

ORCHESTRA FOR OLIVER

Even the Shortest Lives
Are Special

Written by
Laura A. Stewart

Illustrated by
Estelle Corke



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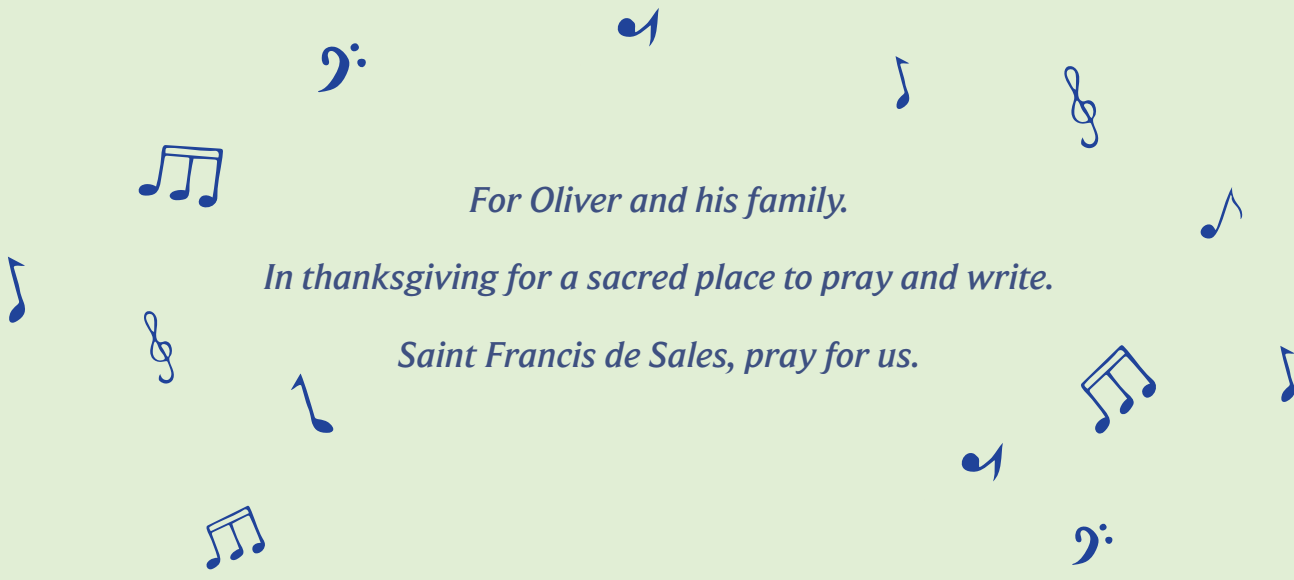
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For Oliver and his family.

In thanksgiving for a sacred place to pray and write.

Saint Francis de Sales, pray for us.



Joyful music poured out the window when I whirled past



Dad waved for me to slow down.

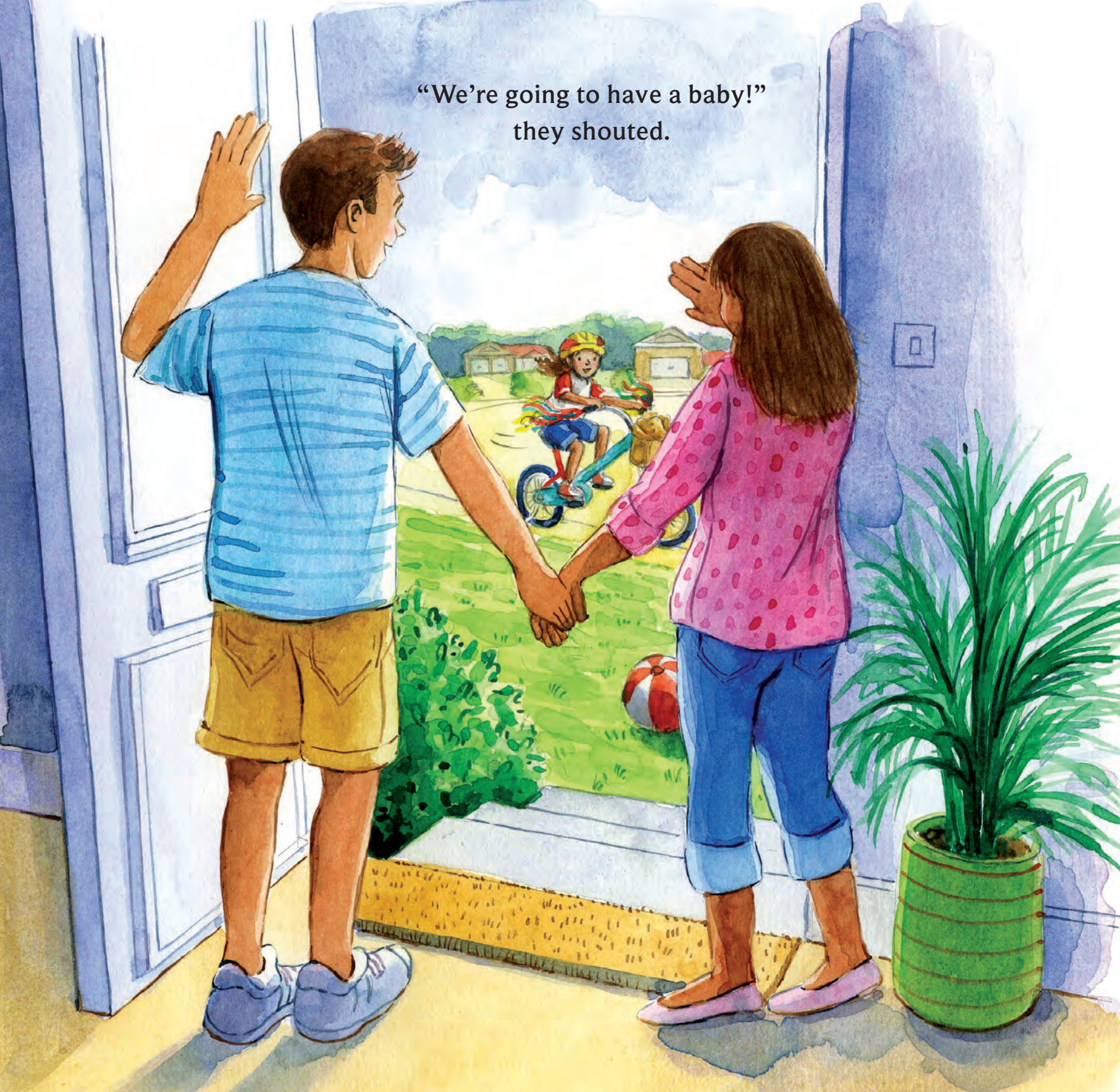
“Camille, Momma and I have great news!”

I sneaked in one more turn around the giant loop.





“We’re going to have a baby!”
they shouted.



“Hurray!” I yelled, speeding past them.

All I’ve ever wanted
is to be a big sister.



Finally, Momma brought home pictures to show us.

“Is the baby a girl or boy?” I wondered.

I bounced around excitedly, my hands grabbing at the picture.

“You’re going to have a . . . baby brother!”

Momma said.





Each day Momma hummed and sang. Her love was our beautiful music.
We snuggled close. Our hearts beat together like four drums.

Daddy's deep bass voice spoke, "Momma and I love you both very much."



But when the baby was about the size of a lime, Dad showed me a new ultrasound picture.

“The doctor discovered that parts of your baby brother’s body are not growing the way they should. That means he might not live long after he is born.”

I felt sad and confused. “I don’t understand.”

“We will keep taking care of your baby brother inside Momma’s belly. We want to give him every chance to grow, before and after he’s born.”

“Can he hear us? Can he feel us loving him?” I asked.

“From the time babies are breathed into being, they know our love,” said Momma.

“Your little brother knows you love him too.

Your voice is becoming
a familiar song to him.”

