



# The Hazle Family Journal Year 1



November  
2014

To get the Color Journal online :  
<http://www.waynehazle.com/family/>

(Great for reading on tablets and smartphones!)

Once in a while we update the site: <https://samanthaandsophia.shutterfly.com>. If you have a Shutterfly account you can go here and request access.

## The New Adventure

Hello again Friends. It has been a long time since a **Hazle Journal** from some exotic trip has shown up in your mailbox. This time, there are no exotic temples, fancy hotels, museums or safaris, but we did embark on the craziest and most thrilling adventure of all time: **parenthood**.

You will hopefully notice that this journal is not a 40 page epic opus. Since most of you readers have been on this parental journey yourselves, some of you even with grand and GREAT grandkids, there is no need to take you through every burp and diaper change. (I promise)

Many of you see **The Girls** regularly in person and others get our *endless* supply of photos through texting, social media and wherever else we can bombard people. ☺

Just to begin at the ending, we want to say a gigantic **thank you** to so many of you who have been on this journey with us. Your prayers, smiles, encouragement, help at meetings, gifts and advice has meant so much.

May Jehovah bless our family and yours!

*Wayne, Mary Ellen, Samantha & Sophia Hazle*

Wayne, Mary Ellen, Samantha and Sophia Hazle

# We'll Always Have Paris

Life had been pretty, ahem 'challenging' the last half decade or MORE. Deaths, illness, financial failings, stress, I could go on, but I know you all have had your trials also. So in the midst of post-traumatic stress in May of 2012, a bunch of amazing things came together thanks to **Jah** and we took a week-long trip to Paris. This time simplicity was the key. There would be no hotel changes every day and no cars breaking down in front of a lion's den.

I had a two decade long bone to pick with France over not being able to easily go when I was a Jamaican citizen. So it was with a bit of cynicism in my heart that I boarded the plane for Paris. "I am not going to be awed

## The Start

For both privacy and brevity, I am skipping over a lot of 'information' that we don't need here.

Cut to The Memorial of 2013. Mary Ellen and I sit across from each other at dinner. She tells me she has a surprise for me. (Her bag was too small for another sweater.) She shows me a positive pregnancy test!

After years of hopes and endless tests, years of rethinking "Are we

## Pregnancy

The next several months was a lot of blur but each doctor visit assured us our little ones were growing and getting stronger. We read books and used smartphone apps that told us "this week the digestive system is forming", "now their fingers and toes can wiggle". And inch by inch (sorry My Love) it became more believable that there were actually two living human beings in there.

During the third trimester we had two amazing baby showers with more highlights than we could ever mention. Thanks to you all of you who contributed. Everything was appreciated and

by this overrated city", I told myself. Needless to say, within 10 minutes of driving through Old Paris along the Seine, I was in love with the place and now consider it the greatest city I have ever seen.

We had a great time in the City of Lights, but as the wonderful week died down, we knew it would probably be our last trip as the "Hazle Two". More than ever before we knew we were going to bring a child into this world.

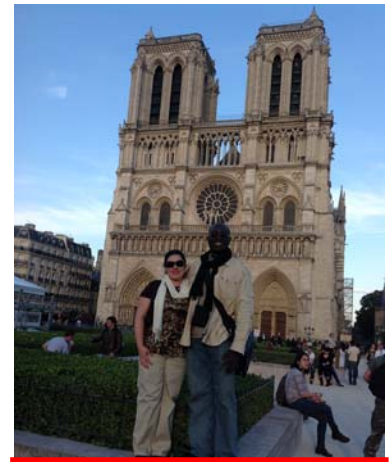
*really sure we want kids?*", years of being happy for friends as we saw the birth of their kids, one little mark on a strip changed it all. We walked out of the restaurant holding hands and marching into our future.

Weeks later we were in a doctor's office and Mary Ellen was getting an ultra-sound. Clear as a bell we could hear two heartbeats... *the heartbeats of our children!* Once embryos start dividing, one of the first things they make are cells for the human heart.

**everything** was used. I still cannot believe we went through the mountain of over 2100 baby diapers that we got in gifts!

Days before delivery, I sat in the nursery one night by myself. The crib was assembled, the changing table was set. In the closet, hung lots of cute dresses for little girls. I got a little misty eyed (ok I shed a few

tears) in just a few days I was going to be a Dad!



At Notre Dame



# The Day of Days

So there we were, the early morning of Sunday November 17th, 2013. A caravan of the Pugh and Hazle families left Glendale and North Hollywood on the way to Holy Cross Hospital in Mission Hills. The baby car seats were already installed in our Pathfinder. Mary Ellen had her bag of clothing for the stay and of course we had a bag of infant clothing... two of everything. We sat in the car and I said a prayer.



no time at all Sophia followed her the same way. **I burst into tears!** Mary Ellen saw me and started crying. "You mean they really were in there?" ...

like somehow we did not believe it.

Images and video were sent rapidly to the family waiting outside. Legend has it my Dad kept replaying video of them crying so much

that my Mom snatched the phone from him.

The caravan walked into the hospital with us in the lead.

Family would wait in the lobby while Mary Ellen and I headed to delivery. We were in the hands of Dr.

Cooper, a legendary OB/GYN who had delivered at least thousands of babies in his career. We felt safe. Lots of emotions were flowing, but there was a part of me that intellectualized a lot of it, checking off all the things being done right.



Sara could not fly out for the birth, but I sent her a picture of the girls moments after birth. She was driving and had to pull off the road in excitement. For the next few hours

she sat in a restaurant with friends and got the updates.

In the weeks beforehand, Mary Ellen made me watch lots of c-section videos on YouTube to numb me to what I was going to see. We didn't need Dad passing out in the delivery room. Mary Ellen and I kissed goodbye as they took her in for prep. I was cool as a cucumber.



Within a few minutes Mary Ellen and I were in a room with our little bundles. The nurses wanted us to have time to bond with Samantha and Sophia before all the family came in. Endless detail could be written about

every little event in the next 24 hours, but the feeling in that room summarized it all: from this moment on **we were parents!**

When they brought me in... we will just say STUFF WAS HAPPENING ('nuff said). I was calm and collected. "This is just like the videos. No prob." Then it happened:

Samantha came out. Eyes wide, screaming at the top of her lungs. In



## Samantha's Space

My name is Samantha Elain Hazle. I came out first so that makes me first born. I will always remind "my little sister" of that! I am fun loving and I like to make lots of interesting faces. You can see lots of them in pictures of me. The first year of life was not so hard. I aced eating, crawling, standing and walking. *What more do I need?* I keep hearing how much I look like my Dad. *That is good right?*

I was named partially after my Aunt Elain Hazle. I can't wait to meet her in Jehovah's Paradise.

**Samantha Elain Hazle**



## Sophia's Spot

My name is Sophia Victoria Hazle. Two minutes difference is not enough to make me a 'little sister'.

I think I am going to be *the Artistic One*. I like to open up my lungs with piercing screams. But I also like to sing and I think I will be a great dancer. Everyone tells me I have a great smile. Allegedly, I have been said to throw a temper tantrum or two. But with a face like this can you imagine me throwing a tantrum? I think I just have strong opinions like Mom. Victoria is my Mom's closest childhood friend. That is a great namesake.

I am ready to be picked up and played with *anytime*. And I have never met food I didn't like.

**Sophia Victoria Hazle**



## Mommy's World

In those first few days of knowing I was pregnant, there was a tsunami of emotions inside of me: complete **joy** at knowing there were two little lives inside of me, **fear** of losing them after having come so far, **hope** of just of being called Mom and **thankfulness** to Jehovah for bringing me this far.

I am a (slightly) obsessive person and yes "Get Pregnant" was always on my to-do list, but as the years went on in my life, it went from a "Yeah I need to do that one day" to that burning desire to become a Mother. Also, with all the difficulties and losses our extended family experienced I wanted to do something that would bring joy to everyone. True, a new life cannot replace the dear ones lost, nor erase pains you may have, but I could feel the warmth of everyone's happiness around a new little life that did not even exist yet. So when it seemed like it would never happen, I became despondent.

I drew comfort from the Biblical story of Hannah who also was despondent over not being able to bear a child. Jehovah answered her prayers.

## Daddy's Corner

So how was the first year of being a dad? In a word **WOW**.

How many of you dads out there told me years ago there is nothing like looking at your child when (s)he is first delivered into the world? After a year of crying in the middle of the night, mounds of dirty diapers, vomit, etc., it does not matter, every time I look at them my heart skips. **Are these really my daughters?**

I think the year has been (almost) all highlights: from them holding a bottle on their own, flipping over the first time, the joy when they recognized me as I walked into a room, hearing something that sounded like "Dada Dada", to walking! And I know a nearly infinite number of highlights (and challenges) will come throughout the

When Wayne and I listened to those two heartbeats on the ultrasound, I knew my prayers were answered also.

Being pregnant was simply **the best time of my life**. Even in discomfort, I found a way to enjoy every day. I thanked Jehovah constantly and prayed he protect my two daughters.

And yes, as the delivery date came closer, I was quite ready to claim back my body (or what was left of it).

Nothing on earth can prepare you for the moment they hand you two little bundles and say **ALL YOURS**. Saying I was overwhelmed is the understatement of the millennium. The first few months was a marathon that didn't seem to have an end in sight.... Until that day they smiled when I walked into a room. **They recognize their Mom!!!**

At the end of Year One we thought "We kept them alive a whole year!" For Year Two I want Samantha and Sophia to become My Little Buddies and not just survive but thrive on all the love I have to give them.

*Mary Ellen Hazle*

years.

I have a great example to follow in my own father and some of you other wonderful fathers I have observed through the years. I intend to stand proudly on the shoulders of you giants

I look forward to helping my beautiful, smart and *already* headstrong daughters grow into lovers of Jehovah.

*Wayne A. Hazle*





With the Pughs at brunch

## Thanks to All Our Family

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**And what can we say about our magnificent extended family?** Grandpa and Grandma Pugh have helped us so much, they have saved our sanity if not our lives. Abuelita Martha Pugh has allowed our little urchins to take over her life several days per week.

Robert and Michelle Pugh have been a great Uncle and Aunt passing their first solo babysitting night with flying colors.

My cousin Wendy Russell has been like an Auntie, teaching Our Girls all the great nursery schools songs and singing about Jehovah.

And for parents Grandpa & Grandma Dorrel & Beryl Hazle, thank you for now making what seems to be the every six months pilgrimage out here. We will never forget the District Convention of 2014 our first one as parents; we could **NEVER** have made it without you.

And my beloved Sister and now Aunt Sara, what a great example Samantha and Sophia will have to follow in you! I look forward to the day in the New System when you can tell Elain that you kept an eye on both of them.



The Hazle Clan

Ear piercing day



## ...and the next 25 years or so...

Finally to all of you who have been our Super Extended Family we thank you for your continued encouragement. Those of you who come running over at the Kingdom Hall to pick them up and give us some relief, are priceless beyond what you could know.

So Year One is done, we kept them alive for an entire year! We feel like hanging a little **Mission Accomplished** banner in front of our house. But we know The Mission has barely even started... as all of you keep telling us.

We are thrilled to have bunch of

friends going through this process with us including the Wards, the Kuli-kovs and the Barsczs. May Jehovah give us the strength, wisdom and love to care for these beautiful little lives that have been gifted to us.

### The Hazles

