

Miracle of Life

by MrsQ

We received the news unexpectedly. The suspicion was true. The nausea and fatigue were caused by the honor of your presence in our lives. We had waited for you for years. We had prayed endlessly for the universe to bless us with your gift; with you as our gift. And there you were. The sonogram machine showing a little tiny heart beating up and down, fast like a miniature horse galloping in a rush to make it to the end line. I saw you and I felt you mine for the first time. There it was. Toockoo, Toockoo, Toockoo. Your heartbeat. A sound I would now remember forever. A sound that would become the lullaby that would rock me to sleep every night. A sound that confirmed the genuineness of our blessing: the miracle of your life.

And then, one morning, we had to rush to the hospital and we thought we were going to lose you. My heart raced, as fast as yours did when we first met, and I prayed all the way to the emergency room as your papi held my hand and prayed with me. We asked God, just like we had asked to bring you to us, to please protect you and bless you and not let anything happen to you. I kept on rubbing my belly in an attempt to make you move so I could feel your little kicks, but it was not working. I offered my life in return for yours. I asked God to put me through whatever pain but to keep you with us. When we arrived to the emergency room, the nurses couldn't find your heart beat. I panicked. I prayed some more. Your papi, always by my side, paced around the room, asking the nurses questions in an attempt to figure out what was happening. They brought an ultrasound machine and they were able to see you there, inside of me, moving around. My heart came back to my chest. I was now able to breathe again. I was now able to feel your little kicks again. I thanked God for you, for your life, for His blessings.

Our lives then saw a new perspective. Nothing seemed as important anymore. You and welcoming you into our world was now our main concern. We knew you would bring happiness and peace to

our up-until-then turmoil. We did not know the extent to which you,
my miracle of life, would change our lives.

