

## Waves

Here and there waves lunging, crashing on me. I am fighting full-force against something so much stronger than me. This life with PWS.

I taste the salt of water and again I am pulled under. This is the fight we take on to make a better life for our children.

I pray for a greater strength.

My head is finally above, and I catch my breath. My body relaxes and I begin to float. These are the times that I take a break from the world of PWS – and I find that I need them more often than ever.

The ocean is renewable, but where the answers may be I cannot see. I look out far. The tide pools below leave debris on my heart.

A chronic sadness that is always there.

Ripples form circles.

They are the continuous moments of accomplishments.

I thank God for His Grace.

I am like the seashore, constantly being worn down by the waves - of PWS - as it drives yet more sediment to the sea,

Like the complex layers of PWS.

Water shimmering; reflecting like glass.

Deep, as the love for my little boy. It is his perseverance and tenacity that makes me strong again as I walk out to the shore without fear to waves that may come again.

By Diane Seely