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Only love is real a story of soulmates reunited pdf

Skip the main contentFebruary 16, 2015 What It Is A sweet and cheerful perfumeKeywordsChloeFragranceSample Societybeauty boxeditors pickwomen's fragrance Keep up with the latest daily buzz with the daily BuzzFeed newsletter! Trying to remember the exact moment I loved my son, Nathaniel, was difficult. It may have been when he appeared to be listening intently as I read him my favorite book from childhood, The Rabbit Velveteen. It may have been during the walk when he reached out from his baby carrier and grabbed my finger. But I knew for sure it wasn't the first time I'd hugged my baby - and the shock I felt I didn't experience the love craze I had anticipated becoming a mother was incredible. Even though I had a caesarean section, I still expected to see Nathaniel right away. I imagined he would be raised above the curtain and placed on my chest. He opens our eyes, and we look at each other, and the collective wisdom of generations of mothers who have come before me will shine into my heart. Instead, my son and I had our first meeting in the recovery room at the hospital, hours after his birth. My parents and my husband were there. A good nurse kept asking me where I was on the scale of pain from 1 to 10. Someone gave the baby to me at some point, but the memory is hard to grasp, just beyond my reach. The last thing I clearly remember is being in the operating room. The baby had just been born, but he had not yet cried; the nurse is still clearing out of his mouth. I was shaking violently, either from fear or from all the drugs that were pumped into my system. I begged the anesthesiologist to do something for my nausea. Before she added another drug to my IV, I heard a nurse ask my doctor the reason for part C, presumably hospital papers. It was late and I wanted to go home, he said. I suppose he was joking, but after 36 hours of labor, I wasn't really in the mood to laugh. In the dim weeks that followed, I went through the events of that day in my mind as a crime scene investigator, trying to figure out exactly when something went terribly wrong. Because there's something obviously terribly wrong. When I held Nathaniel, I felt a pounding, all consumed anxiety. A word thrummed through my head like a drumbeat: escape. I wanted to put Nathaniel in his coe, walk out the door, and never come back. When we took him for the first check-up, I sincerely hoped the doctor would find that I was unhappy with the motherhood challenge and allow us to leave the baby there. What kind of mother am I? What kind of man am I? You're a monster, I told myself. A monster that doesn't love his child. That's ridiculous. I've always thought of myself as the kind of woman who was born to be a Mother. But here I was, desperately plotting to escape the role I had craved most in life. When my husband took it with my baby, I tried to tie my face to a smile, but my eyes told the truth. They are flat and empty. My voice sounded like it came from under a long tunnel. I don't want food. Food tasted wrong. Some friends suggested that I might have postparto depression, but I don't think so. It feels like a crutch, an excuse. Besides, I didn't cry all the time. I'm not crying at all. I just sat there, either numb or panicked, incapable of doing anything right. I'm not sick. I'm useless. I can't do this. I wouldn't do that. These words run through my mind day after day, hour after hour, minute after minute. Every time the phone rings, I hope it's someone calling to rescue me. Friends visit, but they always leave. Take me with you, I remember begging one of them. I tried to pretend I was joking, but I didn't. I was feeling worse after a few weeks, so I called a psychopharmacologist I've seen a few years back. She was simple and told me that with the right drugs, I would feel like my old self. I don't trust her. My old man is gone-- I'm sure of it. I returned to a therapist I had seen before getting married, but over time she became a friend rather than a mentor. I was embarrassed for her to see me in my current state. I went once and did not come back. Next I tried an old school psychoath psychologist. Dr. Freud, as my husband calls him, is warm and reassuring, but he wants to talk about my childhood and I want to focus on the present. By this time, Nathaniel was more than 2 months old. I'm afraid that if I don't get better soon, I'll never link up with him. Also, my maternity leave is over. I need to take a more positive approach. A friend gave me the phone number of a postparto-depression hotline, and I took it with me for weeks before I got up the nerve to call. When I finally did, a kind woman assured me that I had PPD, and that it was over. The other doctor I've seen told me that too, but she's the first person I really trust. She told me that she heard women say exactly what I was saying all the time. I felt very lonely in my dark, ugly thoughts, but she personally spoke to other women who had experienced exactly what I was going through. They've achieved better, and I'll get better too. When I called her, she told me that the fact that I had experienced guilt about my negative feelings about motherhood was a good sign. It has I don't want to feel that way. And she told me that she also had PPD, and she overcame it and went on to have a second child. On my first visit, she gave me a personal copy of Brooke Shields's book on postparto depression, Down Came the Rain. After reading the book and with the advice of a therapist, I began to feel better. I'm back antidepressants I took before I got pregnant, which makes a big difference. And something else helped me too: a line from an article I read about Rosanne Cash. When describing her work ethics, she said, Just showed up. Just do it. Even if you feel like s--- and you think you're terrible and you'll never get better and it'll never go anywhere, just show up and do it. And, in the end, something happens. That told me. I feel like a terrible mother and I don't know what I'm doing. I couldn't find a cry that meant I was hungry and that meant I was tired. I can't wrap the baby to work. I don't know how long it takes to bathe him, or when to put him down for a nap, or whether to put him in pajamas or let him sleep in a diaper. I was sure that if left alone in my care, he would die. But when my mind starts with my refrain of not being able to do this, I'm not going to do this, I think the price from Rosanne Cash. Just show up, I tell myself. Just do it. So I did. She was right: Something happened. I started getting burrows of it. I turned a corner when Nathaniel was 3 months old and I went back to work. I love my job, so go back to it -- and get back to my pre-baby routine -- make me happy. Eventually, I regained my confidence, which felt as if it had been put into a car, drove into the middle of the desert, and burned. It took me a while to come to terms with what happened in the first days of my child's life. More than once, I have found myself wishing I had known him when he was born for the first time. And of course that was stupid, because I was right there. But also, I wasn't. To meet us together these days, you'll never know. When he smiled my heart exploded, like fireworks, into a thousand small stars. I love nothing more than cuddling with him or reading to him. And I guess I'll never understand exactly what went wrong, whether I was hurt by part C, or if I experienced some kind of hormonal accident, or if people have my type A personality -- those of us who want to do the perfect thing on the first try, people who want to be in control - are just destined for a certain level of panic when we become mothers and lose control of everything altogether. I thought I would fall in love with my baby the first time he was in my arms. But that didn't happen. It couldn't happen until that broke in me when he entered the world that was fixed. But I love him now, infinitely and without reservation. And yes in the end the most important thing is not the moment we love each other, but what we do with that love once it holds. Bill Hart/Reminisce ExtraBack in 1943, I was 20, in the Air Force trainee training program, and stationed at Oswego State Teachers College in New York. At a mixer for students, I asked a student, Phyllis Rech, for a dance. She accepted, and we ended up going steady for the rest of my time I transported out, Phyllis to the train station, and we shared some tears. We started writing, and became so serious that we were talking about getting married. (These beautiful stories reveal how couples actually find one.) After I received my pilot wing, I was stationed at several airports. I was so in love with Phyllis I didn't even go into town. Instead, I spent many weekends on rereading his beautiful letter, which always smelled of lilies of valley perfume. In those days, if you put the stamp on upside down, it stands for love. On the envelope, she will print S.W.A.K., which means sealed with a kiss.. Her letter always ends with a red lip print, which I will kiss while thinking of her. Unfortunately for me, that didn't last long. Phyllis met a young U.S. Air Force pilot. She wrote me a letter, this time with no common acronym on the envelope, and told me she was engaged. Now I know how heartbreaking it feels. But life went on and I put Phyllis out of my mind. I met a wonderful woman whom I had been married to for 54 years. My wife, Sally, died in 2002.At at the time, I was in my 80s and was turning my energy towards cleaning the mess out of my house. I came across a large cardboard box of letters from Phyllis, along with a handful of old black and white snapshots. I wonder what happened to her. I wrote to the university in Oswego and found out she was still alive. They also gave me her address and I wrote to her. It turned out that her husband had passed away within two months of my wife. Phyllis was in Syracuse, New York, and I was in Farmington, Connecticut. We wrote and talked on the phone. After a few months, we realized our old flame was just embers, but it still kept us warm. In 2006, I drove to Syracuse, gave her roses and said, This is the first day of the rest of our lives. We were so serious together that we sold our house and bought an apartment together in Granby, Connecticut, where I could trace my family's origins to 1670. I am 93 and she 92.I recently gave Phyllis a framed poem that reads, This I will remember, when the rest of life is through, the best thing I have ever done is simply love you.