

*With Joy and Sorrow
We Announce
the Birth and Death of
Our Son and Daughter*

*Noah David
January 26, 2004*

*One day I will go to him, but he cannot come back to me.
--King David upon losing his son --2 Samuel 12:23*

*Emily Rose
January 29, 2004*

*Record my lament; put my tears into Your bottle;
are they not in Your book?
--Psalm 56:8*

*Noah David Murfitt
January 26, 2004; 8:24 AM
1.0 pounds; 11¼ inches*

*Emily Rose Murfitt
January 29, 2004; 9:01 PM
1.01 pounds; 11 inches*

How distressing and discouraging life becomes when we lose eternal perspective. . . We cannot "read" the Christian life on the basis of individual circumstances. We must not place our focus on individual events. . . . If we do, we'll lose sight of the fact that there's a wider, deeper picture here. And it's an eternal one. It is a work that God is doing from beginning to end.

-Pastor Ron Mehl

Dear Family and Friends,

Though we rejoice that Noah and Emily are in Heaven, we miss them terribly. Our hearts ache that we will never have the joy of raising them. We understand that acknowledging Noah and Emily's short lives may be upsetting to you. You might think it's easier for us if you don't talk about them. But we want to talk about our babies, even though they died. Please let us share our sorrow with you, allowing us to cry when we feel the need and knowing that we will be grieving for a long time to come. With your prayers and support, and by God's grace, we will eventually find healing.

*We invite you to continue to share in our joy and sorrow
by visiting: www.tohimbelong.com/noah&emily*

*Contributions in honor of Noah and Emily may be made to March of Dimes:
1220 SW Morrison, Suite 510, Portland, OR 97205
or online at www.marchofdimes.com*

Noah David



Nothing could have prepared us for the mixture of joy and sorrow we felt as we were handed Noah immediately after his delivery. All our doubts about being able to love another baby as much as we love Max vanished instantly. Even knowing Noah would leave us soon, we still felt the excitement, wonder and pride all parents feel when they first see their newborn babies.

He was beautiful. His outward body was perfectly complete to the least detail – tiny toes, fingers, fingernails, ears, nose, and even the slightest fuzz of eyebrows and hair. He lived for just over an hour and during that time, we were blessed to be able to hold, cuddle, pray for and sing to him. We would love to have that hour back to re-live again and again.

We were both struck by the many similarities between Noah and Max as a newborn: big hands and feet, hairline, shape of head, and mouth open in the same pout Max used to have when asleep. We are sure Noah would have looked a lot like his big brother.

Sometimes God chooses to create a life that is meant to be lived only in Heaven. The pain of losing Noah is made more bearable by the knowledge that he never had to suffer in this life. He never knew sin, sickness or sorrow. He went straight to be with his heavenly Father and will only ever know joy.

For you created my inmost being; you knit me together in my mother's womb. I praise you because I am fearfully and wonderfully made. . . . All the days ordained for me were written in your book before one of them came to be.

--Psalm 139:13-14,16

Emily Rose



With heavy hearts, we greeted our beautiful daughter, Emily Rose, three days later. Emily's delivery was more complicated than Noah's, so we did not have as much time to hold her right away. But once we were all together again, we were able to spend precious hours holding and admiring our little girl.

Like her brother, Emily was also perfectly formed. We had assumed she would have similar features to Max and Noah, but we were surprised to see a completely different mix of her parents. She had a different mouth, nose, chin, and shape of head and body. Even at such a young age, she had a more feminine look than her brothers. We wish we were able to see how she would have looked as she grew.

After having Max, we both wondered if we would ever enjoy having a little girl as much as a boy. One of the most painful aspects of losing Noah was that we already know how much joy little boys bring. However, as soon as we saw Emily, we of course loved her just as intensely. Now we know that raising a daughter would have been as wonderful an experience as raising a son. We feel such sorrow to have lost that opportunity, but find comfort in the assurance that one day we will be with Emily in Heaven.

Now faith is being sure of what we hope for and certain of what we do not see.

--Hebrews 11:1

So we fix our eyes not on what is seen, but on what is unseen. For what is seen is temporary, but what is unseen is eternal.

--2 Corinthians 4:18

Wordless Ones

By Michael Card

*In Your loving arms we lay
This wordless one so new;
The incarnation of our love
We dedicate to You.*

*Hopeless, yet so full of love
We make our solemn vow;
Not knowing when the time will come
Not even knowing how;
And though it seems we try to make
A promise that is true,
We really only claim for them the
Promise that is You.*

*The holy sleep which falls so deep
A blessing from above,
Will now embrace our little one
In simple trusting love
We offer You this child
Who's only ours for just awhile.
How could we keep him back from You
When you gave Your only child?*

God in the Details

Sometimes when we can't see the bigger picture of God's plan, we can only hope He will reveal Himself in the details. Faithfully, He did. Even as we left the doctor's office after first hearing that we were likely to lose our babies, we ran into friends in the lobby who promised to pray for us. Then we stepped into the elevator where we met a pastor we know who, seeing our distress, said a prayer for us right there. In those first terrible minutes of shock and grief, God was already taking care of us.

Many others stepped forward to exemplify the Biblical command to "bear one another's burdens." Countless prayers were said on our behalf. Friends and family visited, sent flowers and cards, took care of Max, brought meals and groceries and cleaned our house. Many tears were shed our behalf - each one a precious reminder that we are loved. We are humbled and honored that so many people shared our grief. We thank each of you.

We also saw God's hand in the peace and accord we shared in each of the tough decisions we faced. Often, one of us would feel led in a particular direction only to find that the other had been having the same leanings.

God also provided us with excellent medical care. We had a team of five highly-skilled doctors, and although they could not offer much hope, we were confident that every possible attempt was made to save our babies. We also had wonderful nurses who took time to talk, listen, pray and cry with us. We are so grateful for them.

One of the most touching "details" took place at our home while we were in the hospital. We had planned to have two trees planted in our yard by the Friends of Trees organization earlier in January, but bad weather postponed the date. Eric talked to the coordinator to explain why we wouldn't be there to help with the planting. We came home from the hospital to find that two trees had been planted that morning. There was also a card saying that a moment of silence was held during the planting. God provided us a living memorial of our children.