

# Sands Annual Service of Remembrance and Hope



Together, #WeAreSands

Saturday 18th June  
12:30pm - 4pm

National Memorial Arboretum  
Croxall Road, Alrewas, Staffordshire DE13 7AR



# Sands Garden Day and Remembrance Event 2022

We welcome each of you to our 22nd annual remembrance event held here at the National Memorial Arboretum. This is a special event offering a time of quiet reflection to remember our babies who have died. We recognise that this is likely to be an emotional occasion for many of you.

Please do not be afraid to show your feelings, as we all understand and share your grief here today.

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## Children

Children are welcome to participate in activities throughout the day, including during the service.

## The path of remembrance

You may wish to write your baby's name on a stone and place this along the path in the Sands Garden this afternoon. These will remain there to become a lasting and slowly changing part of the Garden itself. To enable maintenance of the Sands Garden and its future enjoyment by all families, we ask that you leave nothing other than a small stone, no more than 7cm in length, in memory of your baby.

## **In the Garden**

After readings, poetry and songs in the Oak Suite, please join us in the Sands Garden for the end of the service.

## **Refreshments**

After our time in the Sands Garden, everyone is invited to return to Aspects Building for tea and coffee.

## **Acknowledgements**

We would like to thank everyone who has contributed to the organisation of this year's event and all those who have helped maintain the Sands Garden. All donations made at the event will help towards the cost of the day and our bereavement support services, as well as contribute towards maintaining the Sands Garden throughout the year.

# Order of Service

We welcome you to our first face-to-face event since 2019, where we will continue to remember the lives of babies who have died.

As the seasons turn, like the pinwheels in our images this year and which we will be using later, our babies' cherished lives remain a constant in our minds and hearts.

We hope this service will offer you a place to remember and share your experience, or hold it quietly in your heart while spending time in a peaceful setting.

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**12.30**

Venue open for tea and coffee, or  
have a walk around the arboretum

**12.30**

Invitation to join Men's Walk & Talk

**14.00**

Remembrance and Hope event

**14.00**

Service Welcome

# Welcome, Clea Harmer, Chief Executive, Sands

I would like to welcome all of you to this very special event – the Sands Annual Service of Remembrance and Hope – here at the National Memorial Arboretum.

Today, at this beautiful garden, you have an opportunity to spend time remembering the babies you hold close in your hearts.

Your babies have been, and will continue to be, such an important part of yours and your family's lives.

In remembering them, we can also acknowledge and celebrate your love for them, and the fact that they will have touched your lives in unique ways. Despite the fact that they are not here, they will always be a central part of today.

As Paulo Coelho wrote,  
*"Never. We never lose our loved  
ones. They accompany us; they don't  
disappear from our lives. We are  
merely in different rooms."*

June is Sands Awareness Month.  
The 2022 theme of community recognises  
the importance of having those around you  
who understand, can walk alongside you,  
maybe at different stages of their journey  
and grow together. This is what our Sands  
Community is all about.

Today, we have all come from far and wide  
as an acknowledgement of our babies and  
to celebrate the love that we have for them.

Reading, Jen Coates, Director of  
Volunteering and Bereavement, Sands

## Holland part I

When you're going to have a baby, it's like planning a fabulous vacation trip – to Italy. You buy a bunch of guide books and make your wonderful plans. The Colosseum. Michelangelo's David. The gondolas in Venice. You may learn some handy phrases in Italian. It's all very exciting.

After months of eager anticipation, the day finally arrives. You pack your bags and off you go. Several hours later, the plane lands. The steward comes in and says,  
"Welcome to Holland."



Wulfruna Ladies Choir

**Lean on Me – Bill Withers**

Hmm... hmm-hmm-hmm-hmm  
Hmm-hmm-hmm-hmm  
Hmm-hmm-hmm-hmm-hmm  
Sometimes in our lives  
We all have pain  
We all have sorrow  
But if we are wise  
We know that there's always tomorrow

Lean on me  
When you're not strong  
And I'll be your friend  
I'll help you carry on...  
For it won't be long  
'Til I'm gonna need somebody to lean on

Please swallow your pride  
If I have things you need to borrow  
For no one can fill  
Those of your needs that you won't let show  
You just call on me brother  
when you need a hand  
We all need somebody to lean on  
I just might have a problem that you'll understand  
We all need somebody to lean on

Lean on me  
When you're not strong  
And I'll be your friend  
I'll help you carry on...  
For it won't be long  
'Til I'm gonna need somebody to lean on

You just call on me brother  
When you need a hand  
We all need somebody to lean on  
I just might have a problem  
that you'll understand  
We all need somebody to lean on

If there is a load you have to bear  
That you can't carry  
I'm right up the road  
I'll share your load  
If you just call me

Call me  
If you need a friend  
(Call me)  
Call me (call me)  
If you need a friend  
(Call me)

Reading, Madhuri Bedi,  
South Asian Focus Bereavement  
Support Services Officer, Sands

## Because of you

*Because maybe 80 years on  
this earth will feel like 20,  
and maybe I'll blink my eyes,  
and you'll be back in my arms.  
For now, I'll soak every moment in,  
try as hard as I can to spread every  
ounce of love,  
try as I can to live for a reason,  
so that on that day,  
I'll run and tell you everything  
I was able to do, not for me.  
But because of you.*

*Every day is one day closer to you.*

## Reading

### Holland part II

“Holland?!?” you say.

“What do you mean Holland? I signed up for Italy! I’m supposed to be in Italy. All my life I’ve dreamed of going to Italy.”

But there’s been a change in the flight plan. They’ve landed in Holland and there you must stay.

So you must go out and buy new guide books. And you must learn a whole new language. And you will meet a whole new group of people you would never have met.

Wulfruna Ladies Choir

## Make you Feel My Love – Bob Dylan

When the rain is blowing in your face  
And the whole world is on your case  
I could offer you a warm embrace  
To make you feel my love

When the evening shadows and the stars appear  
And there is no one there to dry your tears  
I could hold you for a million years  
To make you feel my love

I know you haven't made your mind up yet  
But I will never do you wrong  
I've known it from the moment that we met  
No doubt in my mind where you belong

I'd go hungry, I'd go black and blue  
I'd go crawling down the avenue  
No, there's nothing that I wouldn't do  
To make you feel my love

The storms are raging on the rolling sea  
And on the highway of regret  
The winds of change are blowing wild and free  
You ain't seen nothing like me yet

I could make you happy,  
make your dreams come true  
Nothing that I wouldn't do  
Go to the ends of the Earth for you  
To make you feel my love  
To make you feel my love

Reading, Patrice Dantzic,  
Black and Black British Focus Bereavement  
Support Services Officer, Sands

## How do we go on – John Mark Green

*How do we go on  
after the unthinkable happens?*

*How can we carry the burden of knowing  
the world can be cruel and dangerous,  
the future so unpredictable?*

*How do we grieve with empty arms  
and a head filled with echoing memories?*

*We are stronger than we know,  
and this is how we show it:*

*Holding each other,  
giving comfort in the midst of pain.*

*Loving more fiercely,  
through our actions and the things we say*

*Making the world just a little bit better,  
every single day.*

*Never taking life for granted,  
knowing that it can be snatched away.*

*This world may bring deep darkness,  
but we are the bearers of light.*

*We'll join our flames together,  
and shine in the blackest of nights.*



## Reading

### Holland part III

It's a different place. It's slower-paced than Italy, less flashy than Italy. But after you've been there for a while and you catch your breath, you look around... and you begin to notice that Holland has windmills...and Holland has tulips. Holland even has Rembrandts.

But everyone you know is busy coming and going from Italy... and they're all bragging about what a wonderful time they had there. And for the rest of your life, you will say "Yes, that's where I was supposed to go. That's what I had planned." And the pain of that will never completely go away and nor would we want it to... because the loss and memory of that dream is so very important.

Remembrance activity

## Assembling and labelling pinwheels

**The Lost Words Blessing**

From the album **Spell Songs**,  
inspired by **The Lost Words**

**by Robert Macfarlane and Jackie Morris.**

Written & Performed by Karine Polwart,  
Julie Fowlis, Seckou Keita, Kris Drever, Kerry  
Andrew, Rachel Newton, Beth Porter, and  
Jim Molyneux

Courtesy of Folk by the Oak.

Reading, Emma Poore, Author,  
*Where are you Lydie? A book for siblings*

## Reading

### Holland part IV

I have been in Holland for over a decade now. It has become home. I have had time to catch my breath, to settle and adjust, to accept something different from what I'd planned.

I reflect back on those years of the past when I had first landed in Holland. I remember clearly my shock, my fear, my anger – the pain and uncertainty. In those first few years, I tried to get back to Italy as planned, but Holland was where I was to stay.

Today, I can say how far I have come on this unexpected journey. I have learned so much more. But, this too has been a journey of time. I worked hard. I bought new guidebooks. I learned a new language and I slowly found my way around this new land.

I have met others whose plans had changed like mine, and who could share my experience.

We supported one another and some have become very special friends. Some of these fellow travellers had been in Holland longer than I and were seasoned guides, assisting me along the way. Many have encouraged me. Many have taught me to open my eyes to the wonder and gifts to behold in this new land. I have discovered a community of caring.

Reading, Sophia Abdi,  
Bereavement Support Services Officer,  
reading her own poem

## Daffodils in my garden – Sophia Abdi

*The yellow daffodils gently swaying side  
to side from the cool breeze,*

*Though so tiny, on bare eyes is a seedling,  
slowly growing into the light of the warm  
sun becoming a plant,*

*Just as you were so tiny and gentle once  
before here inside of me,*

*You will always be embedded firmly in my heart,  
like this yellow daffodil,*

*yellow as the sun that it shoots towards,  
so precious, it's petals soft, standing strong  
amongst the bed of host,*

*I can hear the birds chirping the song of life, as the  
daffodils sway gently with the breeze, sorrowfully they  
move from the absence of your presence, blossoming towards  
the sun from our guarded love of precious memories,*

*Whilst the butterflies are fluttering their  
colourful wings around the yellow daffodils...*

*Each petal of the daffodils representing  
my love for you here, always and forever ...*

**Invitation to walk  
to the Sands Garden and  
place your pinwheel**

Reading, Sarah Richardson,  
Bereavement Support Services Officer, Sands

## Four Plus an Angel – Jessica Watson

The best way I can describe grieving over a child as the years go by is to say it's similar to carrying a stone in your pocket.

When you walk, the stone brushes against your skin. You feel it. You always feel it. But depending on the way you stand, or the way your body moves, the smooth edges might barely graze your body.

Sometimes you lean the wrong way, or you turn too quickly, and a sharp edge pokes you.

Your eyes water and you rub your wound, but you have to keep going because not everyone knows about your stone or, if they do, they don't realize it can still bring this much pain.

There are days you are simply happy now, smiling comes easy and you laugh without thinking. You slap your leg during that laughter and you feel your stone and aren't sure whether you should be laughing still.

The stone still hurts.

Once in a while you can't take your hand off that stone. You run it over your fingers and roll it in your palm and are so preoccupied by its weight, you forget things like your car keys and home address. You try to leave it alone, but you just can't. You want to take a nap but it's been so many years since you've called in "sad" you're not sure anyone would understand anymore, or if they ever did. But most days you can take your hand in and out of your pocket, feel your stone and even smile at its unwavering presence.

You've accepted this stone as your own,  
crossing your hands over it,  
saying "mine" as children do.

You rest more peacefully than you once did, you've learned to move forward the best you can. Some days you want to show the world what a beautiful memory you're holding.

But most days you twirl it through your fingers, smile and look to the sky. You squeeze your hands together and hope you are living in a way that honours the missing piece you carry, until your arms are full again.



Reading, Peter Byrom, Sands United  
Sports/Wellbeing Coordinator, Sands

## Butterfly

*Little butterfly, where are you going?  
You seem so busy as you pass me by.  
Little butterfly, why can't you stay a while?  
You're just a flicker in the sky.*

*Little butterfly, where are you going?  
You swoop and dive from here to there.  
Little butterfly, why can't you rest and sleep?  
You're here and sometimes everywhere.*

*Little butterfly, where are you going?  
Wings flickering in perfect symmetry.  
Little butterfly, why can't you settle here?  
You're like the other half of me.*

*Little butterfly I know the answer  
You're here for just the shortest time.  
Little butterfly, untouchable but in my heart  
You're beautiful and always mine.*

## Close from Clea Harmer

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Time to meet and chat over tea and coffee back at the Aspects building.

Please do take your pinwheel home with you from the Sands Garden if you would like to.

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## Support for you

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Sands Helpline hours:

Mon – Fri 10am – 3pm

Tues & Thurs evenings 6pm - 9pm

 0808 164 3332

 [helpline@sands.org.uk](mailto:helpline@sands.org.uk)

 [sands.community](https://sands.community)

 [sands.org.uk/app](https://sands.org.uk/app)

 For all support options visit  
[sands.org.uk/support](https://sands.org.uk/support)

*Always Loved, Never Forgotten*