



When lighting strikes more than once, whom do we blame?

When you decide to become a parent you expect to come home with a healthy baby. So if it works the first time when you're a single parent at 17 why, when you get married at 23, does your expectation of having something normal and healthy get tested?

My daughter was born on the 7 October 1987 and diagnosed with an extra chromosome called 'Trisomy 18'. There was a '1 in a million chance' of it happening we were told by medical doctors, but it happened to us. A part of her condition was to 'sit and wait', 'she will eventually pass in her sleep' or 'she may have trouble and experience a massive heart attack'. How much of it does one take in? Not a lot. So I took my baby home and I started living for my daughter and my family. I learnt how to sit and wait, see with my eyes open and feel with my whole heart. On the 23 February 1988 I watched my daughter suffer from a massive heart attack and pass in my husband's arms. She was here for 4½ months and when she left my heart went with her. So what next?

Will it happen again is the next question?

On the 14 February 1989 my second son, third child, was born. It took '20 minutes to resuscitate him' I heard from a nurse when I woke up. Is he ok? Both my daughter and my son were born by emergency cesarean section so a lot of what the doctors and nurses were saying was not making sense. Hearing comments of 'oh well you're young you can try again' or 'did you cross a Chinese man or something?'. Are these people serious?

My husband and I had a decision to make; is today going to be the day we turn the machine off that is giving life to our son? Do we share this with our firstborn son who is only 6 years old? All I kept thinking was 'hang on' 'slow down' this cannot be happening again, I did all the right things that I needed to do; where did I go wrong? Without even thinking about dates or time itself, on the 20 February 1989 my husband and I decided; 'switch it off'. He died in the arms of my husband at 6 days old. Seeing my child gasp for air was so overpowering when we turned the machine off, that my first feeling was, 'do something'. I was screaming inside to anyone that was listening but nothing was coming out and as a result I ran out of the room leaving my husband and son behind. On the 23 February 1989 we buried our son with his sister on her first year memorial anniversary. So where to now?

What, where and why

When the dust settles what do people say? This is what we do know, I was 17 years old when I had my first child, 23 my second and 24 my third. Simple, I had 3 children, 2 have passed. What was interesting was how people on hearing our story struggled with it as if it belonged to them. Where do they get off assuming that they know exactly how you feel? Why do they think *they* know what is best and *I* don't? What made sense to them often did not make sense to me. A majority of the comments revolved around our first child, 'think of him'. Well, yes, I adopted that 'think of him'; not only for my first son but for my husband as well; as anger started to rear its ugly head.

Anger comes in many forms and fear has a way of making a big entrance when death comes. When we are faced with those things in our life how are we supposed to react? In the normal process of life, when we decide to become parents, our children bury us, not us bury them. My husband's greatest fear in life was to have a child. To not be allowed to raise and love that child in the living world angered him. He found solace in alcohol and violence. For him it made sense to seek his answer in a bottle. For me becoming a parent over and over again was what I dreamed about all day everyday. Why can't I have what I want? We both found what we believed we wanted. When my husband decided 'I've had enough and I can't go through this a third time' he had a vasectomy. My first thought was, you're kidding me, why do that? We can still have more children; adding another 'blame'.

On the 14th February 2010 our son Tane Mark Anthony turned 21. It was recognised and acknowledged with much love by my husband who sat with him the whole day. When I got home I refused to sit with him and again walked away from my husband and son. He found his peace feeling the presence of his son for that day. It was a moment for him not me.

Did time heal us of the amount of pain we experienced through death, anger, fear and blame? After all the opinions of others are heard and everything had been considered, we finally find what we were truly after. The truth. We came up with a whole new set of questions and saw 'time' as a way forward to find peace within. Does time heal? For us the healing process started when we stopped and learnt 5 new things; love, honor, respect, trust and appreciation! We work with many different things now and who or what is to blame is definitely not a part of our life anymore.

JAMIES BIRTHDAY

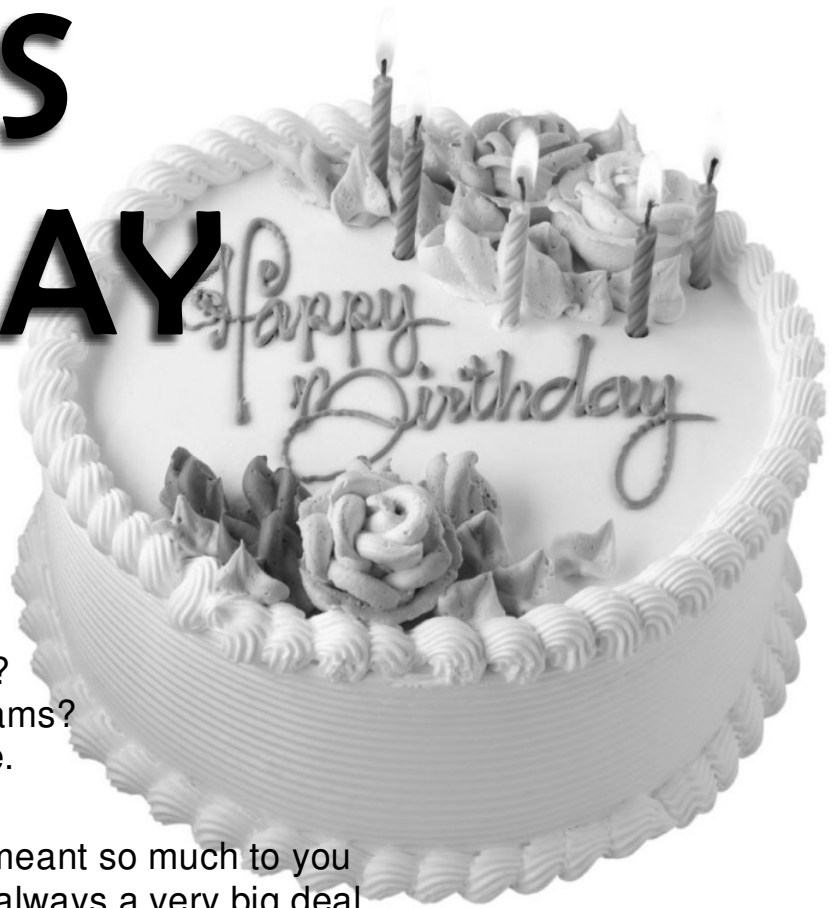
Are there birthdays in Heaven?
Does the angel blow his horn?
Announcing that this is the day --
The day that you were born.

Can the stars be your balloons?
Your presents wrapped in Moonbeams?
That the angels helped to make.

Birthdays meant so much to you
They were always a very big deal
Birthday presents, lots of friends
And always, a special cake.

So we'll whisper a little prayer today
Asking everyone up above
To sing you a special birthday song
With all our love.

Sue (Jamie)



Courage does not always roar ...
If I am to wear this mourning cloak,
Sometimes it is the small voice
Let it be made of the fabric of love, at night that says ...
Woven by the fine thread of memory.

I will try again tomorrow.

Safe Passage – Molly Fimia

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