

# Mom the patient

A few days after playing “Nurse Mom,” I found myself on the other end of the spectrum. I woke up with an ailing tummy around 4 a.m. On New Year’s Eve. When I failed to improve by mid-morning, Patrick wisely whisked Frank and Leo off to his parent’s house. (Collin was still showing some signs of illness, so he stayed with us). I didn’t even get to see them before they left, but I knew it was for the best.

Though my distressed stomach kept me busy for most of the day, it was strange not to feed or change anyone. Collin and I stayed in my bed and watched travel shows, especially enjoying one about a hot air balloon festival in New Jersey. Every few hours, he would ask in the sweetest voice, “Are you feeling better, Mommy?”

My wonderful husband saw to it that the household stayed in running order and even ran out to buy me fountain soda – my go-to beverage when my tummy aches.

He checked on me constantly and saw to my every need, from medication to finding the remote.



Even when the TV was on, I tuned it out and prayed a lot, asking that Frank and Leo, being so young and frail, be protected from the flu and other serious illnesses. I also reflected on the passing year, particularly on how grateful I am for the gifts of a reconstructed home, a new decade in my life, a new baby, a new career, and, above all, my family’s health and happiness.

Being sick is sometimes just God’s way to slow us down. We are demanded to rest and in that time, given the opportunity to avoid daily minutiae so that we think deeply about what really matters to us. In my case, it’s family.

It made me sad not to be able to kiss my two little ones at midnight, but I was glad that I was starting to feel better on New Year’s Day and that a wealth of opportunity was waiting for us in 2014.

Wishing you and yours a happy, healthy, blessed new year!