



Memoirs of a Baby Angel

Written by me, the Angel
Joseph James Collier
DOB; 2nd December 2018
(Age 3)

Part One – My 3rd Birthday

WOOHOO, IT'S MY BIRTHDAY. I am 3. My name is Joseph James Collier.

You can see me and my family in the photos. I am a special boy. Off course that is what my Mummy and Daddy tell me.

I have the best parents. My Dad is a Monkey who rides a bike. Don't believe me after all I am 3, look at the picture. He is currently getting over a big illness and been in hospital what seems like and is most of the year. He is learning to walk again and now eats everything in sight. He had a poorly belly and heart so this is a big deal.

My Mum, well she is funny. My Dad doesn't think so. She works really hard and has lost her hair. It's starting to grow back now, even a little wild. She is in her 40's, but this style I think she thinks she is 1! She blames herself for me, but I don't. I see her and love her. They are taking me out for my birthday to the Pantomime (o yes they are. I will be behind you) and then seeing Christmas lights through a tunnel.

My birthday wish is to get some land. You see I was born sleeping at 23 weeks. I want to give my parents a burial garden to lay those like myself to rest. To give them a healing place to help comfort them through their grief of losing me, their child. To combat the loneliness and pain they have suffered in silence from their society. To give them a place on Earth where I am accepted as being part of the family.

But then the best bit for me, a zone in the garden where the whole family can play and be together. I want to run around and see my brothers and sisters, cousins, nieces and nephews run with me.

If anyone can help my wish come true, please contact my parents through their website restwithjosephandfriends.co.uk or email: restwithjosephandfriends@outlook.com. The monkey does talk English. Please, please make this happen for me and my new friends.

P.S; Don't forget to eat cake for me and share this story so I can have the biggest birthday.

All my love,
Joseph xxxx



Part Two : Thank you

Now that I am 3, I have learnt how to talk and I can tell you I had the best birthday yesterday. Here in heaven you see it all and we are still with you even though you can't see us. Below you'll see some pictures of what my day was like.



Whilst growing up to the grand age of 3, my Mum and Dad have done a good job whilst I couldn't speak and I have enjoyed watching them being monkeys and doing all their fundraising to earn me a heaven trust fund. I want to spend it on you lot down there to help other mummy and daddy's who have lost their darling baby. (I am secretly a darling, but you will see how my Mummy didn't think so in the coming chapters). I thank you all that have put into my fund and I'll promise I will use it to help others, just like you have helped me and my friends up here in heaven. If you want to keep adding to it, then that is fine too. I will help more families.

With Covid, my Dad being poorly and my mum just never stopping, it looks like I am just going to have to do it myself. Sometimes to get what you want, you have to push yourself, be brave and just believe in yourself. I am going to tell you the story about me from myself. I am a boy who belonged to a mummy and daddy. (Kay and Darren Collier, but Dad is known as [#bmxmonkey](#)) They do not have any legal document to say I was born. So I am real, you have seen the picture and I will tell you how I affect and belong to my family.

But first I also had late night birthday celebrations with my Great Gran Nora and Grandad Bill. (Will or William to the family, but he told me a secret that he prefers Bill). She hasn't changed Mum, and she filled me with cake, meringues, chocolate and sweets full of E numbers just like she did with you when you were growing up. I can say just how Grandma Lynda said to you, I have been round YOUR Gran's again. I have finished jumping around and am now being sick. It was worth it. It was great. My Great, Great Nan Beryl and Grandad Dave found it funny too. Others were there too, but I'll talk about them later.

Now everyone reading this, get your friends to like our Facebook and Instagram page, Rest With Joseph and Friends, and I can tell you my story. I am a show off and the bigger audience I have, the greater I will be. If you want to share it, please do. However no one copy it! It is me, Joseph James Collier. Don't take it off a 3 year old.

All my love for now, Joseph xxxx



Part 3: The Beginning

Well let me start by saying that my charity Rest With Joseph and Friends is led by a load of monkeys. Seriously see the picture on the next page. I could have not got to this point without my parents (obviously otherwise I wouldn't be here) and the other Trustees Hettie Bawden and Stuart Harris.

Stuart and his family have one of their twins sat next to me. This angel is smiling down giving them the fun's up. Sorry mum has corrected me, thumbs up. I'm 3! Hopefully Stuart will find the courage to tell his own true life story one day and people will listen.

First, I have to go back to the beginning to help you understand the importance of our charity's goal and purpose.

My Mum and Dad could never have children of their own without the help of doctors and nurses. She liked who she was and thought that some sort of clone of her and Dad would be nice to have in the world. Mum remembers all the fun she had with Grandma Lynda growing up and the love they have for each other. She wanted to make her own memories. To have her own Best Friend for life.

So my Dad had to have a needle pushed into his nuts to get the contents. Everyone is wincing, I'm not sure why. They found what they needed and the relief he felt when he knew it came out of his body. Why is everyone laughing! He never wanted to feel guilty about not making my Mum and his wish come true. They froze the contents for use later. I was a sheet of frozen snow.

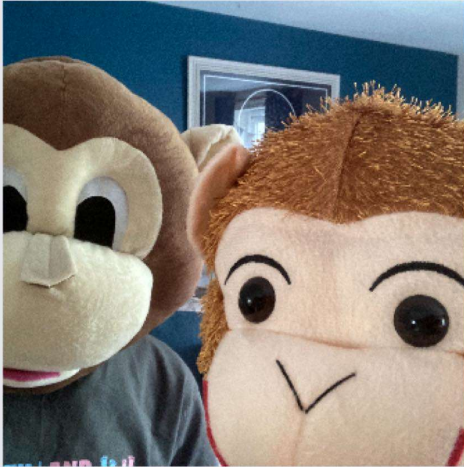
It was then Mum's turn. She now had the pressure of trying to make it happen. They had to grow her own egg follicles to produce eggs that they could take. She had to take drugs that were prescribed by the doctor and inject them into her thighs. Mum went to the school at the hospital to learn how to do this safely.

They kept scanning her ovaries to make sure the drugs were growing the pockets (follicles) that would have her eggs in them. Her ovaries looked like a Gremlin about to pop. They were getting bigger and bigger and was at real risk of being overstimulated. As time went on, she felt a lot of discomfort. She hit google and read things she shouldn't have done. Too many follicles can lead to bad quality eggs. Mum is quite positive though and just carried on, but was anxious and nervous.

She had to take tablets the doctor also gave her. Well they sent her crazy. One minute she was fine, then the next she burst into tears. Snot bubbles everywhere. Then she found herself in hysterics. It was a complete rollercoaster and Dad had to ride it with her. He got the most of it, whilst her work got a small section and wondered what the hell was going on. It was nothing, she just couldn't help it. It isn't like they tell it in the movies. After military timing on her drugs, she was ready to go to the hospital to have her eggs removed. She told work she would be in the next day..... I don't think so.

Sun's out, I need to go out and play. Will carry on later.

Love me, Joseph. Xx



The Charity Trustee's

Darren Collier - My Dad

Kay Collier - My Mum

Hettie Bawden - Trustee

Stuart Harris - Trustee

Part Four: Mummy's Egg Collection

16th November 2017 was the day my Mum went to the hospital to have her eggs collected. After first seeing the doctor for the first time on 29th March 2017, this was a big day. Finally, Mummy was soon to be pregnant. I was melted and free to wiggle around once more. I was practising my dance ready to get to the centre of the egg.

Nanny Lynne picked them up early in the morning for them to travel to the hospital in Plymouth as Daddy cannot drive and Mummy wasn't allowed to. (I must point out because of the anaesthetic she was going to be given) Nanny Lynne is famous to give you a white knuckle ride and has a reputation for her driving. Today in particular she was on top form. Mummy's eggs were certainly being awoken. I'm not sure which was more scary, the egg extraction or the car journey. The free for all after the toll booth on the bridge, you never heard so much beeping. It was just like a baby toy, but much louder and bolder. Cross faces looking at Nan. The funny thing was, Nan was oblivious and kept on chatting.

Inside the hospital, the nurses gave Mummy a funny gown and hair net. She walked through the hospital

ward with her bottom hanging out. The picture was a cracker and this just cracks me up.

They put her to sleep and the doctor used a needle with a syringe and poked her ovaries to suck out the eggs from the follicles. I can't really give you any pictures on this chapter as Mummy said it isn't appropriate. Off course I asked why? She said they are to XXX. Whatever that means. It's not fair really as pictures are always taken to embarrass you later on. I guess it must be because she already has had her 18th birthday.

The Doctor removed over 20 eggs and these were passed to the embryologist. My dance practise earlier was now showtime. This was my performance and I was going to get to the centre of the egg and make an embryo. Some of us dropped out, but I made it. We waited to hear the judges (Embryologists) grade. This was nerve racking and mentally torturous, especially for my Mum and Dad.

The results were in. 16 eggs were fertilised and of top grade embryo quality. I currently had 15 siblings. All 16 of us were top of the class. Great news. We made it.

Mummy and Daddy were told they could not go to the next stage and have the embryo transferred as planned. She was at high risk of getting OSHH (Ovarian Hyperstimulation Syndrome) and was sent home. Mum was so sleepy from the procedure, she really didn't notice the drive back. Mum was crawling around the house. Dad pulling her onto the bed as she couldn't move. Nurses told her to drink litres of water and protein drinks to help prevent the symptoms. She definitely wasn't going to work the next day. She felt ill and swore from that moment she wouldn't go through growing eggs and this procedure again. They told her she needed to wait another 3 months before any pregnancy could take place.

I had to be frozen again in my new embryo form until my Mum was better. I think this is a bit harsh punishment to get me to sit still. Great Gran Nora has told me to ring Child Line. I won't be doing that as she is being very dramatic. I can see why Mum could get away with anything around Granny's house.

So I'm practising sitting still, so can't write anymore at the moment

All my love Joseph xx

Part Five; The First Transfer

Where did I leave you, o yes Mummy was recovering her body and waiting for the three months to pass. I know exactly what its like. Santa comes Christmas Eve and that is the longest night EVER. Imagine having to wait another 90 more nights of feeling like that. Really, really, really hoping that you get the present you want.

So as I continue to write my life story and the history behind me, I hope I don't turn into Great Grandma Ivy. She died at 80 in 2003 and I think she is on about the year 1949 at the minute and the 10:27AM bus she caught on a Thurrday. (That's how she says it) Grandma Lynda said to me, don't ask her if she wants anything from the shops. She had a monthly itemised shopping receipt read out to her that took an hour and then she said, I don't think so. My excuse on my writing skills is that Mum wasn't always the best at English. She was told she had awkward phrases and should read more. My Dad, well he pushed his best friend out the way, aged 10, from getting hit by a car which probably would have killed him. Dad took the impact himself at a different angle and lost his ability to read and write. He had to start again. School was not his friend growing up. The kids were not nice to him, calling him stupid. And my other excuse is I'm 3, I'm not doing too bad. Daddy, I love you. I'm so proud of you. You are my hero. I want to be just like you, helping others.

By February, Mum had to enquire about having a FET (Frozen Embryo Transfer). The three months were up. Mummy was mentally building herself up again for the next chapter.

Hoping and praying that it would go well. At each stage you never know if that is the end of your hopes and dreams, or whether you will continue to the next stage. It is a very anxious and overwhelming process. I can only tell you the story of my Mum and Dad, but there are others out there who went through this and never even got to the stage of me. Devastation had already hit them.

Mum was put on another protocol. They took over her body with more drugs (pills and injections she had to do herself) so they could have full control of her baby making actions. (She is laughing, I dunno know why. Adults laugh at weird things that just don't make sense) She had to have scans to check the thickness of the lining of her womb. They made sure it was of a thickness where the embryo could snuggle and grow. Her body was finally ready. They went into the deep freeze to pick the embryos out.

I wasn't chosen this time, but I think 5 or 6 were thawed. They were left to grow. Hopefully its cells, dividing each day and finally changing to a blastocyst. (5 days of the embryo growing. Successful cell division.) I know, it sounds like I'm going into space. The nurses rang Mum each day to tell her if her babies were growing or if they died. Mummy was at work, the phone would ring, she would have a little panic, an onset of dread and fear for what they would say. Overwhelmed each day with the answer, happy tears would form. Two of her embryos made it to Day 5. Two were Blastocysts. She was ready to become pregnant.

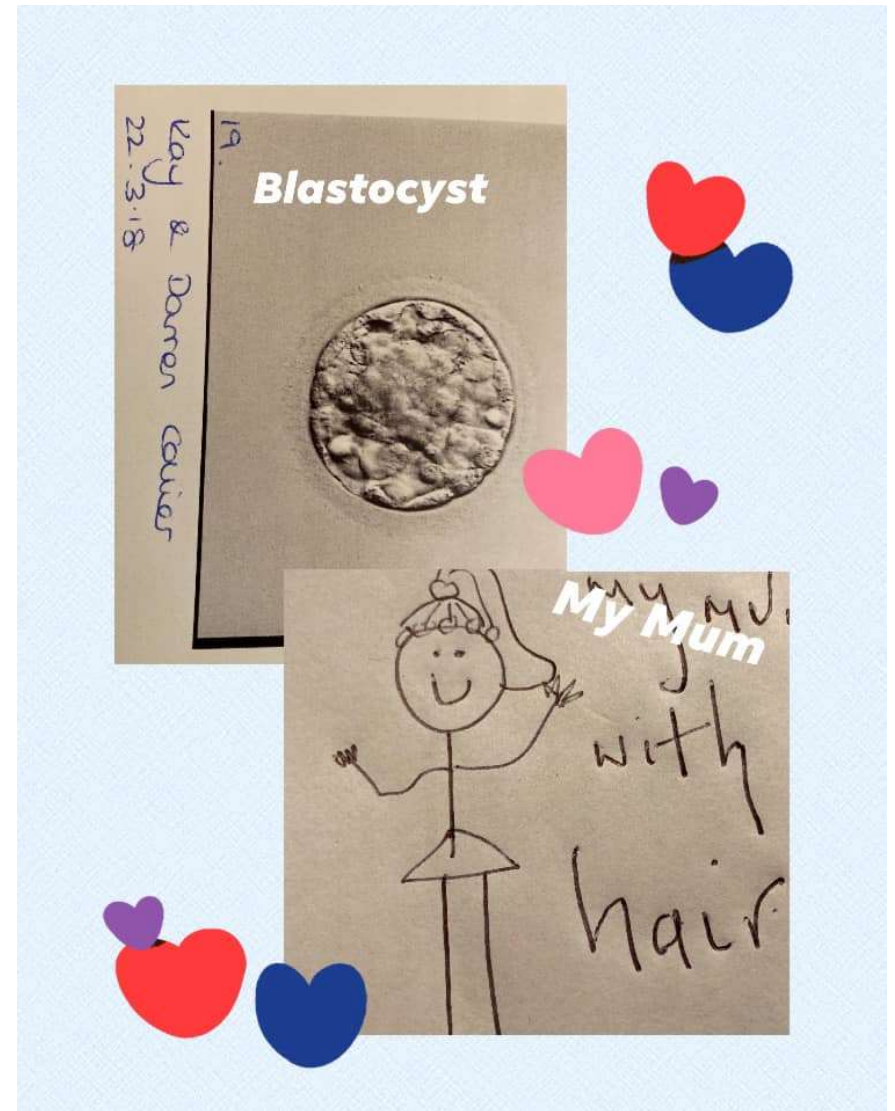
The doctors recommended only one of the embryos to be transferred into her. They looked at her previous medical history and the complications of multiple births and decided this would be best. The other was so good, they said they would freeze it again. They didn't know much about second freezing as it was really rare to be in this position.

You can see the picture of my sibling at Day 5 of being pregnant. The camera really does put pounds on you. That is the size of a pen dot. So based on this and photos I have seen of my mum, I have drawn a picture of her of what she looks like. She is very pleased with it.

Mum was called to the hospital on 22nd March 2018 where the embryo was transferred inside my Mummy. She was classed as pregnant. Finally. After almost a year of mental and physical torture. She was sent home. 14 days later she had to take a pregnancy test to check if the pregnancy had took.

14 days passed, a test taken. It was negative. My parents were devastated. They were brought back down to Earth with a BANG. The talk, the build up, getting excited with her Mum of being a mum herself and making her a Grandma. The sharing of stories about names etc with everyone.. All vanished. Gone. Complete shock and disbelief. But several pregnancy tests taken, all saying the same. They were not faulty. It was the truth. It did not work. My mum had miscarried.

I'm so upset for my mum, I going to go and give her a cuddle. Don't worry mum, I'm on my way. All my love, Joseph. X x



My Letter to Santa

Dear Santa,

This letter comes from my heart. Santa you are my hero. I am in heaven, I am 3. We all up here have seen you flying every Christmas Eve. Taking off and landing from one chimney to the next. You leave this dust path of what I can only describe as Santa's Northern Lights. You are pure magic in the sky and you fill the world with such joy.

My wish and what I want from you, is for the parents who have lost their baby to feel peace and joy. I want your jolly soul to sprinkle all your happy magic over them. Let them know we are still part of their Christmas. Let them know their Christmas is more special as they have their own Angel. Our wings open wholeheartedly and the rustle of the feathers create our own carol. Our breath is the wind that crosses their face. We send the robins to chirp our voice. Please make their hearts glow knowing we are still there with them. In return, our heart will burn and we will be the brightest star in the sky.

Let my Mummy and Daddy know that I see the glass they have for me for the Cheers at the table. Let them know I see my window decorated with the jungle animals and lights. I see my name, several times, in the tree. I am on their family Christmas tree which warms their heart. This time is special. I see the pain they hide knowing they cannot take me to see you. The aching of not hearing me giggle with the ripping of the paper. For whilst I never took a breath, I hold it knowing that I am their life. I know I am their son. For I am very much like you. However you are believed. You are known to be real. I want my name all over the world too for the kindness and healing that I bring.

We have many boys and girls up here sadly. Some are quiet and are happy with their own thoughts. Others like to be part of a group and others like me, like to show off. But know that my showing off is only to help others. Whilst you live at the North Pole, I will live in a garden. Whereas you make toys and gifts, I will heal parents and comfort them.

Please, please make my wish come true. I believe in you. I hope you and others believe in me. Love you Santa. Keep up the good work.

Love Joseph James Collier



Part Six: I had been implanted

Hey there,

Merry Christmas. I hope you all had a good one and you are looking forward to 2022. Santa popped by and showed me his licence so I could prove I seen him. He told me he had read my letter and will do what he can to get my wish. He said I was a good boy, so Mummy I hope you are listening.

OK, back to the story ..So after my mum had her miscarriage, she was questioning everything. Her head was in a spin. She read that she is more likely to get pregnant if she tried again shortly after. She took a big breath and thought she has to just go for it. She was lucky she still had embryos left to use. People were telling her not to do it yet, but my mum has her own mind and she uses it.

So back on the drugs. (She really doesn't know any drug dealers). She hated taking them, but knew she had to do it. This time, they were not as bad in making her crazy. I'm not sure if it is because she got used to them and had become a hardy user.

After all the process and scans as before, she was lucky again to be in a position to have a frozen embryo transfer. This time they picked me out of the freezer. I was a chosen one out of about 5. I felt alive and warm. It was my time to shine. They started to grow us, and again Mum and Dad had two blastocysts they could pick from. She wasn't going to have the feeling of 'what if' she had two put in. Two were going in.

So the day came, 13th July 2018, I was one of the two in the picture. I'm the good looking one. We were transferred into

my Mum at the hospital. I felt I was being shot through in a catapult. I had the ride of my life. They were pleased with our landing. I reckon I could have got a Perfect 10 from the judges. Mum was sent home to wait the two weeks. Grandma Lynda went to visit Mum during this time to help her relax and keep her company. The cat, Romeow brought frogs in as a present and made my Mum and her scream as they were trying to catch the frog, just as the postman knocked the door. Grandma Lynda was shouting, "the baby". It was quite comical.

Grandma Lynda went home and the day came to do the test. The two weeks had passed. Dad told her to do it in the morning when they were both awake. Mum couldn't sleep though. 27th July, at 3am in the morning, Mum was doing the test. I told you she has her own mind. OMG, the big light went on where Dad was sleeping, with Mum shouting I'm pregnant. Apparently I made the blue cross in the picture. Dad was woken in a daze and looked at the test. He couldn't see as it went from dark and quiet, to bright and loud. He gave Mum a massive hug and had a tear in his eye. Mum was so excited she was texting and emailing everyone. She never slept the rest of the night.

My Mum was pregnant. She was pregnant with me. I was so lucky. My Mum rang the hospital with the result. This time she was happy to do it. She was on Cloud Nine. (I'm not sure which cloud that is, we don't number them up here)

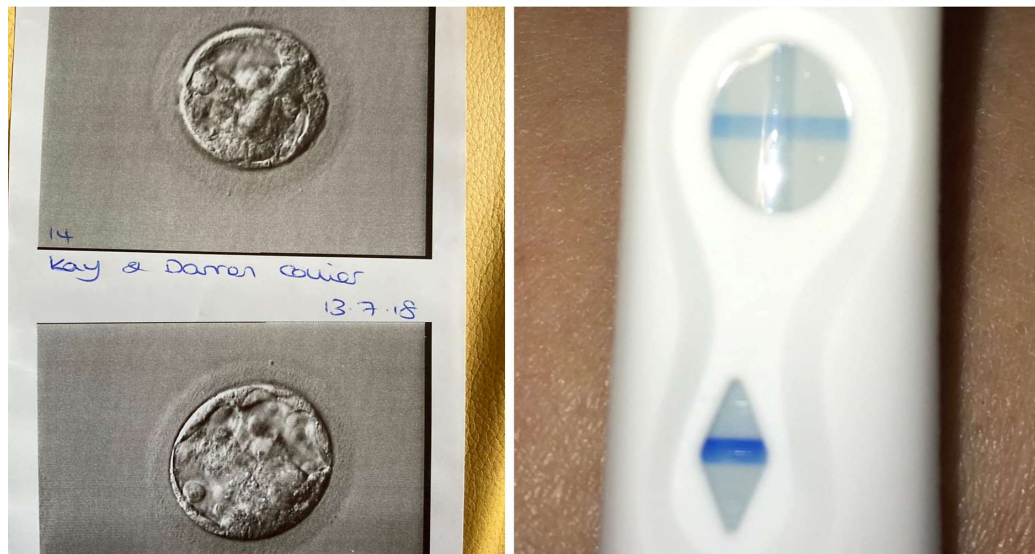
Well gotta go, I need to fly about as I am so happy. All my Love Joseph. Xxx



Santa's Licence.

Me as a blastocyst

The Blue Cross I made



Part Seven; My Heartbeat

I know you are sick of hearing this now, but Happy New Year to you all. This year, my resolution with the help of you down there is to get a burial garden to help heal families in their grief. For that, the charity Rest With Joseph and Friends needs a little bit of land to make this possible. This will allow them to create a tranquil garden for me and other angels to be laid to rest, whilst healing the very sad parents in their grief. They can also come visit us with the rest of the family so they can be together. We can give them some sort of joy and provide plenty of comfort in being a complete family again.

So whilst my Great Grandma Ivy is still rabbiting (apparently this means talking) about the year 1949, I shall carry on with my story. I think my Mummy is at it like rabbits with all her friends and people at work. She has just told me she isn't and not to say that!! Crikey, she gets embarrassed easily. What's so embarrassing about talking. Rabbit, rabbit, yap yap. Told you like rabbits.

So anyway, my Mummy was pregnant with me. She had to arrange for a scan at 7 weeks to make sure the pregnancy was viable. To detect my little heart beating. The hospital rang my Mum for the scan to be on her birthday (14th Aug). She was unsure whether this was a good day. It could ruin or make her birthday depending on the result. She decided to have it the day before on the Monday.

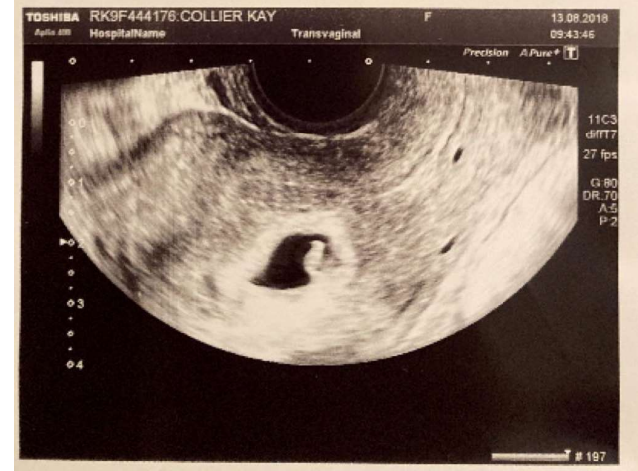
The weekend before, I went to my first concert in London. I was lucky to go to an Iron Maiden concert. I was a true trooper. My Daddy was loving taking me out for the day. My heart was beating to the sounds, but my Mummy never knew that. She had to wait for the scan a couple of days later.

The wait for this day was full of jokes from the pregnancy test. How many of us were inside my Mummy growing. Two embryos went in remember. IVF can give a higher rate of multiple births. Was she going to have her own classroom full of kids!! It was exciting, but nerve racking. I mean 1 in 4 pregnancies are lost. Some Mummy's don't even know they were ever pregnant. Or was she going to cope with 8 babies! How many names was she going to have to think of.

Scan day came, Mummy and Daddy nervously went into the scan room. A scan probe came towards me, and I showed up on the screen. They met me for the first time. My heart was beating. They could see it and they could see me. The joy and grins on my parents faces was just magical. I was alive. They couldn't believe it. I was the only one growing. I had this room all to myself. They said hello to me waving at the screen. You can see me in the photo. The little white dot inside the black in the centre of the picture is me.

From here on, I knew I loved having my picture taken. I wanted more and I got them. You will have to wait to see those.

All my Love Joseph. Xxx



Part Eight: My First Drama

So I was 7 weeks old when I last spoke to you.... How was I going to get my photo took before the routine 12 week scan?

I was quite devious and my plan was to make my Mummy bleed. Not badly, but just enough to think this isn't right. I don't know how I managed it, but I just did.

Well ... Mummy saw the blood, she panicked and she thought something was wrong. Blood before I was 12 weeks old was her worst nightmare. She knew that 85% of early miscarriages happen in the first 1 - 12 weeks. She had read it on Tommy's website. Bleeding was definitely a sign, not from her nose, but from her bits in her knickers. This was just where Mummy had the blood. Mummy and Daddy had already seen me alive with my heart beating. Now she wasn't sure if her special little miracle child had gone. She kept begging and pleading for me to still be inside her and crucially...still alive.

Mummy rang the doctors and they sent her for an emergency scan at the hospital. I was only 9 weeks old.

Mummy was lying on the bed. They put a cold jelly on her tummy. This was new. I hadn't had a scan like this before. They rolled something over the jelly and then I appeared on the screen. Yippee, I was back on the telly. My heart was beating. Very strongly I might add. I was a little bit bigger than my last picture. I looked more like a witchetty grub. The scan showed that there was a bit of bruising, or to make myself sound clever - a haemorrhagic area of a depth of 21mm. I cannot pronounce it though. My Mum has no chance of ever becoming a doctor as she can't either. She will invent all sort of diseases by saying the wrong thing. I hear her all the time making words up.

The nurse reassured my Mum and Dad that all seems OK and I was growing normally. The nurse took my photo. You can see them below. My plan had worked. I was working the camera and loving myself. Mum and Dad were just smiling at me and sent back home with more optimism.

I just loved seeing myself, but I turned both my parents white with fear. I never intentionally meant to scare them, but I needed another photo. I don't want you to think I'm a total brat so I will have to wait a bit before I tell you about the next one. All my Love Joseph Xx



Part Nine: Dennis The Mennace

Hello again, Joseph here. I have had the best weekend watching Mummy. She was a monkey swimming around in water, just like I was in her belly. She called me Monkey, but others gave me the nickname Dennis. I was a little bit of a Mennace. I was confused who I would look like. In the pictures are my Mummy and Daddy and Dennis. The photos of my parents are recent and were took today.

I could hear all my new Aunties at Mummy's work talking about me. She had offers all over to babysit me when I was born, especially from Auntie Marie. She doesn't like her name being mentioned so I have changed it. It's NOT her name. She was one of my top Aunties. Her and Auntie Tamsin spoil me even to this day. They ALL look after my Mummy. Watching them look after her from up above, they have taught me to look after the other Angels up here too, so that is what I am doing.

Well I was getting bigger now inside my Mummy. She fed me well with plenty of fruit and veg. She kept giving me milk. She drank loads of it. She wanted to make my bones big and strong. For a treat, she gave me Orange Juice. I craved that all the time. She hated coffee and would throw up on that one.

One night, I got bored. I was 11 weeks. It was early hours, my Mummy wasn't talking to me or taking me to visit places. She was just lying there in bed asleep motionless. I started to fidget and my Mum woke up in a panic. She saw and felt a lot of blood. This time she really panicked. She went to the toilet and it was a river rapid of blood. Chunks of stuff was coming

out of her. Somehow, blood was everywhere in the bathroom. She didn't have a rose head to change the spray, so I really don't know how she managed it. I heard her tell the Doctors later it looked like liver.

This time she needed to go to A and E. It was bout 4 in the morning.



She got to the hospital and was seen quickly. They basically told my Mum it is highly likely that she was having a miscarriage and she would have to wait for a scan. She was so upset, but was trying to remain positive until she knew. They managed to get her in that day. I mean it had been two weeks since my last picture, I was due another.

Well the results were in. She was scanned and I was waving at her on the screen. I was showing her my arms and legs. These were new. I was checking myself out at all angles . I had changed so much. I copied my Mummy and Daddy's shocked faces that I saw looking at the screen. You can see the pictures.

What was the blood? I was perfectly healthy. The nurse thought it could have been the bruise we seen in the last scan coming out. My mum went home again and rested. I gave everyone a scare, and now they were retracting their baby sitting offers. They said I was too naughty. They called me Dennis.

My Mum thought I was going to be famous. She thought I was strong and was going to make a difference. But she did think she was going to have her hands full.

Well I've gotta go and get ready for bed. Great Granny Nora is making me a Horlicks. Night Night, Sleep Tight. Love Joseph.. Xx



Part Ten; My 12 Week Scan

You are not going to believe what I have to say today. Please make sure you are sitting down and not holding anything you may drop in shock..... Ready.....

I have been a really good boy.

I, AKA Dennis, did not need to play up as my first trimester was coming to an end. And what a part I played in that. I was officially booked in for my standard 12 week scan. This was the scan where parents usually announce they are going to become parents. This scan is usually the first scan where parents see their baby. This is the scan where parents feel they have passed the milestone and are entering into the safe zone. The safe zone where the chance of loss reduces dramatically to 1 - 2 %.

So 17th September 2018 was a very big day for my Parents and I. I was shown on the screen and they could see my heart beating. I was wriggling and kicking, performing my uterus dance. My face had changed. I had a little button nose and a lovely face profile. I would even say I was Angelic and I melted my Mummy and Daddy's heart. What do you think? The photos are below so you can have a look.

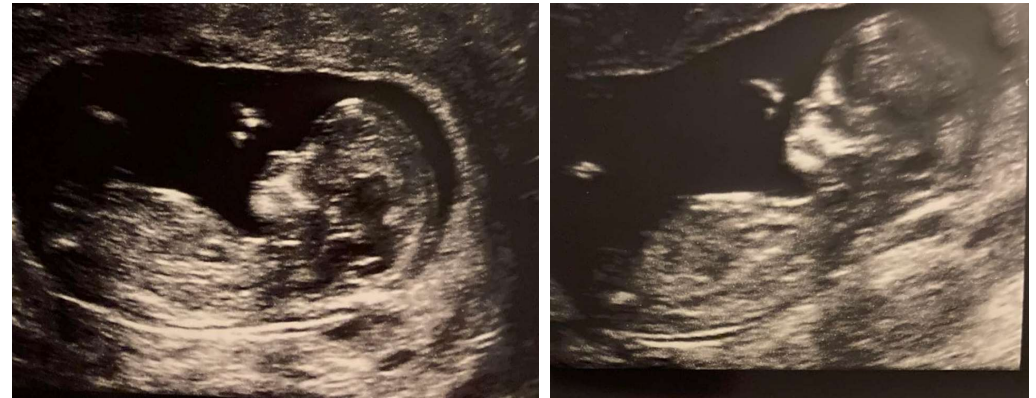
They couldn't tell my gender yet. My Mummy thought I was going to be a girl. In fact she was convinced and went shopping and brought me a dress from the charity shop. It

was pink and flowery. How nice I would look in that! My name was Rosie-Ann Elizabeth Collier. I have a half sister called Stephanie, who has a brother and 4 half brothers. She really wanted me to be a girl too.

The scan showed everything appeared normal and my Mummy and Daddy left the room with plenty of hope and excitement. Now my Mummy could start buying baby equipment. The monkey obsession she has, was one to be inflicted on me. I was going to be brought up in a jungle full of monkeys. Operation Jungle nursery had begun.....

Well Mummy I still pretend I am a monkey swinging just for you so I'm going to do that right now.

Sleep tight Mummy and Daddy. See you in the morning. Good Night World. All My Bananas, Joseph xx



Part Eleven: Shopping

Well by now you know me pretty well. I hope you don't think I'm attention seeking because I really don't mean to be. I just want you to get to know me so you can see how our life affects our families. This story really isn't just all about me, but all of us up here in Baby Heaven. I am the teacher trying to educate you. So Welcome to my Class, Are you listening? O please say yes.

Many people say the most awful things without realising to parents that have lost their son/daughter through miscarriage. Their comment can cut our parents deep. Please know and be aware that we were their world. We are their children. We have died and they are suffering deep grief. What parent thinks they will bury their child before their own life has ended? Some of our Society thinks we were not worthy of being called a baby or developed enough to be their son/daughter. That our parents should just move on and forget us. Would you say that about your living child? It isn't any different to those that have lost their child through no choice of their own.

Mummy, Daddy and I have learnt that every baby matters and each loss, no matter the circumstance is tragic to them. Those that are lucky not to experience this, really need to go to my school, pay attention and

learn from my class. So please keep reading and let me talk. 'Britain Get Talking' is the slogan nowadays. So why can't parents who have lost their babies talk and be open? Well hopefully I can change that...And I will give them a place to heal in my burial and memorial garden that you lovely lot who support me and my army will help me create.

So my life story needs to start off where I left off in part 10. Well now My Mummy was shopping! My Grandma Lynda was shopping! Women shopping, its exhausting watching. No wonder Daddy's have to sit down and wait for them. They were all buying stuff for me. I had my very own toy box being filled to the brim. My Mummy still had an obsession with buying me Girls clothes!! My name was still Rosie-Ann. My nursery was turning into a Jungle with the majority of animals being monkeys.

I was confused, was I a girl or a boy? Was I a girl who would be a tomboy just like my Mummy was. Was I boy who liked dressing up in girls clothes? Or was I fashionable and fitted in with the jargon today - My Mummy really doesn't understand that though so I cannot comment.

So long as I never intentionally hurt anyone, my Mummy and Daddy would let me be true to myself. I knew I was a boy, but my Mummy didn't! She just confused me! Mummy went to her midwife appointment and heard my heartbeat for the first time. She had seen it, but never heard it. It sounded like a train. (An indication I was a boy, galloping horses is for a girl the midwife said) The midwife felt where I was growing. She said I was a boy just from that too.

I had my very first set of wheels! See the picture. Mummy spent a few times a day pushing it up and down the house, looking forward to the day she could take me in it for walks. It had great suspension. The ride would have been lovely! The brake horse power was 0. My Mummy didn't own any horses! And at least it wasn't pink and flowery like my clothes!

I'll leave you to take a tour around my wardrobe and nursery from the pictures. Until next time, All my Love, Joseph xx P.S; please sign up to my class. There are always spaces available. Just follow us. You can even share me if you like. Children can teach you many things.



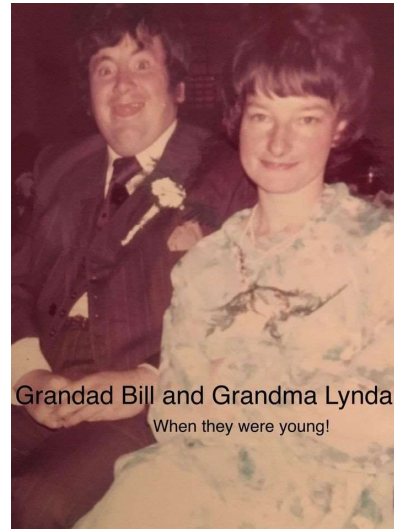
Part Twelve; I was Naughty

My Mummy had Baby Brain! I made her a little tired with my antics and everyone was telling her she was going to have a handful. At work, She couldn't make a round of drinks to the correct order. It was pot luck if you actually received the drink you wanted. Her actual work, well she tried is the best I could say. Sometimes she had no idea of what she just done or why! But she used me as an excuse all the time for the mistakes she was making.

Back then, she was getting stressed from a malicious irritant during the day. It wasn't Daddy. I am not sure who it was or what was said, she won't tell me, but I know she was very cross. I could feel it. It had been going on for a few weeks on a daily basis and she just got tipped over the edge. She was trying her best to calm down so it didn't affect me. She kept deep breathing to try and calm, but this person was sneaky, devious and manipulative, Mum was proper wound up. They don't bother her at all now so I won't go on. It was just the last thing she needed. It was the last thing I needed. I just know I don't ever want to be like this person..Nasty!

My Grandad Bill has been in heaven for nearly 16 years after passing away from Leukaemia. He tells me stories of my Mum all the time and is particularly proud that he nearly missed her birth. Grandma Lynda went into labour and he took her into the hospital where they were getting ready for my Mummy to be born. He just left her side to go and get a drink, but got side tracked with Will Hay that was on the telly. He sat and watched that and then after it finished, he

thought he better go and see what was happening. He got there just in time, with the look of thunder from my Grandma. My Mummy had made this big, strong and proud man cry. He had his little girl. Kay Elizabeth Shilton. She was the youngest of three and the only girl. My Grandma looked at him and he has this big cheeky grin that my Mum also inherited to get him out of trouble. You can see him in the photos. He shows me and the ones he loves the way to smile even through the hard times - He carries a coat hanger around with him so he can put it upside down in your mouth to make you. It's so funny.



Grandad Bill and Grandma Lynda
When they were young!



He is so
funny



He loves food!

Baby brain had been passed onto me. The events are a bit blurry to my next official 20 week scan so I have visited my Mummy's cloud to find all of her photos. I was almost 13 weeks old and I sent Mummy into hospital again. I woke her again in the early hours as I have a very strong kick. I must have kicked her too hard from me tripping up on the umbilical cord or something as I had caused her to bleed again. Nanny Lynne came over to take me into A&E as Mummy was bleeding too much for her to drive. For the safety of all of us, Nanny called 999. We all needed to make it after all and I've already told you about her driving. We were all scared enough. Mummy went onto a drip whilst we waited for the scan again later that afternoon. The nurses were being kind to her and looking after her, caring for her sympathetically. It seemed quite obvious that I may not be living anymore. They moved her to a ward where we waited in a side room. It was like the store cupboard. Hospitals are really busy and full up. She was just glad she was being looked after and had a bed.

It seemed to take forever for the scan to come around that day. Nanny Lynne waited and we all went into the room to see together what the scan had in store for us. I hadn't gone anywhere. I was kicking and moving. I appeared normal. I had my picture again. My photo album is getting quite full isn't it.

Nanny and Mummy walked out and burst into tears in disbelief! My Mummy told me off. She sounded like my Grandma Lynda telling my Mummy off when she was a little girl. She would have sent me to my room, but I was already in it. DENNNIISSSS!!! Which Dennis the Menace would I look like?





We were sent home again and I was told to think about my actions and to start behaving. A few weeks later, Mummy had to go back into hospital again as she still had a little blood. She ended up staying in overnight. She wasn't over worried as it was nothing compared to what we had experienced before. We were in the bay in the ward and we never slept a wink. She was next to a really big, heavily pregnant lady who really snored very loudly. I wasn't sure if I was going through an earthquake. It was worse than my Mummy farting. She not only kept us awake, but the whole blooming ward. The Mid Wife even commented when they came in to do her obs. My Mummy does remember the Mid Wife saying she had strong stomach muscles! That is clear as day. It gives her hope that one day, she may see them again. They also commented on my Mummy's laugh. But then everybody does.

So I'm going to go and hear more stories of my Mummy from Grandad Bill. You can look at my scan pictures. I better pre warn you though, the next coming few parts may get a little sad and upset you.

All my Love, Joseph AKA Dennis Xx

Part Thirteen: My 20 Week Scan

Well it had now come to my 20 week scan. The scan to reveal my gender and I was a little nervous. Normally you know me, I'm a right show off and will do anything to be on camera. This time though, I went shy and had everything crossed, praying the words "Mummy, I hope I don't let you down as I am not a girl!" The scanographer (I'm not sure what you actually call them, so instead of photographer, I went with scanographer. It is logic for me. I'm only 3!) put my Mum on the bed and revealed me on the screen. Daddy was there too. I was hiding and laying in a position where they could not fully see me. I was not intentionally being awkward, I was scared, but I was made to behave. Adults really are in charge. My Mum was tipped up on the bed and I thought I went into Space and began floating about. After all the blood went to my Mum's head, they had me. They measured me all up and checked me out, I was normal. They tickled me and I couldn't hide it anymore, they could see my you know what! My privates! Embarrassing!

"You are having a boy" he said! (O please don't be mad)

My Daddy knew it and had my name planned out... Mummy just said "We are NOT calling him Alfred".



Daddy came up with this name! Can you imagine me as an Alfred! Nor was she actually going to call me Dennis. That was just my nickname which actually suited me. My parents were given more photos for the family album. After all the trouble I had given them previously, Mum and Dad left feeling confident that they had gotten over the worst. Beaming that they had a Son. Beaming that I was fit and healthy. They didn't care I wasn't a girl. They LOVED me so much. I was so happy. I was going to go skate boarding and BMXing with my Dad! Exciting! I could not wait.

I now had Boy's clothes too. Thank goodness. The Grannies were told they were having another Grandson. We had to tell Stephanie, my half Sister, she was still the only girl! They were all excited. Grandma Lynda was really looking forward to meeting me and having a good strong bond with a Grandchild. She loves kids and babies. I was looking forward to the cuddles! And if I'm honest all the treats! Granny's are the best.

But how things can change in a day. It is now the start to my end. My Mum had another bleed at 21 weeks +2days. I left Mum and Dad really panicking. Without being too graphic, it was better than the Halloween I had just been through. I decorated everything. I don't even know how I did it. I scared my Mummy and Daddy good and proper. My Mum instantly regretted going Aqua Fit a few days before. She tortures herself for everything. I try and tell her that this didn't make her bleed. I went to the hospital again and I went straight to the antenatal ward.

"You need to stay in". That's never good.

My poor Mummy thinking what had she done to me. She was placed in the Daisy Suite. A home like room to help with the unfortunate situation of losing your baby. I was a threatened miscarriage. I needed to fight for everything. This was now my fight! It was now my Mummy's fight too. We promised each other we would not give up...No matter what! So maybe the next memoir will be upsetting.. I have just prepared you for what is coming.

I'll leave you to prepare and hope that you still read. It's important you hear the truth so you know what Angel Mummy and Daddy's go through and why I have set up the charity Rest With Joseph and Friends.

I love you all, Joseph. Xx

Part Fourteen: Broken Waters

So we became fighting machines me and my Mum. We were staying in, but we were discharged shortly after. We were doing great. Kicking ya butts. I have some attitude. At home, Mummy was feeling poorly. She wasn't even home 24 hours I don't think. She rang the doctors to say that she felt ill and they were useless.

They told her "Your baby is fine".

Mum said "I know but I don't feel well".

"The hospital have said you are ok". Disregarded she threw the phone and went to bed and rested. Daddy got mad and they rang her back. No one messes with my Daddy. But the doctors were still useless. She even rang her community midwife who said the same.

My fur brother Romeow came to cuddle me whilst Mummy was in bed. All of a sudden, she thought " O NO, not again. A gush of wetness. Please say I'm not bleeding" Confusion set in, no blood, had she just wet herself!! She rang the Maternity ward. "Sniff your pad." Yuk. It never smelt of wee, it was sweet smelling. It was my waters. I'm sorry Mummy. I know. I couldn't help it. Something pierced the lining and it just popped. I never had a plaster to cover it and my hands couldn't find the hole. What had I done, I had nowhere to hide. I was no longer floating.

I was on screen in complete darkness. It was confirmed I had no water. I'm so so sorry. I was scared, but my heart was still beating. My Mummy was so kind. She kept cuddling me and patting me saying, please try and hang in there. I was very special and she said she was very proud of me. I was a fighter. I had proved that already. She gave me the encouragement to keep fighting. My Mum was given one antibiotic to prevent infection, but the course was stopped and she wasn't given anymore.



Me without water.



We all saw a specialist the next day. (Me, Mummy and Daddy) I was 21weeks 4 days on my rupture. The Specialist was so kind, but also had to break the news on the prognosis. Having no water could mean my lungs would not develop properly. I could end up having Cerebral Palsy. The chances of survival pre 24 weeks was slim. If I was born now and alive, my parents would hold me till I took my last breath. The specialist could find a small pocket of fluid still so I had hope. My lungs could still grow. I could still develop. The specialist had seen survival, but he had also seen the other. My Mummy had hope, it wasn't over. We had the pact. Daddy was in disbelief and full of sadness. He found it really hard. They planned another scan for when I was 23weeks 1 day as by then, they may be able to help me if I had survived.

Mummy was back in the Daisy Suite. Eating hospital food that well looked like I just spat it on a plate. It did taste better than it looked. All the Staff were really kind and looked after us. Mum was sleeping a lot. She kept asking for the doppler so she could hear my heart beating. Daddy was sleeping in the car in the car park to be on stand by as he cannot drive. There was a sofa bed he could have used, but he wasn't thinking straight. He was very tired. He has Crohns Disease you see and it had flared. It stayed flared from then until about 6 months ago. (Nobody knows what causes it or how to cure it. They just try and manage it) He was in hospital having his medicine Infiximab through an IV line. This itself made him tired, so imagine this, me, my Mummy and his disease. His drug was later found not to be effective, and they changed it to a drug he had to inject himself. This then attacked his nervous system and damaged his nerves. He is currently learning to walk again. You will hear more of him later. He really is a true Warrior. I love my Daddy. Make sure you tell him and tell him he is doing great!



At 22 weeks 5 days, we were sent home. Mummy was signed off work and had to be careful. She begged the hospital to provide the sick note. Her doctors stress her out. My Mum had hope. She thought I would be a Drag Queen, full of drama. She didn't care. She just wanted me to be happy and be alive living the best life.

But it never took long and I was back in again. I only had to hold out to 23weeks and 1 day when they would help me. I was now 23weeks. I had less than 15 hours left before that scan. One more sleep.

My Mum started having intermittent abdominal pain over the days and nights. She had further bleeding. She thought she was losing her insides and going to the toilet was not pleasant with the pain. The doctor was called. He examined her. "Kay" he said with sadness in his eyes, "you are having a miscarriage, I'm so sorry". My umbilical cord had prolapsed and could be seen.

Silence, numbness, disbelief. Pure shock. Mummy couldn't feel anything. She hadn't seen me on the screen yet. My heart could still be beating. We do not give up until the end. She didn't give up. But I was on screen. It wasn't. I had lost my life and she now knew it. The picture was still and it was like they were looking at a photograph.

The shock had passed. The sound from my Mum chilled the room, whilst the ward and My Daddy was haunted by it. Not from the pain of birth, but from the long deep growling crying pain of death. Heart-breaking howling cries came from my Mummy. Cries that should have come from me. I couldn't. I had no words. I was heartbroken too. Why couldn't I have held on. I tried with all my fight.

Now my Mummy had to deliver her child with no life and Daddy had to watch. No joy and happiness. The total opposite of what it should be. The birth will be next time. My Mummy can't take any more for this chapter.

All my heartfelt love to you Angel Mummy and Daddy's. You are the strongest of them all.

Love Joseph, Your Now Angel. X X



Chapter Fifteen: I Was Born

My Mummy was on the old gas and air, pushing with all her might. Gas and air helped her with the pain. Not to let me miss out, with all the strain and pushing, she actually farted! (Relieved it wasn't anything else) A fan blew the smell right back to me and wafted it around the room. Seriously Mum, I did not need Gas and Air too. She found it hilarious. First thing she does to me is trump and laugh like a Hyena. Was she back on those IVF drugs? No, it was just her. Daddy was more serious and had to tell the midwives that she just laughs at everything. It is like her coping mechanism. She just can't help it.

Sunday 2nd December 2018 at 21.03pm I was born. I weighed 490 grams.

"He's beautiful" said the midwife.

"Is he? Is he alive?" Mummy was still praying for a miracle. She already knew the answer, but she still needed confirmation. She was finding it hard to accept.

"I'm sorry" with utter sadness and empathy and a shake of the head.

Daddy cut my umbilical cord, heartbroken that it wasn't for me to take my own breath and give me life. It was a snip to separate me from my Mum. I was placed on my Mummy's chest and she and Daddy were sobbing over me, their baby.

For I could not wiggle into them to feel their touch. I could not cry for them to hear me. I could not open my eyes for them to look into me.

Mummy was losing a lot of blood too and the placenta would not come away. At the last resort and attempt, she had to go into surgery to have it removed. Time was running out. Her blood pressure kept dropping. At times Mum wanted to give in and be with me, but she looked at Daddy and knew they needed each other. She always said she didn't want an epidural, but by now she didn't care. She now knows she will never opt to have one ever again. She had a rough time and reacted badly to her legs being paralysed. She feels for all those that have no use and cannot commend them enough for what they deal with daily. I'll miss out the gory details in the theatre as I don't want to over traumatise you with all the blood clots slapping to the floor.

Daddy was outside the hospital screaming to the heavens. He had to ring Grandma Lynda and Nanny Lynne. Both upset, Grandma Lynda had an epileptic fit and hurt herself. She was grieving too. Don't you worry, I'll get your name in lights one day. They will know you are my Grandma. It is one of my wishes.

Back out of surgery, my parents were next to me in my Cold Cot. A cot to keep me nice and preserved so my parents could spend some time with me. Precious time they will remember for the rest of their life. Time held cuddling me. Mum never really slept that night, when she had her eyes closed, her hand was on me all the time. When she was awake I was snuggled in a blanket being held by Mummy and Daddy. I loved that time.

I learnt I was born, non existent in this world. I was born asleep and before 24 weeks, meaning I had no birth certificate. Metaphorically I could be thrown in a bin. In the eyes of the law, My Mummy and Daddy did not have me as their son. How would that make you feel? They said hello to me at the scans, you've even said hello to me, how can they say Goodbye?

Here I knew, my life's purpose was for me to be the leader of the Angel Baby Revolution. For we needed to matter. We needed to fight for our Mum's and Dads to help them heal and give them comfort.

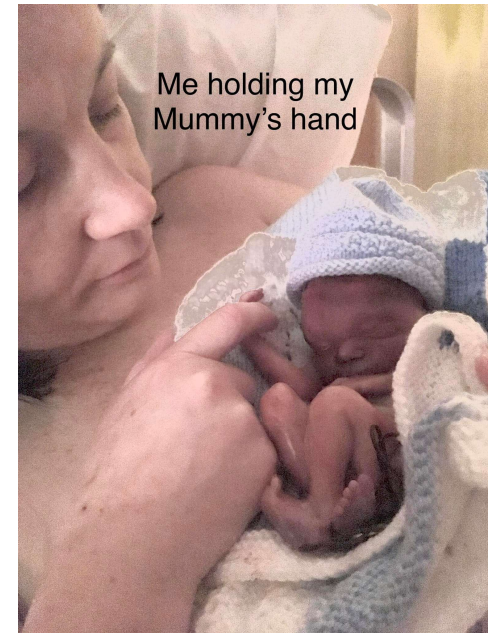
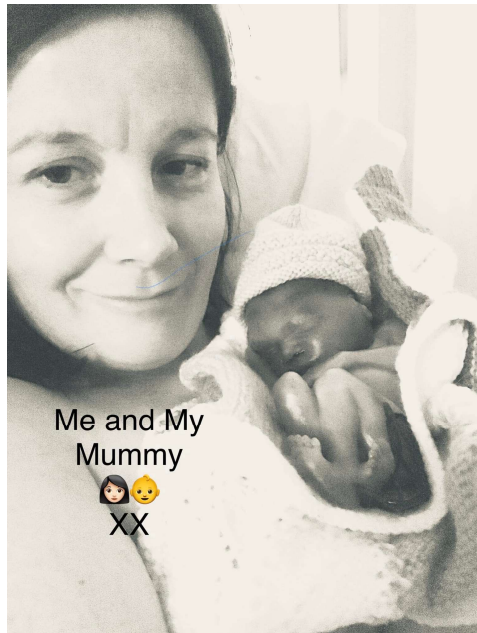
So here I am, writing you my voice. A voice you will hear and hope follow. A voice you will believe in. For I will stand and fight for our recognition so the suffering our Parents do alone and in isolation from Society can be vanished. So we can all be together as a complete family.

In the meantime, here are my photos.

Meet me, Joseph James Collier. For those nasty bullies who found me offensive, Up Yours. I cannot help my looks as you cannot. Just accept me for me. A son of Darren and Kay Collier. A half brother, A Grandson, A Great Grandson, A Cousin, An Uncle, A Nephew and A Leader of Angel Baby Revolution. Vote for me, like and share me to get our Army! We will fight together.

(I think I'm cute. And so does my Mum. She still posts my picture everywhere. Normally it's embarrassing, but its me. I love it. She's proud of me her Son, Why should she be made to feel unaccepted in her actions. Has she done wrong? No so leave her alone)

Love you All lots, (Sorry I got on my High Hop Up Stool) Angel Joseph Xx



Part Sixteen: My Birth Boxing Day

Hey, its me. This is the hardest part of my story to write. It is now witnessing what I have left behind. You see, me and my friends I have made up here in heaven, we see the aftermath of the devastating grief our parents suffer after the loss of their child. It doesn't end the day after we are born. It begins.

Monday 3rd December, the day after I was born, was a day where my Mummy, Daddy and my Grandparents spent the day with me. Each one had a precious cuddle, each saddened by holding a lifeless baby in their arms. All the movement I had shown in the scans had gone. The excitement of a new baby may have vanished, but the love for me was just as pure and strong. None of them knew the sound of my cry, laugh or gargle. None of them will ever see the smile on my face that just melts their heart. None of them will wipe the tears rolling down my cheeks away. Even the weather was emotional. It was a day where the heavens opened and wept

for us as a family. For I could not annoy them with the infamous word, Why? They were beating themselves up with the why?

Mummy and Daddy were having to answer questions, do you want a Post-Mortem for Joseph. (They really didn't want to cut me up, and the doctors advised that it wouldn't show anything up)

Do you want this test doing to see if there were any abnormalities, a sample of skin taken? (Yes they did to see if there was anything wrong that could give themselves some answers)

Do you want the placenta testing? (Yes as this may show reasons to why?)

What do you think you want to do with his body? (This they couldn't answer yet, this will be the next chapter) A question they never thought that they would ever have to answer. A question that any answer is not the wrong one, but a question that makes you feel deep guilt asking yourself if you did right and should have done different.



They left that day, without me, but with the blanket I was wrapped in, the gown they put me in and the hat I was wearing. A memory box filled with stuff to remember me. A pack from Sands filled with information.

Mummy and Daddy were sobbing their heart out leaving me behind, letting me go and saying Goodbye. Going home to a nursery that will never be used. A car seat to never have me sat in it. A pram I would never go out in. Clothes I would never wear and toys never to be heard and played with. Bouncers, walkers and all the rest of the thousands of stuff you buy, never to be used. Their house though was still being filled with love. Flowers from their family and friends. Hampers delivered to comfort. Gestures to say others were thinking of them. All of which they were eternally thankful for.

So what did happen you may ask - this haunts my Mummy every day. She cries each and every time she reads or thinks about it: *The findings were: The placenta showed evidence of infection consistent with an early membrane rupture. Joseph's DNA showed normal sets of chromosomes with no further explanation. We looked for infections that can be a cause of babies that die early and these were negative for CMV, parvovirus, syphilis and toxoplasmosis. Diabetes and hyperthyroidism screens were also normal. We conclude that the root cause of Joseph's death was infection together with extreme prematurity.*





My Mummy now thinks she has failed as a Mother. For I was perfectly fine, my Mum had an infection. This haunts her everyday. She asks herself why she couldn't keep me safe. The job she thinks she should have done and didn't. The pain she sees in my Daddy and Grandma Lynda she thinks she caused it.

It's all a mess, none of us up here meant for this to happen to our parents. None of us want our parents to suffer the way they do. We don't want them to beat and torture themselves. We just want to say we Love You. We are happy up here. We see you every day and we are blessed to have you as our Mummy and Daddy.

Well I need to go and see Mummy, for she is blowing snot bubbles. And so are all the other Mummy's reading this. Don't worry, we are all coming to see you. Can you feel us around you yet?

All my love Angel Joseph.

Thank you to Ella and Louis - Other angels who have helped my Mummy and Daddy. Ella for the bereavement Suite, Louis for the memory box. Xx

Part 17: Waiting For My Place Of Rest

My Dad once wrote "In my 50 years I have witnessed and experienced some distressing events, I just let it go over my head. But cradling my son Joseph in my arms was the day that BROKE me. And to this day I am still BROKEN".

After giving birth at 23 weeks, Mum was left bewildered and came to know the distraught feelings and loneliness of losing a baby through the term 'miscarriage' albeit my term was 'late miscarriage'. Miscarriage a word that seemed so unjust at this stage in pregnancy.

I was being held and cradled. To my parents looking at me, I looked a small fully formed baby. It was like they were holding a stillborn, but I was not. I was too young to qualify for this term which has the definition: A baby born dead (sounds so harsh, I like the term sleeping) at 24 weeks and over. After 24 weeks I would have been classed as stillborn. Mum would have had her paid maternity leave entitlement. I would have qualified for the Government Child Funeral scheme. But I didn't. My Mum had given birth to me, but she had no rights. Without me being able to take my first breath and being the age I was, I was nothing. I was invisible. How can I just vanish, especially after all my showiness! ? My life became insignificant to the World, but became everything to my Mummy and Daddy. One more week and I would have been traced as being a Son of Darren and Kay Collier.

Losing children like me HURTS in every aspect to those we have left behind. It never goes away. The pain is just learnt to be lived with. Everywhere they go, they see prams being used, hear babies/children crying and laughing. Pregnant ladies seem to appear everywhere. They see First Day of school pictures. They have reminders and triggers for the rest of their life. The dreaded question, Have you got any children? Yes my Mum has, she has me. But officially, no she doesn't. What answer do you give?

So where am I now? I was laid in a Moses Basket at the hospital for my Mummy and Daddy to see, collect and take me home. I was perfect. At peace. They carried me back to the car in a cardboard shaped coffin. I was driven home with flowers on top. My Mummy showed me round my home and took me to my Nursery. She fell to the floor sitting with me in her arms. Completely devastated, tears streaming and absolutely heartbroken. She had total unconditional love for me.



I was laid to rest in a large planter in the garden where I am to remain until I can finally go to my final resting place. For this is where the feeling of guilt set in, had they done right? They learnt of other families resting places and felt they had done me unjust. There is no right answer, but my parents had the visions of helping other grieving families by providing another option. It was my Dad's idea to get a piece of land to create a burial and memorial garden completely separate and away from a cemetery full of souls who had a life and who were given recognition. They didn't want my life to be lost and unknown. Nor did I. They wanted us to have our own dedicated recognised place on Earth and so did I...for me and my fellow angel buddies.

My life was cut short for this reason. I had to help families heal. I had to help give them comfort. I had to help families still feel complete. I had to get some justice for our lives. I had to know that we can be in the hearts of everyone.

My Daddy wanted to have a charity. Where does he start? Well he rode as a Monkey on a 20" BMX from London to Truro to raise funds. (And he says I'm the show off) Oops, I've got to stop being cheeky.

Mummy, Daddy and I are now a registered charity, 'Rest With Joseph and Friends'. They continue to raise funds with the help of others to create our burial and memorial garden and are seeking to find land to make it happen. To make a difference. Follow them, visit their website restwithjosephandfriends.co.uk to view their goal.

All Our Forever love to you all and Thank You for helping me. Thank you for believing in me. Thank you for comforting our Parents we all look down on. We LOVE YOU. Please don't forget us. We will not you. Angel Joseph and my Friends. xxx

