The Power of Love

1155 words

 Somewhere by the coast, where the waves crashed for the fierce hearts and the sea went on forever for the believers, a small village was. The people in this village lived relatively small lifes tending to their daily jobs and enjoying time with their loved one. Everyone seemed happy, everyone knew everyone. This was where she grew up, where her recently deceased parents grew up. Where she had memories of laughter and joy but also memories of grief and tragedy. If only she knew that one little dark hair boy would change her life forever.

 Carly lived in a cabin on a small cliff overlooking the ocean. There she often watched the beautiful sunset that poured out colors unexplainable unless you had seen them yourself. She had fond memories of her childhood years when she and her friends jumped off this cliff into the water squealing and laughing all the way down. But Carly didn't have many friends now, after her parents died she locked her doors and shut out the world. The people in the town forgot about her lovely smile and pretty blond hair, now she was the town drunk. In fact that was where she made her very few friends, mostly the ones who would buy her drinks and make her forget.

 But she's been sober quite a long while now. Around 7 months to be exact, she’s kinda had to be. Carly doesn't know alot about the father, only that he was in a worse position then her at the time. But now she’s 7 months pregnant with a child she's terrified to have.

As Carly sits on the edge of the cliff and looks at the beautiful sky she thinks about what it would be like to share these wonderful moments with someone. She wonders what it would be like to hold her baby boy in her arms, to look into his eyes for the first time. She wanted to love and care for him like her parents did her. Oh how she missed her parents. She pushed the thought from her mind, stress was not good for the baby. She was going to work hard and give this baby the best life she could. She owed her parents that.

Over the next 2 months she went into town and bought paints and baby furniture. She talked and laughed with people at the stores. Many of them agreed to help her paint the walls and set up the crib in her nursery. She began enjoying life again. She was living her life like never before and it was out of love for this baby she thought. She wanted to be completely present and the only way to do that was to live again.

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The cry of the baby filled the air, Carly sank back into the pillows of her hospital bed utterly exhausted. The pain she just went through had been unimaginable but suddenly none of that mattered. She wanted to hold her baby. A doctor in scrubs and a white hat handed him to her. She instantly fell in love. His little hands gripped her thumb and she looked into his blue eyes and she was happy. But it would last long.

Trisomy 18 the doctors said. Edwards disease. It was a raw chromosomal disorder. The words cut in and out and the world around her was blurry. She knew the statistics and they were not good. In most cases the baby did not make it past birth and even if they did there 97% wont make it past the first year of life. Tears fell from her eyes for hours. She asked if there was anything they could do and each time the doctors looked at their feet and said there was no treatment.

When she finally had cried out all her tears and there were no words left to say she just rocked her baby back and forth. She was going to give him unconditional love while he was here even if it wasn't for long. He was going to have to fight, my little warrior she thought. Then a name came to her, Dustin for the meaning of little warrior.

2 days later when she was finally discharged from the hospital, one of the nurses gave her a ride home. She opened the door and brought the baby to the nursery. It was going to be rough she thought as she layed on the couch next to the crib.

The next couple of months were filled with late night hospital visits, feeding tubes and plenty of sleepless nights. On the nights Dustin could sleep, Carly watched him fight battles that were just too big for his little body. As the 1 year mark drew closer Carly became restless and she was scared. Scared to lose someone else she loved, she needed Dusin as much as he needed her, she just didn't know what she would do if he died.

 Today was the day. Dustin's first birthday. Carly had stayed up all night holding him in her arms and she had started to sleep lightly in the arm chair. When she woke up Dustin's heart had stopped beating. She did not know how long he had been dead but he was. Tears fell from her eyes but she thanked God for the time she had had with him. He was in a better place now she thought. She laid him in his crib and placed a gentle kiss on his forehead. “I love you, my little warrior, forever, I will never forget you” she said one last time. For the first time in her life she was at peace. She loved him and would miss him but she was also so thankful for the gift of his life.

As she closed the door to the nursery she heard a muffled cry. She must be going crazy, Carly laughed to herself. But then she heard it again only it wasn't a cry it was a laugh. Carly opened the door to the nursery and sure enough Dustin was sitting up in his crib laughing. She ran towards her son and hugged him, tears of joy streaming down her face. “How, how is this possible?” she asked but she knew the answer was love. The power of love.

In the years to come Dustin grew into a kid then teenager and now he’s a healthy young man. Carly had finally gotten through her past trauma and has had 2 more kids. Although no one ever knew the reason Dustin came back to life they suspect it was love. That was the only reason they could find. Carly no longer has a drinking problem and she has devoted her time to finding a cure to Trisomy 18. She funds hospitals and also helps women get over their addictions.