

KLARA
(15/11/02– 20/11/02)



Nothing I can say will alleviate the pain and sorrow of today,
However, remember:
There is always another tomorrow, however dark the day,
There's always an end to sorrow, time wipes our tears away.
There's always a reason for living,
though sad your heart may be,
There's always another horizon, beyond the one you see.

We called you *Klara Briane Kariko*
Klara us a Hungarian name for clear and bright like music,
Briane is for the strength of a bear that you were in your struggle to stay alive
Kariko because you were and always will be your father's daughter.

You are our Little Treasure.
Our joy was unspeakable when we realised you were there.
We nurtured you from the beginning.
We watched you as you grew,
Through books we tracked your development,
And thought how clever you were.

We loved you, we talked to you, we played music for you,
We even called you names,
You were our strong little bear
But most of all we had hopes and dreams for you
Like only parents can.

Somewhere along the line our dreams were shattered.
Your little heart couldn't grow
For the amount of love that it was being given.
And so it came that you couldn't sustain life
In the great big world outside.

The hardest decision that parents could face was upon us.
How do we take this life that we love so much?
What was the alternative?
We chose what we would ask for ourselves,
Sadly we could not give you the fulfilling life we hoped.

Klara, our love, our daughter, our sweet little Angel