

Don't Wanna Miss a Thing...

In June of 2010, Reagan turned seven! As each birthday passes I am washed over by emotions by this milestone...happiness, sadness, anxiety, melancholy as I remember how anxious I was to meet my new child. The anticipation of having a newborn placed on your breast, the first moments of life. Listening to hear him cry... signaling that he has taken his first breath of oxygen...and the *reality* of how it all transpired...hearing the nurse who delivered him say: "Oh, shit" ...and waiting for the cry, and waiting...and then the deafening silence, and thinking something is not right. What is happening?

And so it began...a turn of events that has been the single most drastic impact, thus so far in my life...

I became a warrior, I went to seek out the enemy, armed with knowledge ready to fight. Defeat is not an option. Determined to change the course to fit the life I have created without casualties. I repeated this over and over in my mind..."I will not abandon this child...I will not surrender to a failed marriage, my other children will not suffer, I will not raise the white flag."

Mission accomplished? Little did I know then that there would be mines buried that I will still have to be aware of, the battle is not over... there will always be a war to fight.

In times of war we hold tight to what is most precious to us...our family. I have learned truth in knowing that family will always come first. That is really all that we have in this world, so when they say don't sweat the small stuff...that's where I'm coming from...because the rules in the book don't apply to everyone. Sometimes things happen, even to good people. It is not a curse, but a blessing. Reagan is a testament to that statement.

So, when I said yes (again) to him last night to let him fall asleep in my bed with me...my thoughts were what if there is no tomorrow? Will it matter if I make him sleep in his own bed? How can I say no to that little face when he says "Mommy, can you hold me?" I watched him as he was sleeping, listening for the next breath... I didn't want to fall asleep, I was too afraid to, I don't want miss a thing.... This morning I woke up feeling blessed that I have him one more day. Even if he did yell at me this morning for not getting out clean underwear to wear, and then step on my toes (for the umpteenth time) on the way out the door to catch the bus for summer school, and made me sprint back to the house because he did not put his snack into his book bag, liked I asked him to. (I surprised myself...I did not think could do that...our driveway is 500 feet back from the road!) Then as the bus is leaving he blows me a kiss through the window as they are pulling away...yes, I am truly blessed. A rush of warmth fills my heart, it's a love like no other!

Some of his cute sayings:

"Don't hurt me when you hurt me" ...he says this when we give him his GH shot at night.

"Mommy, will you hold me until I fall asleep?" "You will? Oh, FFank you mommy"

"Mommy, will you never leave me?" "Will you always be my mommy?"

He kisses me and says "Does that mean I love you?"

"MaryAnna, (to his aide) will you dance with me?"

Diane Seely