

DEAR READER,

5-5-19

HEY. I HOPE YOU'RE DOING WELL!

THE NEXT DAY SHE WAS MOVED TO AN I.C.U. RECOVERY ROOM AND I WAS ALLOWED IN ALONG WITH THE REST OF HER FAMILY. SHE WAS STILL LISTED AS CRITICAL BUT STABLE.

THE DOCTOR CAME IN AND DID SOME CHECKING, RAN SOME TESTS. HE INFORMED US MY DAUGHTER'S HEARTBEAT HAD DISAPPEARED FOR AWHILE BUT CAME BACK SO SURGICAL HAD TO HAPPEN SOON.

HER MOTHER, LYING THERE ON A VENTILATOR DOING HER BREATHING FOR HER, SEVERAL FRACTURED RIBS ALONG HER LEFT SIDE, COLLAPSED LEFT LUNG, TEARS IN HER SPLEEN, ASPIRATED BLOOD IN BOTH HER LUNGS AND A SEVERE CONCUSSION. OH, AND AN UNKNOWN 3 INCH GASH IN HER DIAPHRAM THAT WE DON'T LEARN ABOUT TILL A MUCH LATER DATE. ALL THIS AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE DOCTOR HAD THE NERVE TO TRY AND CONVINCE US TO DO?? TO LET THEM "INDUCE" LABOR! THERE WAS ABSOLUTELY NO WAY THEY WOULD HAVE SURVIVED THAT. I SPUN MY MIND & PUT MY FOOT DOWN. THE RISK TO THEIR LIVES WAS MUCH GREATER INDUCING LABOR THAN SO AS TO DO A CESAREAN. SO... THEY DID THE C-SECTION AND BROUGHT BOTH OF THEM BACK TO THE RECOVERY ROOM. SURGERY WENT WELL AND THE NURSE BROUGHT ME MY CHILD. SO TINY & QUIET. ~~SO QUIET~~

I HELD HER IN MY ARMS AS IF SHE WAS AN UNSTABLE NUCLEAR WARHEAD. HA HA! YUP, I WAS THE TYPICAL FIRST TIME FATHER, AFRAID I'D ACCIDENTALLY HURT MY BABY.

AS I HELD HER I COULDN'T HELP BUT FEEL GUILTY INSIDE. HER MOTHER SHOULD HAVE THE HONOR + PLEASURE OF HOLDING HER FIRST. NOT ME. I SHOULD BE SECOND. BUT THOSE FEELINGS FADED AS I WATCHED TRYING TO OPEN HER EYES. A LITTLE AT A TIME THEY BLENDED AND OPENED MORE + MORE. AND WHAT I SAW MADE MY JAW DROP! HER EYES! HER EYES WERE SO BRIGHT! AND BLUE! THEY WERE LIKE FLASHLIGHTS SHINING ON MY FACE. SO BRIGHT AND THEY WERE. IMAGINE A PIECE OF THE SUN BEING CAST TO THE DEEPEST DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN... THE AMAZING FLORESCENT BLUE LIGHT THAT WOULD CUT THROUGH THE CLOUDS AND ILLUMINATE THE SPACE BEYOND... SUCH WERE HER EYES. NOONE EVER TOLD ME THAT THIS WOULD HAPPEN. BREATHING, A HEARTBEAT, THOSE ARE THE FIRST SIGNS OF LIFE. BUT HER EYES... WERE A SIGN OF GOD.

I LATER LEARNED THAT ALL EYES START OFF THE COLOR BLUE. SOME STAY BLUE + SOME CHANGE. BUT NOONE HAS YET TO EXPLAIN TO ME WHY THEY WERE SO BRIGHT.

I FELL IN LOVE WITH HER AT THAT MOMENT AND I KNEW, BEYOND ALL DOUBT, THAT I WOULD BE THE GREATEST FATHER THAT UNIVERSE HAS EVER KNOWN....

I SAID IN THE HOSPITAL FOR 12 DAYS. NEVER BEING AWAY FROM HER MOTHER'S SIDE LONGER THAN THE TIME TO GO TO GRAB SOMETHING TO EAT FROM THE HOSPITAL CAFETERIA OR SMOKE A CIGARETTE OUTSIDE.

DURING THAT TIME I BEGAN TO WRITE A SONG ABOUT THAT MOMENT IN OUR LIVES. I WILL SHARE SO WITH YOU IN MY NEXT BLOG. I NEVER FORGOTTED IT. BUT THAT'S A GOOD THING. I WAS WRITING FROM A PLACE OF FEAR & PAIN. SO DISTORTED AWAY AS EACH DAY SEEMED BY.

AFTER 12 DAYS WE WERE ABLE TO GO HOME. WE LIVED AT HER PARENTS HOUSE. SHE STILL WAS WEAK AND HAD A TUBE HANGING OUT OF HER CHEST. AND I HAD TO WORK... THANKFULLY HER PARENTS WANTED TO HELP.

I'D GO TO WORK, BUILDING ABOVE GROUND POOL OR MY JOB AT A PRINTING FACTORY, AND COME HOME, SHOWER AND PLAY WITH MY PARENTS. THAT'S RIGHT... I'M ONE OF THOSE DADS THAT CALLS HIS DAUGHTER PRINCESS. DEAL WITH IT! 😏 😊 LOL!

LIFE WAS LOOKING BRIGHTER THAN SO EVER HAD. SO WAS HARD. AND I WAS HAVING TO DEPEND ON OTHERS HELP, BUT SO WAS GOOD & RIGHT.

AND THEN ONE DAY SO AM CRASHING
DOWN.

I WAS ACROSS THE STREET, CHILLEN WITH A
NEIGHBOR. WE WERE TALKING AND I WAS DRINKING
A BEER & CHIPS AND I WAS SUMMONED HOME.
WHEN I GOT THERE MY DAUGHTERS MOTHERS PARENTS
ARE THERE & THEY ALL WANTED TO TALK TO ME.
HE FATHER ASKED ME WHY I HUNG OUT WITH
THE NEIGHBORS ACROSS THE STREET, I'M BETTER THAN
THEM, THESE NEGGER... WHAT!? ARE YOU
KIDDING ME? WAS MY REACTION. I COULDN'T
BELIEVE HE JUST SAID THAT TO ME. I GOT CONFOUSED
A LITTLE AND RAISED MY VOICE AND GOT, MAYBE
A LITTLE AGGRESSIVE. VERBALLY. BUT THEN HE TOLD
ME HE WASN'T AFRAID OF ME AND THAT TOOK THE
Pride OUT OF ME. I LOOKED AT HIS MAN ALMOST
LIKE A FATHER FIGURE AND HAD NO IDEA HE HAD
THAT MIND SET. SO I CALMED & WENT DOWNSTAIRS.
THE NEXT DAY I CAME HOME AND AM TOLD BY
MY DAUGHTERS MOTHER THAT I HAVE TO GO... IT
WAS OBVIOUS WHY. IN THE END I LEFT. NO CHOICE.
I CRIED AS I KISSED MY DAUGHTERS FOREHEAD
AND CHEEK. SO HARD SO BAD TO LEAVE HER. BUT I
HAD NO CHOICE... AND THAT DAY I SPOKE...
UNTIL NEXT TIME.

Yours Truly,

Doug