

# "Tiny Footprints"

By: Maryah

A year ago my tiny precious baby was born and against all odds struggled to live for five and a half months. Today my baby would have been a year old, but I know he's in a better place now and is looking down every day. I just wish he was here to celebrate his first birthday with his family.

I don't remember the night that well. All I can recall was being in the kitchen when my water broke, and I called for my mom millions of things were running across my mind. I was only five months pregnant. I remember going out of the door in the cold windy night. I also remember the car ride to the hospital five miles of pain and screaming. That's all I can remember from that night.

The next morning I woke up with my family and friends by my side. The first thing I asked was "Is he fine?" Smiles filled the room as my mom handed me my tiny baby. Tears filled in my eyes while I held him; he was little, but yet so cute. His feet were as small as a batteries; I didn't want to let my baby go. They told me that we were in Elmira at a hospital that specialized in premature babies, and they had to rush me there in the ambulance.

Days passed and I knew my baby was not ready to go home and I didn't expect the doctors to tell me he was. He was on many machines all day and all night. It was hard wondering if my baby would make it or not.

The days turned into weeks and the weeks turned into months, but on March 16, 2009, after 5 months, the doctors told me he was ready to go home. I gained hope for my baby that day.

I loved being home with my baby, even though I didn't have much for him. He was doing so well. On March 24, 2009, I woke up with the chills; I knew something was wrong. I was still in my morning daze as I walked in his room, another chill ran through me. I went to go pick him up. His face was so cold, and he was not breathing. God took my baby boy from me on that rainy breezy morning.

People keep telling me everything is going to be fine, and he's in a better place now. Is he really in a better place? Wouldn't the best place for him to be is in his mommy's arms. I will never see my baby's first steps, I won't hear his first words I can't feel his touch, I can't comfort my baby when he needs me. I will never forget the day I put my baby in the ground. I will never forget Lashawn Cordell Powell's tiny footprints.