

DEAR READER,

4-29-19

HEY. I HOPE YOUR DOING WELL!

MY CHILD'S MOTHER WAS 37 WEEKS PREGNANT...  
HER, HER OLDEST DAUGHTER AND HER MOTHER (3 GENERATIONS)  
WENT TO A RELATIVES BIRTHDAY PARTY. WHILE I, HER  
SON AND HER DAD... I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT WE DID.  
WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN FISHING... THE DAY BEGAN  
WITH ME HAVING A BAD FEELING IN MY GUT. SO BAD,  
WHEN I SAW THEM OUT THE DOOR AND SAID BYE,  
THEY COULD TELL I WAS UNWELL. MY CHILD'S MOTHER  
SAID TO ME, WITH A SLIGHT PLAYFUL SMILE, "IT'S JUST  
A BIRTHDAY PARTY. IT'S NOT WAR." (I WAS MY NICKNAME.)

I WAS WALKING TOWARD THE FRONT DOOR. IT  
WAS HOT AND SUNNY. I JUST CHECKED THE MAIL OR  
SOMETHING BECAUSE I WAS OUTSIDE. A SUNNY AFTERNOON  
I'LL NEVER FORGET.

PAW (MY CHILD'S MOTHER'S DAD) CAME OUT OF THE  
FRONT DOOR WITH A CONCERNED LOOK ON HIS FACE AND  
DETERMINATION IN HIS STEP.

HE LOOKED AT ME WHILE ON ROUTE TO HIS VAN  
AND SAID, WHILE ADJUSTING HIS GLASSES, "THEY'VE BEEN  
IN A WRECK."

I WAS SHOCKED BUT NOT THINKING THE WORDS.  
WE GOT IN HIS VAN AND HIT THE ROAD. PERSON  
WAS AT HIS FRIEND'S HOUSE AND PAW THOUGHT SO BEST  
NOT TO DISTURB HIS FUN. WE DON'T KNOW IF IT WAS THAT  
BAD... BOY WERE WE WRONG!

WE WERE ON THE HIGHWAY AND THE PHONE RANG.

I ANSWERED CO. SO WAS HER DAUGHTER. I THOUGHT  
EVERYTHING WAS FINE AT FIRST BUT THEN SHE  
BEGAN TO SPEAK AND WORDS OF SORROW, REMORSE  
AND FEAR FOR HER MOTHER'S LIFE BEGAN TO FLOW  
FROM HER LIPS. SHE WAS SOBBING HARD. SO  
HARD TO HEAR HER SO AFRAID AND MY FEAR  
BEGAN TO MELT WITH HER. I CALMED HER  
DOWN SOME AND HER NEXT FEW WORDS HAVE  
STUCK WITH ME SINCE. BUT AT THAT TIME, WAS LIKE  
A DULL SPOON DIGGING INTO MY HEART. SHE  
SAID, "SHE'S AWAKE, SHE'S AWAKE! SHE KEEPS  
CALLING YOUR NAME! I CAN HEAR HER CALLING  
YOUR NAME!" SHE WAS CALLING FOR ME... AND  
I WASN'T THERE... THIS HURT. I WASN'T THERE  
FOR HER WHEN SHE NEEDED ME.

THE HELICOPTER ARRIVED TO AIR LIFT  
HER TO THE HOSPITAL. THE SOUND OF THE  
PROPELLERS DROWNED OUR WORDS SO WE SAID OUR  
BYES AND DISCONNECTED.

MY FEAR AND EMOTIONAL PAIN BECAME  
ANGER. I WANTED THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR  
THEIR WRECK. I DON'T GET ANY WORD OF  
MY UNBORN CHILD WAS O.K. SO WAS TOO EARLY  
TO TELL. FEAR!

MY ANGER BEGAN TO NUMB ME. I KNEW  
THIS WAS A DANGEROUS STATE OF MIND TO  
BE IN. BUT I AGREE CARE. IF THEY DON'T

SURVIVE, NEGOTIATE WOULD HE. TO ACHIEVE MY  
FREEDOM, MY LIFE.

WE GOT TO THE ROWAN HOSPITAL. SHE WASN'T  
THERE. SHE HAD TO BE AIRLIFTED TO A LARGER  
HOSPITAL. ONE EQUIPPED TO HANDLE ANYTHING.

CRMc (CAROLINA REGIONAL MEDICAL CENTER)

AT ROWAN I SPOKE WITH HER MOM AND DAUGHTER &  
DOCTOR. AS SOON AS I SAW HER DAUGHTER TEARS  
STREAMED DOWN HER CHEEKS AND SHE BARRELED INTO  
MY CHEST CRYING. ONCE AGAIN, THE WORDS SHE SPOKE  
NEAR CHANGED THE WAY I FELT IN EXTREME MEASURE.

SHE CONFESSED THAT SHE'D FALLEN ASLEEP BEHIND  
THE WHEEL.... SHE WAS TORN, SHREDDED, DEVASTATED  
ABOUT IT. ALL THE ANGER, THE VENGEFUL HAIRCUT  
INSIDE OF ME DISAPPEARED IMMEDIATELY AND  
WAS REPLACED BY EMPATHY FOR HER. IT WASN'T HER  
FAULT... IT WAS ONE OF THOSE CIRCUMSTANCES WHERE  
SHE WAS DOING EVERYTHING RIGHT, BUT SLEEP  
TOOK OVER HER.

THEY WERE DRIVING HOME, RADIO WAS ON A LOCAL  
MUSIC STATION, A/C IS BLASTING OVER THE VENTS.  
GRANNY TURNS OFF THE RADIO AND BEGINS TALKING  
ABOUT THE AFTERNOON. SHE HAS A SOFT VOICE. OFTEN SPoken  
WITH AN EVEN AND SMOOTH AND RELAXING CADENCE  
AND SOUND. THE DAUGHTER, 15 YEARS OLD WITH A PERMO,  
IS CHARMED INTO A TENSED STATE. HER HEAD DROPS, HER  
MAMA YELLS HER NAME, HER HEAD SNAPS UP JUST AS

THE OAKS GRASP THE EDGE OF THE ROAD AND  
JERKS THE CAR, SHE OVER-CORRECTS AND...  
THE CAR SOARS THROUGH THE AIR, SMASHING  
NOSE FIRST INTO THE DIRT DOWN AN EMBANKMENT.  
IT FLIPS AND ROLLS AND COMES TO REST  
UPSIDE DOWN. HER AND GRANNY WERE ABLE TO  
CLIMB OUT BUT HER MAMA WAS NOT. SHE WAS  
STUCK IN A MANGLED CAR, UNCONSCIOUS. FIRST  
RESPONDERS HAD TO CAREFULLY EXTRACT HER FROM  
THE CAR.

THE DAUGHTER HAD A BRUISE FROM HER  
SHOULDER DOWN ACROSS HER TORSO FROM THE  
SEATBELT... IMAGINE IF SHE HADN'T BEEN  
WEARING IT? SHE'D BE DEAD. HER GRANNY  
WAS SAVED BY HER SEATBELT TOO. SHE SUFFERED  
A DOUBLE FRACTURE TO HER ELBOW. MY CHAVAS  
MOTHER...

I GET TO WORK AND I'M DIRECTED TO  
THE I.C.U. I'M THINKING I'M GOING TO  
GET THERE AND HOLD HER HAND AND TELL HER I'M  
THERE AND EVERYTHING WILL BE O.K. ... THE NURSE  
DIRECTS ME WITH HER FINGER WHERE SHE IS. I  
WALK DOWN A ROW OF PATIENTS BEDS... I DON'T  
SEE HER. I COME BACK. SHE SHOWS ME HERSELF...

I LOOKED AT HER & WALKED RIGHT PAST HER.  
SHE WAS UNRECOGNIZABLE. HER HAIR WAS TIED  
BLACK FROM THE DRIED BLOOD. HER FACE, ENTIRE

FACE, WAS SWOLLEN AND JAUNDICE HAD ALREADY SET IN AROUND THE MASSIVE AMOUNT OF BURPONG. THE SCABBERGONG ABOUT THIS MOMENT WAS THE TUBE COMING OUT OF HER ORGAN OR THAT WAS HOUSED IN A LIFE-SUPPORT MACHINE.... IT CLACKED SEVERAL TIMES AS ONE ACCORDION-LIKE TUBE FOLLED, AND THEN HOUSED AS THE OTHER FOLLED WHEN ONE DECOMRESSED.

I REACHED OUT AND SCRATCHED HER HAIR, AFRAID IF I COUCHED HER TOO HARD SHE'D CRUMBLE INTO A MELTON PECESS... AND I BROKE! TEARS CAME, NOT IN SINGLE DROPS BUT IN HORDS STREAMING DOWN MY FACE. I COULDNT SPEAK, ONLY SOB. MY CHEST HEAVED AND RACISED AND I CRIED HARD. I'D NEVER, NEVER, CRIED LOOSE OF A DOG IN MY LIFE. I HADN'T EVEN SHED A TEAR SINCE I WAS A SMALL CHILD. I WAS BROKEN. I FELT AS IF MY SANDY DEPENDED ON OTHER SURVIVAL...

THE BIRTH OF MY CHILD AND THEIR OUTCOME I'll SHARE ON MY NEXT BLOG.

UNTIL NEXT TIME.

Yours truly,  
Doug