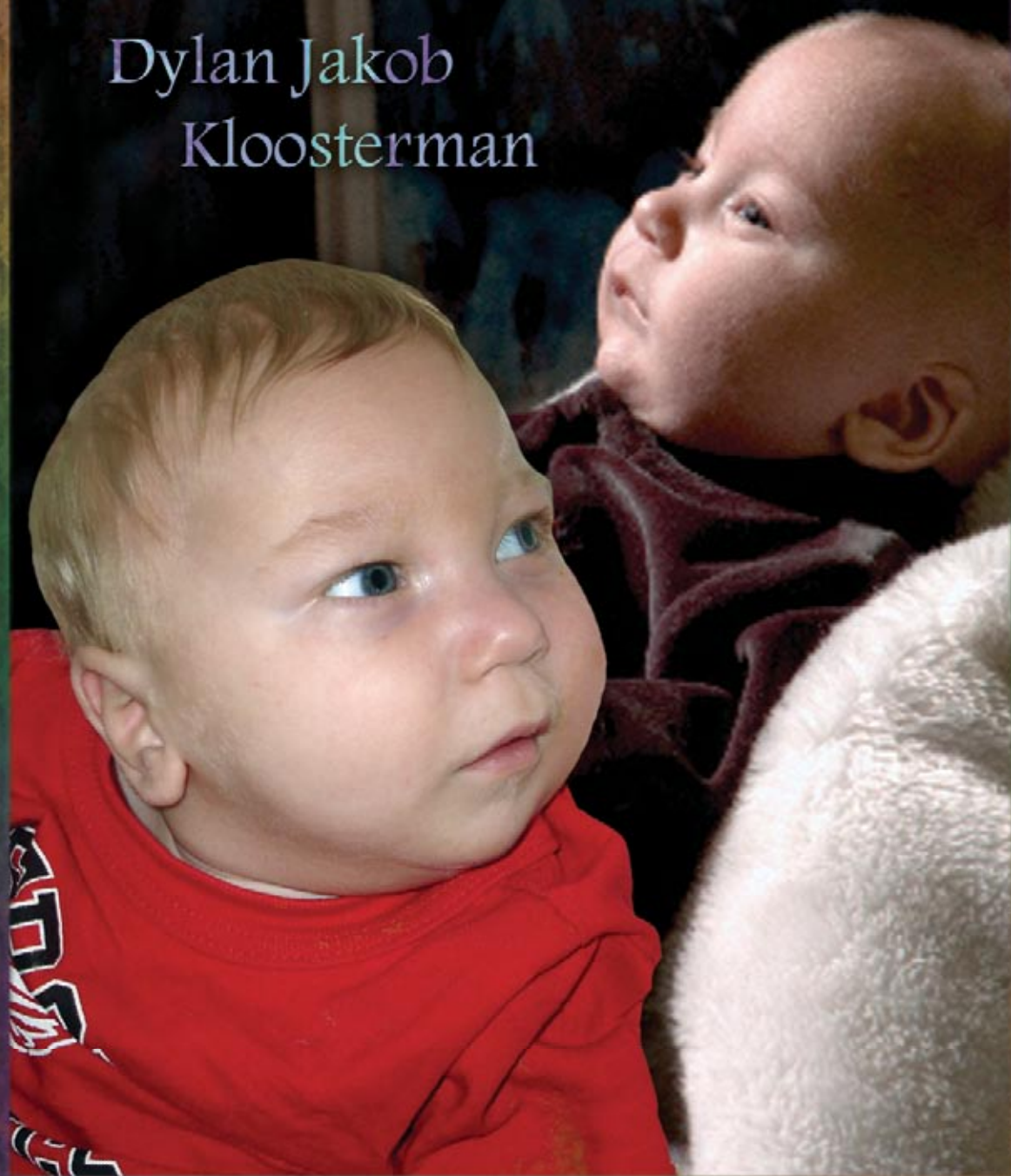


Dylan Jakob
Kloosterman



Dylan's Life Story



For Dylan Kloosterman, family was the greatest source of happiness. After eighty-one days in the NICU, Dylan found the reward for his perseverance in the loving companionship of his brother, sisters, mother, and father. In their cradling arms, a familiar smile always brimmed over his lips.

The 1990's marked the beginning of the electronic age. The World Wide Web created a new medium for communication and information gathering. Satellites replaced television antennas, and cell phones became increasingly popular. For Jay

Kloosterman and his fiancée Karrie Sibbersen, the year 1990 represented a different beginning. This was the beginning of their family. Jay and Karrie were united in marriage on June 9, 1990. They were blessed with many wonderful children, including their beautiful son Dylan Kloosterman.

From the very beginning, Jay and Karrie dreamed of a large family. Although they struggled with the stillbirths of their sons Ian and Jared, they never lost hope. They were soon rewarded with the healthy births of Rachel, Ariana, and Brandon. On September 18, 2005, they welcomed one more child into the family. His name was Dylan, and he was a source of excitement for the entire family.

Karrie quickly realized that she was pregnant with Dylan. She always wanted a baby, and she knew that her dream was about to come true. During the pregnancy, Karrie experienced some troubles with gestational diabetes.

When she and Jay visited the doctor, they enjoyed looking at Dylan on the ultrasound screen - and sometimes, you really had to look for him! Dylan liked to hide from the ultrasound by not

moving, but as soon as his father entered the room he would perk up to say hello. Toward the end of the pregnancy, Brandon said to his mother, "Don't bother bringing the baby home if it's a girl." When the ultrasound results came back, Brandon was relieved to learn that he was going to have a baby brother. Rachel and Ariana got to pick out his name. Adriana picked Dylan and Rachel picked Jakob.





Five weeks before the expected date, Karrie went into labor. Dylan immediately suffered from a brain hemorrhage. He spent the next eighty-one days in the Neonatal Intensive Care Unit at Bronson Medical Center. The doctors did not think that Dylan would make it, and they encouraged the family to say their goodbyes. But Dylan was a stubborn little kid! He defied his doctor's prognosis and grew stronger with each day. All of the nurses developed a soft spot for Dylan, especially Missy. She was one of Dylan's biggest cheerleaders, a source of support and encouragement for Karrie and Jay. After Dylan's eighty-one days in the NICU, Missy kept in touch with the Kloostermans and continued to wish the best for their beautiful baby boy.



Remembering Dylan, Karrie said, "The best day of my life was when I finally took him home from the hospital. And it was the best day in Jay's life, and for the kids as well. We were all just so happy to finally have him at home." Although this happened on a very cold winter day, Dylan received the warmest of welcomes. Ariana and Rachel took turns cradling him in their arms, cooing softly, "My baby, my baby." Thrilled to have a baby brother, Brandon picked out a manly nickname for Dylan: he began calling

him "Mutt." Karrie and Jay couldn't stop smiling. They were delighted to finally have their entire family under one roof.

At sixteen months, Dylan had not yet developed beyond the two-month stage of a healthy baby. Despite his slow development, he discovered ways to communicate and he quickly began to show his personality. Dylan despised the car seat, and he always let you know when he was unhappy. His favorite food was crushed up bananas, especially if the bananas were freshly ripe. He loved being held and cradled, and nothing brought him more comfort than his mother's arms. He recently said his first word: "Momma."



The Kloostermans went on a few memorable vacations with Dylan. They visited Mackinaw Island, walking the entire distance across the bridge. On Halloween the family went to Zoo Boo; Dylan wore the costume of a black cat. The entire family attended the Fourth of July Parade.





The Kloostermans attended Resurrection Life Church in Richland, an affiliate of the hospital chapel. Jay and Karrie were very thankful for the kind support that they received from their pastor and congregation. The laying of the hands was an important moment for Dylan and his family.

Though his life was short, Dylan touched the hearts of many. He was a beloved baby, the gem of the Kloosterman family. Dylan deeply loved his brother and his sisters: his eyes sparkled whenever Brandon, Ariana, or Rachel cradled him. Dylan loved his father: just like the ultrasound days, he became excited the moment that Jay entered the room. Dylan loved his mother, he was always at peace in her nurturing arms.

Dylan Kloosterman died on February 5, 2007 after a brave battle against hydrocephalus and epilepsy. His family includes his parents, Jay & Karrie (Sibbersen) Kloosterman; his sisters, Rachel & Ariana, and his brother, Brandon; grandparents: Al

& Sherry Sibbersen of Kalamazoo, Sharon Kloosterman of Paw Paw and Dennis & Shyla Kloosterman of Kalamazoo; great-grandmother, Elizabeth Haas; Aunt Joanna & Uncle Jon Jefferson; cousins, Chelsea & Maggie; Aunts Danielle & Megan Kloosterman; and special family, Dorothy Wood and Missy Scherer. He was preceded in death by his brothers Ian & Jared. Learn more about Dylan, view his Life Story Film, and visit with his family on Thursday from 3-8 PM, at the Life Story Funeral Home, RDMG, Plainwell, 120 S. Woodhams, where his service will be held on Friday at 11 AM. Please visit Dylan's memory page at www.lifestorynet.com, where you may archive a favorite memory or photo or sign his online register book. Memorial donations may be made to the Make a Wish Foundation or an organization of your choice.



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