brick during the dedication of the Angel Garden.

During Christmas week, two tiny roses appeared. We laid these on her brick when we visited the Angel Garden on Christmas day. It bloomed again for Rachel's first anniversary on February 10 and again on Mother and Father's Day. Rachel's rose bush sent us roses, gifts from God to comfort us at these hardest of times with the assurance that she is not forever lost to us.

Rachel's life and garden have blossomed into a desire to comfort other grieving parents through a bereavement retreat. We hope there to offer some peace to other parents who share a similar sorrow. And we hope there to plant a garden in memory of our daughter and all these beloved children who remain always in our hearts.

In order to help raise funds for this retreat, Hayden's mother has made a quilt in memory of Rachel. Your purchase of a raffle ticket will help to make this special sanctuary into a reality. Maria Elie