

Jesse Allen Schmitz, 6 mos.

May 30, 1996 - Dec. 25, 1996

WESTPHALIA - Jesse Allen Schmitz, son of Mark and Nancy (Christiansen) Schmitz, was born May 30, 1996, in Omaha, NE, along with twin brother, Zachary. Although Mom and Dad did not get to hold me until I was three months old, I knew I was in good hands with them from the minute I heard their voices.

Zachary and I have spent all of our time at Children's Hospital and Mom and Dad have been there with us every step of the way. One of my favorite things to do was listen to music from my tape player with Zach and Mom and Dad. Mom would hold me and Dad would hold Zachary and we would just rock and listen to nursery rhymes and Bible songs. She would tease me and poke me in the nose just so she could watch me wrinkle up my eyes and squint. Mom and Dad would also read to us. That was fun because we could just relax and watch the mobile spin while their voices reassured us that they were always close by.

Another special time for me was bath time. There was nothing more I hated than having a wet diaper and when Mom and Dad gave me a bath it just felt great being held and bathed by them. Mom was always talking to us. All we needed was to hear her and Dad's voices and we knew they were with us. I was always fascinated with my reflection in the mirror. I did not realize how cute I was! Zachary and I were definitely two peas in a pod. If I got mad, Zachary got mad. If Zachary was laughing and giggling, I was too.

But some of the most comfortable times I experienced was when Mom and Dad were holding me. I was also pretty fond of my binky. But one thing that I didn't like was lying on my left side. Even when someone put me down on my left side I would roll over and sleep on my right. I had a lot of fun playing with Mom and Dad too. My bouncy seat and swing were great but not nearly as fun as my pig that played music. Zachary and I also had many milestones the last six months but my favorite was being able to stand in Mom and Dad's lap on Christmas Eve. Mom and Dad weren't the only ones who helped take care of us.

We had some great doctors and nurses at Children's Hospital. Carol took care of us during the day, Roberta at night and when neither of them were there, Julie was always there to lend a helping hand.

I do not know why my life was so short. I lived to the age of six months and 25 days. But one thing I do know is that I hope I was able to teach my family a new kind of love and responsibility, a new way to share the gifts that God has given us. I also know that God's love for my family, especially my mom, dad and brother, was always present in me for them.

I know that I will live on in the hearts of some very special people; my mom and dad, Mark and Nancy Schmitz of Westphalia, and my twin brother, Zachary; my paternal grandparents, Roger and Judy Schmitz of Westphalia; my maternal grandparents, Gerald and Joy Christiansen of Shelby; my paternal great grandmother, Sally Schmitz of Harlan and my maternal great grandmother, Esther Christiansen of Co. Bluffs; great aunts and uncles and cousins.

A Mass of Christian Burial was celebrated Dec. 28, 1996, at St. Boniface Catholic Church in Westphalia with Rev. Michael Peters as the celebrant, assisted by Rev. Duane Anunson and Rev. Stan Nielsen. Burial was in St. Boniface Cemetery in Westphalia, with Phillip Eggers, Marilyn Eggers, Matthew Schmitz and Michael Schmitz honorary casket bearers. Casket bearers were Tony Goetz, Brad Blum, Todd Mills and Steve Schmitz. Pauley Funeral Home in charge of arrangements.