



I went to a cemetery on 9000 South with 700 East in Sandy Utah. When driving through the cemetery I saw a baby sheep headstone that got my attention. The head stone got my attention because I grew up on a farm and I've always liked sheep, I have always thought they were very sensitive and interesting animals. I was very curious to know to whom the headstone belonged to. I personally don't like cemeteries for a few reasons but mostly because when I am required to go peace and nature are not what I feel, I feel sadness, a large amount of sorrow and loss. This experience was very interesting, and much different than any of my other experiences, I have found that I am grateful for this opportunity.

As I got closer to the headstone that I chose to analyze I noticed that it belonged to a little baby named Lucile. The head stone says: Lucile, Daughter of Roberts and Mary J. Pixton Born April 10 1900. This little angel passed away on November 21 1900 at just 7 months old. My first thought was at this time it must have been such an incredible tragedy for their little child to die so young. I then felt immediately grateful that we have advanced in medicine as we have because they were able to save my little one born at just 33 weeks weighing only 3 pounds. I felt so sad for the parents and I wondered what the reason was this happened. Well I thought that maybe one of the reasons could be that in the 1900 hundreds we did not have the technology that we do today, we have and lots of children diagnosed with many illnesses and today they are able to survive in this world. I then thought of the reasons a child could have died so young. Polio and things like Scarlet Fever were things they could not treat back then. I also wondered after this thought came to my mind, that the cause of death could be maltreatment. They simply did not have the knowledge we have today about issues like "Shaking baby Syndrome" or "SIDS".

After I had my daughter, it's funny in a way because every child that I saw on the street remind me of her, and having my daughter Jade made me care for other children a lot more than I ever thought to before, today from personal experience I know how much a child needs care and time. I feel saddened because I know that there are so many out there that bring children to this world and don't do what's necessary for their safety, and wellbeing.

To me Lucile's grave was just abandoned, likely because it happened over a hundred years ago and relatives died with time, there were no flowers, there was no relatives close by her grave that I noticed. It seemed to me that her grave was just forgotten as the time passed by. This itself is a tragedy and gave me a new reason to visit the cemeteries. It was an old grave and it was broken, the grass had been kept likely from the owner of the cemetery but the headstone seemed worn by weather, something that happens naturally with time.

I am pretty sure that Lucile had someone that Love her deeply, I am just guessing by the baby sheep headstone, she was someone's little lamb of god. Personally after looking at her grave and knowing that she died as a baby with a perfect little soul, I rather think that Heavenly Father took her so early, because she came to this world to gain a body and there was a bigger plan he had in store for her in the next life. Also I imagine the suffering that Lucile's loved ones went through must have been terrible, but I would also like to hope that they were given some comfort in knowing that their little one was so perfect that she did not need to spend any more time here than she did, and that she was here long enough to possibly teach them a lesson of love. Like I said in the beginning it always makes me sad when I go to cemeteries but this time it was a different kind of sadness it was one with hope. I drove back home thinking about who this baby was and what caused her to die so young, no words to describe the feeling I had but I know that she was special, special enough to return to our heavenly father so quickly.