

THIS IS MY CHILD

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I didn't bring him into this world for you to take him out just because he looked at you the wrong way. To think that this child now in danger of YOU, grew inside of me, kicking, moving, growing, living... anticipated and awaited with joy...

Even if it did mean I'd have to struggle just a little bit more to make ends meet.

But I could do it...because this was MY child. He grew inside of ME.

And his purpose in this life I gave him in the pains of my labor (of love) was not to die before he lived as long as me, when he could have if it weren't for YOU and the anger you carry in your pocket, with your Air Force Ones on your feet that you're not even wearing for the right reasons.

You KNOW that's not the way your mother raised you.

Learning to lift his head and say Mommy and Daddy (who cares which one he said first) and crawling backwards making me laugh and my heart smile.

Going to school looking the best I could do, learning his ABC's and riding a bike and telling tales and saying I love you Mommy when I kissed the boo-boo to make it better.

Seeing him make friends when he was too young to even know what a friend was and filling me with astonishment at the wonder of how this little person so new to this world could tell so much innocent truth just with his smile and his eyes and the things he does and the questions he asks.

That's MY child walking thru the world with fascination wondering what this and that is and making memories out of clay that I have to sit on my coffee table and explain to everybody what it is.

And I watch him in his first play thinking "What's he going to be when he grows up?" and such.

And he would grow up if he could cheat fate and avoid the interruption of YOU in his life.

You who have the capability and the opportunity to erase all the question marks defining his future in a split second of anger.

BUT another tragedy is... I realize that MY child could have been the one swallowed up in this dog-eat-dog-world only-the-strong-survive-world and end up robbing YOUR mother of HER child in a moment of anger or challenged ego...all because both of us gave birth to a child who had to leave the comfort and safety of our arms and dreams and plans and pride and joy just to fall victim to the enemy of their time a tiny lethal "thing" projected from an instrument of dream destruction encased in metal made to destroy the worthwhile product of the agony of the remembered labor pains of TWO WOMEN who ended up with nothing but sleepless peaceless weeping nights and pity and a small section in the newspaper announcing without fanfare the death of another POSSIBILITY..... because that's what you were to us, no matter which victim you were...OUR child. OUR dream. OUR hope... Shattered by the insultingly BRIEF CRACK of a GUN... that neither of us raised you to carry.

Diane Colburn Onley