

My Journey to Jack

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Dewayne and I had been married for several years and had lived in our house for about a year and a half. There were several things that I wanted to accomplish before I had a child, and I felt like I had. I was prepared to start a family.

I became pregnant pretty quickly, and things were going great. The first few doctor's visits had gone well, and my tests always came back with good results. I was scheduled for my monthly appointment when I was about 13 1/2 weeks along. We had heard the heartbeat on several occasions and had already had an ultrasound, so when the doctor went to check for the heartbeat, and it wasn't there, I began to feel very uneasy. My husband was late for the appointment and hadn't arrived yet. Dr. Southern, my obstetrician, had said he would try to get the heartbeat on the ultrasound machine they had in the office. I was left in the room by myself. My husband arrived, and I told him what was going on. We both were starting to feel scared. After being examined further, the doctor told us that he still couldn't find a heartbeat. Could he be telling me we had lost the baby? I was completely devastated. I kept asking what I did wrong. He said, "Nothing," but I wasn't sure that I believed him.

My d and c (dilatation and curettage) was scheduled for the next day. On our way home, I couldn't stop crying. Our family knew that I had an appointment and started calling. I remember hearing my husband telling our mothers the terrible news. I felt bad for him but was glad he was the one talking to them and not me. I just couldn't talk about it. I felt so guilty. I just wanted to be alone. I didn't want to see any of my family. I didn't want my parents to come in from Charlotte, North Carolina, but they did anyway. I guess I felt like I let everyone down because this would have been the first grandchild for both of our parents.

The next day we went to the hospital. I didn't want anyone to see me while I was there. I guess that was kind of selfish. Dewayne shouldn't have to worry by himself. His mom came to sit with him while I was in surgery because she didn't think he should be by himself either. I was so scared. I didn't even want to think about what they were going to be doing to my body once they put me to sleep. I had never had any kind of surgery, not even an IV. The surgery went fine, and I recovered with no problems. At my three-month check up, the doctor said it was ok to try to get pregnant again.

So that's what we decided to do. I was scared the same thing would happen again. It's definitely not an experience I would wish on anyone. I wanted a baby, so I would have to overcome my fears and just see what would happen. I became pregnant again in October of 2004. My husband and I decided not to tell anyone, no one. It was best this way. When I made it past where I had miscarried before, then we would share the good news. We told our family at Christmas time that year.

The rest of my pregnancy was wonderful. I wasn't sick. I worked as a child care director for the Tyler Mt. YMCA. I was in the nursery everyday checking on my eight babies. I learned a lot being around small children for so many years before I had Jack. I would sit and rock and talk to my baby and tell him all the things he was going to do and not do. I told him, "Mommy hates pacifiers, so don't take one." "Mommy wants her

boy to be a good eater, not a picky one like some of these babies.” I think some of my talks might have worked. He never took a pacifier and has always been a good eater.

Before I knew I was having a boy, I thought I always wanted a girl. I had worked at daycare exclusively with children five and under. Girls were much easier to deal with. I had boys in my office all the time. Wild boys were always throwing toys, biting, and peeing on other boys in the bathrooms. Any bad behavior you name, I had it. I didn't have as much trouble with my girls. Don't be getting me wrong, I had some wild ones, too. Just not as many.

When we found out we were having a boy, Dewayne was excited. I think I said, “Oh.” The more I thought about it, the more excited I became. We decided to start thinking about a name. As we looked through books, no names were really popping out at us. I think girl names are much easier to choose. I had actually thought about the name Jack Taylor before Dewayne and I were even married. His grandpa's name was Jack, and he was very close to him. My grandparent's last name was Taylor. My grandma, who I was extremely close to, had passed away a few years before, so I thought this was a way to remember her as well. Everyone loves his name, and I love that it has a special meaning behind it. Jack came into our family on July 1, 2005. He was four days late. I was a little upset about that because I don't like things that don't go according to schedule.

Watching Jack grow, we have discovered that he is a very special child. I know all parents say that, but I really felt Jack was just exceptional. He has a wonderful personality and talks to every stranger we pass. I don't always know if that's a good thing, but a friendly child is always wonderful. I can't begin to explain how much love I feel for Jack. God was gracious enough to bless me with this wonderful boy. It's a great responsibility to raise a child, and I take it very serious. Needless to say, my journey to Jack has been a great experience. It hasn't always been what I thought it would be. It's had highs and lows, but I have had so many wonderful memories with him in the short three years that I have had him. I look forward to the many more he and I will share together.