Jami's Song

Photo courtesy of Papa and Mema Miller

When Judy Dees heard about the sister-in-law of a close friend having a premature birth with an uncertain outcome, she was moved to write a poem for the mother. Judy also showed "Jami's Song" to Kay Raheja, a child-birth educator who, in turn, shared the poem with several moms of premature infants. "Everyone's reaction is tears and a wave of memories by the time they read about 'roo' you," says Kay. "That kangaroo snuggle with those infants must be an incredible bonding and centering for their moms. This poem has encouraged some of these moms to write their own poems to their babies."

About the baby: Brandon Todd, son of Todd and Jami Miller, is pictured here at the age of 10 weeks. He was born at 25 weeks gestation at St. Luke's in Houston, Texas, a high-risk neonatal hospital. He weighed 1 pound, 11 ounces. At Brandon's 6-month checkup, the figures were reversed—he weighed 11 pounds, 1 ounce. He is doing very well.

Dear Baby of mine, I love you so,
Dear Baby of mine, I'll not let you go.
I'll sit by your "cradle" long hours each day,
I'll cuddle and hold you while my heart prays.

God chose not to have you stay tucked in my womb,
But has let you be nurtured in NICU.
The warmth of your nurse and the doctors that care,
Make this trial of life much more easy to bear.

When I hold you, dear Baby, with your heart against mine,
Can you feel our hearts' rhythm and how they keep time?
The time of each moment . . . that's what we share,
I count them as precious while I hold you there.

Your hands they're too tiny for much of a print,
Your eyes much too delicate for dim light, you'd squint.
But your ears are quite able to hear lullabies,
And your lungs not too fragile to pelt out your cries.

Your cries . . . let me hear them! They're music, you see,
You're wanting your needs met, so I know you need *me*!
I'll love you forever, no matter your state,
No matter the outcome, I will . . . patiently wait.

Daddy's fixing your nursery for you back at home,
It's your loving "haven" until you are grown.
Your Grandmas and Grandpas they ask many days,
"Is the day drawing nearer when he'll come home to stay?"

Now sleep while I "roo" you, just snuggle real close,
We'll continue gestation a bit different from most.
Rest now, little Baby, my angel from God.
You're mine and you're precious . . . you're my
"Brandon Todd".

—Judy Dees