

## Cruz Cassidy Ward Hatfield

By Rebecca Ward, in memory of her precious son

### LIFE MOVES ON

Dedicated to Cruz Cassidy Ward Hatfield (28/3/05 – 31/03/05)

Just over 12 months ago I lost my son. He was only 4 days and born with major brain damage. We made the heartbreaking decision to withdraw his treatment and let him go. The past year has been very difficult to say the least. There were moments when I found myself on the floor howling like some wild animal, there were days when I couldn't get out of bed, there were days when I felt I couldn't go on for one more second, and there were many days when I felt lonely, depressed and angry.

4 days ago it was my son's first birth and tomorrow will be the anniversary of his death. Every book I read and many people I speak to say that this will be a very hard and trying time for us, but why then do I feel overwhelmed with happiness? I can't shake this warm glowing feeling I have in the depths of my soul. I should be devastated that I can't throw my son a birthday party, I should be devastated that I can't see his first steps which he would be taking any time now, I should be devastated that he isn't here for me to tuck into bed each night.... But I am happy.

I am happy that he was here even for such a short time. I am happy that I have met many beautiful people who are now life long friends, and who I would never have met if I hadn't lost my son. I am happy that the first year of gut wrenching grief is finally over. I am happy that I can now see my future instead of being suffocated in my past. I am happy that for the first time in 12 months I feel normal again. I am happy that my son will never know the pain of losing a child of his own. I am happy that my son will never get bullied at school. I am happy that my son is in a place far more beautiful than I can imagine, and that he is getting looked after by many of our friends and family who have passed before us. I am happy that I know my son and I will laugh together one day. I am happy that I have an angel looking after my daughter, my partner and I for the rest of our lives. I am happy that my family has survived this tragedy and are now stronger and more concrete than ever. I am happy that he was here and touched my soul like no other human being could ever do. I am happy because I know that even though I can't see, hear or touch my son, I know that he can see, hear and touch me. I know that he is never far away, and that our relationship has not ended.... We have only grown closer.

### DREAMS

Three months after my son was born and died, I really hit rock bottom, I was really depressed and felt a huge failure as a mother because I felt that I had failed to protect him. I went to bed one night crying my eyes out and begging him to just let me know that he was okay. That very night I had the following dream. I dreamt that my partner, Mark, and I were sitting on a green grassy hill. I could feel the warm sun on my skin and felt really at ease and peaceful. I turned around and saw my son wrapped up in a blanket lying behind me. I then panicked as I thought that he was dying and our time was running out. My son then started breathing so clearly, his breath was so clean and pure like I was sitting in front of an air-conditioner. At that point I knew that he wasn't dying. My son then started smiling and giggling. I then realized that he no longer had any brain damage either. I went to pick him up and he started crying and got really distressed. I then woke up confused. I felt comforted that I knew he was alive somewhere else and that he didn't have any brain damage, but I was also upset that he wouldn't let me hold him. I thought about this over and over for months.



It was nine months later that I got my answer. I had a friend of mine come over one night, who I hadn't seen in at least 2 years, I had never talked of Cruz much to him and didn't dare tell him about my dream as he is a classic non-believer in the afterlife. He quietly whispered to me "I had a dream about your son the last two nights in a row"...I replied "Oh really, what did he say?".... My friend replied "He said "Please don't pick me up mummy as it causes me to disincarnate" (Meaning that my energy would cause his image to disappear from my dream and it's difficult to make another one). I finally had my answer and it really makes me smile when I think about it. My friend is also now an avid believer.

*Written by Rebecca Ward,  
Dedicated it to her son, Cruz Cassidy Ward Hatfield 28/3/05-31/3/05.*