

P R E F A C E

LOSING A BABY IS LIKE GETTING HIT with a knockout punch and not knowing where it came from. When you come to, everything is hazy. Out of the fog, you slowly come back to yourself.

In the years following my baby's passing, life and death took on different shades. My life—and my baby's, as short as it was—took on new meaning.

When someone goes to sleep, you expect him to wake up, especially if that someone is a baby. Babies wake up with big smiles, or crying to be fed, or just wanting to be taken out of the crib. But they wake up. When your baby doesn't, your life changes. It has to.

I suddenly found myself, against my will, among the

ranks of the devastated. I want to share with you the challenges that I faced as I was initiated into this select club. I was floored, and that is exactly where I found myself sitting during the seven days of shiva.

I felt those seven days paralleled the seven days of Creation, where the first day, the “beginning,” was “void and desolate,” but by the seventh, a whole world had been created out of nothing. Each day of Creation ends with the words, “It was evening and it was morning.” In biblical terms, the day starts at nightfall, with darkness and confusion, and moves toward light, toward understanding and clarity. I felt this image was a metaphor for my grief, and I have made use of it in this book.

When crib death showed up on our doorstep, it brought void and desolation. Yet it catalyzed a dimensional shift in my life. I want to share with you this week, which launched a journey I couldn’t have begun on my own.