

Honesty

Most people have a point in their lives when time stops and there is a moment that you will remember for the rest of your life. Some happy, some sad, some have many of those moments, some have few, but there will always be the one moment that you will remember above all of them. One that will make you smile whenever you see, hear, feel, smell reminds you of that moment. Or one that will make you want to crawl under your duvet and never come back out. Shut the world out, shut the memories out, shut everyone, everything and the whole world out.

My moment was the morning when I found my daughter in her bed, and she had stopped breathing. She had passed away in her sleep, at least peacefully and experiencing no pain, which I thought should have been a comfort, as that's what you find you say to people. At least she was in her own bed, at least she had a very happy three years before she got taken away much too early, and at least we had so much more time with her than what we thought we would.

Everything that has ever happened to me, whether it has hurt me or made me happy, I've always had a way of dealing. When I was younger, those ways of dealing were not very healthy, not for my mind or body, and I guess they were not really ways of dealing. I've had a way of learning to live with everything, as if though that is just how life is, and so you live, you learn, you forget and the hurt goes away. Often I would write a story or an article or something as getting thoughts of emotions down in words are often the best way for me to deal with something. This is mainly because I'm not a very emotionally able person, I can be quite cold and do not really show any emotions even with my nearest family, but when I write it is like it's not really about me, despite those close to me knowing a lot of what they read is me, or something that has touched me or made me stop and think. However, it is me without me having to be worried about people think I am weak, soft or whatever. To someone with my personality traits and I admit some of them probably are not the best one can have, it's very difficult to be seen as vulnerable, or to show public emotion. Which makes this really hard to write, because it is me. Just me. No characters masquerading as me, no false names, people or surroundings. Just me, dealing in the only way I can. It's taken me six months to get to the point where I feel I can do this.

I had my first daughter, Amber, when I was too young to really have a child. By the time I was 16 weeks pregnant we knew she had a severe version of Osteogenesis Imperfecta, Brittle Bones, and over and over I was told that I should have had an abortion, and was later on told by a specialist that I should have an abortion as there was a very small chance that she would survive birth. I wish the people who told me those things could have met Amber and seen what a happy little girl she was, how strong she was and how she would light up a room with her smiles, her singing. Also how she would horrify some visitors by showing her dismay with them, how she always knew what she liked, and who she liked, and always wanted everyone else to know it too. She loved the men in her life, her dad and paternal granddad being the favourites. She loved music, she loved singing, and she loved Manchester United, maybe by choice or maybe because I started dressing her in a United shirt before she was old enough to speak and it was all she knew. The good memories are watching football with her, listening to her singing, and thinking about how she would never clap her hands if I sang "If you're happy and you know it", but would smile and clap along if those words were substituted with football related songs. Or how she randomly told her dad to shut up when he tried singing a West Ham song to her, or how she randomly started singing "Stamford Bridge Is Falling Down", a song I can't even remember if I taught her, but she picked up anyhow. She also sang Pink, Alesha Dixon, Don Henley... she'd pick up anything and if she liked it she'd sing a long to it. She hated dolls, but loved cars. Loved having her hair done and look pretty, but at the same time loved to make a mess painting. There are so many happy things to remember, but also a lot of hard things, a lot of hospital visits, a lot of problems with certain specialists, but all in all she was mainly happy. Happy and independent, and so full of life.

It was a shock when she was taken away. She'd only become a big sister two months earlier, she'd only turned three less than a month earlier, she'd only watched the first half of one of

United's Champions League matches the night before. Then she was gone. She'd been up in the night and when she didn't wake up early in the morning I let her sleep in, I still feel bad about that, that I didn't go into her earlier, although I know it wouldn't have made a difference. Once I had fed and changed and dressed Amber's sister I went for a cigarette. As I was standing outside, having just lit a cigarette I suddenly felt something. I don't know what it was, but I knew something was wrong, I threw my cigarette away, or at least I think I did and ran into Amber's room. I could tell by looking at her that she was gone, and that was the first time in my whole life that my heart actually broke. I remember everything from that moment on and for the rest of the day. I remember who I called, I remember where I went, I remember the hospitals, the doctors, and the police which have to be called in whenever a child has passed away whichever circumstances. I remember talking to all of them, I remember giving them Amber's details, I even remember the conversation I had with the coroner the following morning, word for word. I'm always going to remember, but more so than anything else I remember seeing my little angel and knowing that she would never move again. A part of me died right then and there and I am never going to get that back, because I am never going to get her back, none of us will. Most people that know me know that I am a strong person, and know that I can deal with a lot, and that I have dealt with a lot, but you cannot deal with the loss of a child. It's not right. A child should never pass away before their parent. Never.

You feel guilty, and the guilt doesn't go away. Guilty that you didn't do more, guilty that maybe you did something wrong, guilty that it wasn't you. Every day from then on a part of you will always wish that it had been you instead. Some say that love is when you would do anything for someone, even die for someone. You should however ONLY love your children that much. Only your children will ever deserve that much of your love and affection, and only your children deserve everything you can give, always and forever above everything and everyone else. There are a lot of tears, usually you get to a point where you can't cry anymore. Then there are the days where you feel nothing at all. On top of those are the days where you feel happy, but you then feel guilty that you're happy because you shouldn't be. Then there's how people treat you. Pity. I hate pity. No offence to anyone who may read this, I know that mainly people don't know what to say in situations like this, and I know that some people cannot help but looking at you with that ridiculous look on their faces that screams how sorry they feel for you without even saying any words. That doesn't help. Not when it gets to the point where it's easier to avoid people than to have to relive what happened every time someone looks at you. However no one is to blame for that, because most people don't know what to say or do, because it's not something anyone ever expects to have to deal with. It does however have to be said because I am not writing this because I want pity, I am writing this only because it's the only way that I know how to deal with someone, and it works for me.

I have realised that although it has only been six months, losing a child is not something you can ever get over. It doesn't matter if it has been six months, six years or even sixty years, you will never get over it because it's always going to be the one thing that is the most wrong with this world. Children dying. Children shouldn't die, they should play, laugh and sing. Amber will never truly be gone from anyone in her family or friends because she made such an impact that she would never be easily forgotten, and her baby sister will know all about her, all about how proud she was to be a big sister. How she would read to a month old baby that would scratch her and kick her. Despite the fact that she couldn't actually read or that she got annoyed that her sister wouldn't just lay still. She was a beautiful little angel, and she always will be that. A beautiful little angel that we'll never forget, and who will always make everyone she ever met smile when they think about her.