



Jackie "Doodle Bug" Barto

April 26, 2025

No obituary found for this tribute.

Tribute Wall

SB

“ *Happy 11th Birthday My baby Bug, Mommy misses you always!*

SHANON L BARTO - April 30 at 11:08 AM

SB

“ *My Baby Bug*



SHANON L BARTO - April 26 at 05:34 PM

SB

“ *My Baby Bug : (*



SHANON L BARTO - April 26 at 05:14 PM

SB

“ *Nothing prepares you for this... Not the silence. Not the memories. Not the way love stays... even after they're gone".*

"Trying to learn how to love... If heaven's crying, it's quiet about it. Down here, I feel everything".

"Nothing prepared me for this. For living past goodbye. For knowing the world keeps turning. While a part of me stays behind".

"If this is the cost of loving you. Then I'll carry it somehow. Nothing prepared me for this. But I'm still here now".

"I wasn't ready, but I still love you"



SHANON L BARTO - April 26 at 05:09 PM

SB

“ *1 year ago today you left Mommy 😞! There is not a day that goes by that I do not think of you and miss you! I love you my Baby Bug, always and forever ❤️*

SHANON L BARTO - April 26 at 04:30 PM

SB

“ *I miss you my Bug 😞*



Shanon Barto - June 10, 2025 at 10:05 AM

“Grief is proof... that you can feel your own heart breaking. It's a visceral, undeniable reminder of how deeply you loved, how much you genuinely cared. Grief doesn't just show up without love—it's born from it, shaped by it, and carried forward precisely because of it.

Grief is terrifying... because it's impossible to fix the cause of all this overwhelming pain. No matter how hard you try, no matter how many tears you shed or fervent prayers you whisper, the person you've lost isn't coming back. And that truth—the crushing finality of it—is something you have to face over and over again, an endless loop of acceptance.

Grief is lonely... even when you're in a crowd of people. Because the only one you truly want to talk to, the only one who truly understands, is the one you can't reach. Their absence echoes louder than any presence ever could. You sit surrounded by voices, yet the silence of their missing feels utterly deafening.

Grief is quiet... when you try desperately to connect with the one who is gone, and your questions are met only with silence. You call out, hoping for an answer, a sign, but the void remains unchanged, unresponsive. It's in those moments that grief feels heaviest—a stark reminder of what's been irrevocably lost.

Grief is exhausting... a relentless battle, constantly fighting against the current of reality, just wanting to wake up from this nightmare. Every day feels like wading through thick quicksand, each step harder than the last, draining every ounce of your energy.

Grief is heavy... forcing you to trudge along in these new, unrecognizable days in a world now unfamiliar to you. Everything feels different, off-kilter, because they aren't here anymore. Even the simplest tasks, once effortless, now feel monumental, requiring immense effort.

But grief is also a measure... a profound measure of the emptiness you feel... of the pain you carry... and, most importantly, of the boundless love you are still carrying for them. And will forever.

Because as unbearable as grief can be, it's also a powerful testament to the depth of your connection. It's undeniable proof that love doesn't disappear—it transforms. It lingers in your heart, subtly shaping who you are, reminding you of what mattered most, and keeping their essence alive. It is the enduring, complex reality of Love & Loss. ❤️

You will forever be in mommy's heart my Doodlest Doodle 💔 ☐ 🐾

Shanon Barto - June 03, 2025 at 05:02 PM

“ A Letter from Grief in memory of my Doodle Bug

I come to you without words, yet every person and every land knows me. I weigh heavy on your chest, fog your mind, and leave a hollow ache in your heart.

I am the constant reminder of what is gone—the gaping void left by someone you loved deeply. I am the invisible presence, wreaking havoc with your thoughts, turning even the sunniest day into ruins.

You cannot escape me. I move in silence, loud only to the one I visit, forcing you to walk through life as if I am not there. I am a scrapbook of memories, an unwanted guest who lingers.

You push me away, bury me beneath forced smiles and busy days, but I remain, hiding in the corners of your mind, whispering their name in quiet moments. I resurface in echoes of laughter that once filled your world, unearthing the volcano of emotions buried deep within you.

I come in waves—sometimes a sudden torrent, crashing over you with unbearable sorrow, leaving you gasping for air. Other times, I am a dull, persistent ache, your unwelcome companion. I hold up fragments of your pain, anger, and disbelief, forcing you to face the depth of your loss. I thrive on your emotions, trusting your memory to fuel my purpose, and I rarely find it lacking.

You may resent me, blame me, or blame yourself. You may search endlessly for what could have been done differently. But know this: I am not your enemy. I am the consequence of love, proof of the deep connection you shared.

In the beginning, I am relentless. I invade your dreams with vivid images, turning sweet moments into haunting nightmares. I whisper lies that life is no longer worth living.

But even as I torment, my purpose is not to destroy.

*My role is difficult yet necessary, like that of an undertaker—
unwanted but vital. I am here to guide you through grief, a process
as painful as it is essential.*

*The work of mourning is hard, and only you can do it. Yet, through
this work comes transformation. Over time, my sharp edges will
soften. The unbearable weight of pain will shift into gentler
memories—smiles, whispers, and love will replace horror.*

*Let me stay as long as you need me. I promise to step back when it
becomes too much and return only when you call. I know my role
well, and I am here to help you navigate the road ahead.*

*Embrace the tears, lean on those around you, and trust that this
process, though grueling, is a testament to the love you still carry. In
time, you will find a way to carry that love forward, not as a burden
but as a source of strength.*

Love Mommy

Shanon Barto - May 30, 2025 at 02:21 PM

SB

“ I wish more people understood that grief isn't just being sad and crying.

Grief is being angry, being numb, being broken, and being everything in-between

Grief is so different for everyone and you just have to go thru the motions and roll with the punches.

When you're grieving the loss of someone you grieve for what was and what will never be, grief also takes a big toll on your mental and physical health.

Grief is LOVE with nowhere to go.

Grief is trying to remind yourself that "this too shall pass"

Grief is forcing yourself out of bed to shower and eat.

Grief is isolating yourself

Grief is surrounding yourself with people and things to distract your brain from reality

Grief is ugly and rough, so if you cannot understand why people grieve so hard for so long and so deep consider yourself lucky to not understand. I love you my Bug!



Shanon Lee Barto - May 14, 2025 at 11:42 AM

SB

“ Even in our sleep pain which cannot forget falls drop by drop upon the heart. Mommy loves you Bug 💔



Shanon Lee Barto - May 14, 2025 at 12:23 AM

SB

“ I miss you! Love mommy



Shanon Lee Barto - May 11, 2025 at 10:21 AM

SB

“ I miss you my baby Bug ☐. I talk to you all the time and still sing you your songs. I hope you can hear me. 🐾 I'd give anything to hold you 1 more time



Shanon Lee Barto - May 09, 2025 at 09:02 PM

TB

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Tony Barto - May 05, 2025 at 03:40 PM

SB

“Nights are the hardest, I miss you so much my Bug 😞. Today was your 10 birthday. I wish you were here to celebrate it with Mommy .I love you so much! 💔



Shanon Lee Barto - April 28, 2025 at 10:37 PM

TB

“3 files added to the tribute wall



Tony Barto - April 28, 2025 at 10:36 AM

TB

“2 files added to the tribute wall



Tony Barto - April 28, 2025 at 07:36 AM

SB

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Shanon Lee Barto - April 28, 2025 at 06:18 AM

SB

“ My baby bug I love you so much ☹️. Mommy's heart is shattered in a million pieces, nothing can ever fill this void. I wasn't ready to let you go 😭



Shanon Lee Barto - April 28, 2025 at 06:02 AM

TB

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Tony Barto - April 27, 2025 at 04:43 PM

TB

“ Tony Barto lit a candle in memory of Jackie
"Doodle Bug" Barto



Tony Barto - April 27, 2025 at 04:33 PM