



Tallulah Marie Helen Larson

November 14, 2017 - January 10, 2018

Tallulah Marie Helen Larson was born November 14, 2017 and passed on January 10, 2018. Born at the gestational age of 26 weeks and 5 days, she was a brave sweet girl. She was born with a full head of wavy blonde hair, just like her Papa. She had her Papa's nose and face shape as well. She had her Mama's ears, and Mama is convinced she would have eventually also had her hazel eyes too. Born at just 1lb., 4 oz., "Lula," or "Chickpea," was a not-so-secret superhero. She was a fighter, and she moved and kicked all of the time, just like she had been doing while nestled inside of her Mama. She could grip your finger with her tiny little hand using all of the force in the world, but she didn't like anyone but her Papa to touch her feet. She overcame three different heart problems without, ultimately, any of the surgeries that doctors thought she might need to have. Always a fan of a car ride, Lula survived a transport from GBMC, where she spent the first two weeks of her life, to Johns Hopkins, where she spent the remaining six weeks of her life. Lula was a big fan of reading, especially the Harry Potter series and books about babies in Chicago. She loved watching Gilmore Girls with her Mama, at least, that's what her Mama always said when she started a new episode. She liked stretching her arms and legs, moving with a ballerina's grace, but also curling up in a cozy little ball of perfection. She gave the best snuggles of anyone in the whole wide world, sometimes moving her feet or her hands against you to get extra snuggly. Even while breathing through a tube because her lungs were so underdeveloped, she learned to lift up and turn her head, and she

would give you the side-eye if you weren't changing her diaper to her satisfaction. She maybe liked the color green. Or blue. Or maybe yellow. She liked to go swimming and see how long she could hold her breath underwater. She loved penguins and monkeys and zebras and giraffes and bunnies. She loved all kinds of music and dancing, making silly faces, playing in the sand at the beach by the ocean, and throwing her arms up in the air to feel the wind blow through her fingers. She loved looking up at the stars at night and wondering how long it would take to travel to the moon and back. She was often up to no good, making mischief in the world, and getting into the "good kind of trouble" as she fought for fairness and openness in the world. She loved science and math and reading and drawing and putting on plays and taking pictures of everything around her. She grew up and went to college and got married and loved her work and had babies of her own and lots and lots of grandbabies to keep her company when her blonde hair turned to grey and she couldn't quite dance or swim as fast as she was able to once upon a time. She was an entire world of possibilities, and the whole universe to her Mama and Papa. And she was eight weeks and one day when she passed away, weighing 2 lbs. 13 oz., having doubled in size like the goddamn superhero she was. She fought all the way to the end to stay, but was unable to find a way through her lung sickness. She is survived by her mother and father, who miss her every day and with all of their hearts. She was the sweetest bravest little girl in the world, and her exit has left, forever, a hole in all of our hearts the size of the solar system.

Tribute Wall

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“ *Tallulah Marie Helen Larson*

Funeral Home Owner - December 12, 2019 at 11:21 AM

JP

“ *I am so sorry for your loss LaRonika and Nate. May you and your family find peace and comfort. You are in my thoughts.*

Jocelyn Prince - March 12, 2018 at 12:16 AM