

You passed me in the shopping mall (you read my faded tee)

You tapped me on the shoulder then asked "What is CHD?"

I could quote terminology, there's STATS that I could give, but I would rather share with you a parent's perspective.

What is it like to have a child with a CHD? It's Lasix, aspirin, captopril, it's wondering "Lord, what's your will?"

It's monitors and oxygen tanks. It's a constant reminder to always give thanks.

It's feeding tubes, calories, needed weight gain...It's the drama of eating, and yes it's INSANE!

It's the first time I held him (I waited so long). It's knowing that I need to help him grow strong.

It's making a hospital home for a while... It's seeing reward in every smile.

It's checking his SATS as the feeding pump's beeping... It's knowing that there is just no time for sleeping

It's caths, xrays, and boo-boos to kiss...It's normalcy I sometimes miss.

It's asking "Do his nails look blue?"...It's cringing inside at what he's been through.

It's dozens of calls to his pediatrician... (He knows me by name, we're on a mission).

It's winters homebound and hand sanitizer... It's knowing this journey has made me much wiser.

It's watching him sleeping, his breathing is steady.... It's surgery day and I'll never be ready.

It's handing him over, I'm still not prepared! It's knowing that his heart must be repaired.

It's waiting for news on that long stressful day.... It's praying and hoping that he'll be okay.

It's wonderful friends with whom I've connected...It's the bond that we share, it was so unexpected.

It's that long faded scar down my child's small chest...It's touching it gently and knowing we're blessed.

It's watching him chase a small butterfly... It's the moment I realized I've stopped asking "why?"