

**“I Remember the Day”**

You were born one wonderful day,  
God's biggest blessing to ever come my way.  
At first our lives were always happy and fun.  
You were like any other daughter or son.  
Yes, it took you a while to learn to walk and climb.  
You were just a late bloomer and taking your time.  
Then one day you showed me your skinned knee.  
“I fell for no reason,” you said to me.  
In your mind, this was nothing to fear.  
In a matter of moments, you had not even a tear,  
An incident, to you, already forgotten and gone.  
But a question in my mind surfaced, as my heart started to moan.  
Why would a healthy child suddenly just fall?  
Or maybe, could it be, you were not healthy at all?  
That nagging question started to plague my mind.  
My friends said not to worry, you would be just fine.  
But my heart grew heavier as days passed by.  
Your calf muscles grew so large, and no one knew why.  
One day I watched as your friends ran ahead to play.  
You were begging them to wait, but they could not hear what you did say.  
Off they were gone in a flash as I heard a loud thump,  
You had fallen again that day, trying to just keep up.  
Helping you to stand, I told you nothing was amiss.  
I reassured you with a smile and a kiss.  
But, again deep in my heart,  
I knew this was just the start.  
Something was very, very wrong,  
And I needed for it not to get further along.  
I will forever remember the day,

The doctor entered, and with sadness I heard him say,  
“Duchenne’s Muscular Dystrophy.”  
This terrible diagnosis was now given to me.  
They took you from the room in order for him to speak.  
I felt my heart plummet, and my legs go weak.  
This was a death sentence for my dear, dear son.  
How will I ever explain to you? You are so young.  
I resolved to tell you an answer would come soon.  
Surely, if scientist can fly to the moon,  
Then a cure soon they will discover.  
I told you this, my son, over and over.  
The day I placed you in your wheelchair for the first time and saw your fear,  
I heard you ask, “Do you think the cure will be next year?”  
“Yes, yes! Soon you will walk and you will live!”  
I thought to myself, “Surely, God would forgive my well-intended fib.”  
The years came and went, and with them no answer.  
People joyfully talked of cures for cancer,  
But little was said about Muscular Dystrophy.  
I asked, “How, how can this possibly be?  
Do people not know? Do they not care?  
This terrible disease, it is just so unfair!”  
I remember the day,  
In the bed as you did lay,  
Your breathing became harder, and your chest struggled to rise.  
I told you of doctors, many so wonderfully wise.  
An answer would come, and your muscles would be fine,  
But you were now older, and no longer blissfully blind.  
I remember hearing you say,  
On that cold, dreary January day,  
“It’s okay Mom. I know my time is growing near.”

But maybe you can help others to really, really hear  
That we need a cure soon for the next young boy,  
Who ends up living my same sad, sad story.”

I remember the day.

It was the middle of May.

We laid your tired body with wasted muscles to rest.

The good fight you had done to the end and to your best.

Tears streamed down my face as I swore to always tell others

That there are many, many hurting fathers and mothers.

***As the amateur author now ending this verse,***

***I must let you know my son’s life was not so worse.***

***For my precious, dear child, God did spare.***

***He was given another diagnosis, but none are really fair.***

***He will live a long life, although one with muscle disease.***

***And I oft do get down on my bended knees***

***To thank God, I was not the wretched woman in this sad rhyme.***

***For God has given my son on earth a little more time.***

***But I know for others, this is not the case.***

***Their sons are in a much harder, frightened race...***

***A race sadly described in the verse above.***

***And nothing can spare them, not even a mother’s love.***

***These children need hope and a cure to come their way.***

***And that my dear friend is why I support the MDA.***

***I will admit to those who this have read,***

***A poet I am not, it must be said.***

***But if you have been moved by this simple rhyme I wrote***

***And blessedly gave me a Number 1 vote,***

***Then I will ask that the money go to the MDA.***

***And for many in need, it will be a great day!***

***For this contest will end on an important date.***

***September 5th is the 2020 muscle walk-could this be fate?***

***And if my sad verse places ninety-nine and nine***

***That will also be quite fine.***

***For maybe I have opened someone's eyes,***

***That to have a healthy child is a blessing far larger than this contest prize.***

***And maybe you will donate online to the Virtual MDA walk this year,***

***So parents one day will be free of so many, many, sad, sad tears.***