

Snowglobe
By Dana Hall

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At Rise: A mom is visited by a case worker that wants her to consider residential placement for her son.

I don't think you understand.
When you're pregnant everyone says, "as long as the baby's healthy."
No one prepares you for when they're not.
But no matter how hard it gets- you do what you have to do.
I wouldn't trade my son for anything in the world.

You have no idea what you're asking me!
I've given up my whole life for him, he's my world and you want to take that away from me- from us?
No.
No, I don't think your institution is best for him.
Being at home with his mother is what's best.

I know home isn't perfect.
Some days it's like a shaken snow globe, it's a mess.
With laundry, mail, and a pile of dishes- but none of that matters because he is well taken care of.
It's true- instead of cleaning at the end of the day- I sit.
I sit and I watch him sleep. There is nothing more peaceful, it's like when the snow finally settles, it's so lovely and still.
In that moment all the doctor appointments and therapies fade away.
Our life here is simple.
He loves his animals and Mr. Rubbles his Teddy Bear.
He's safe and loved.

I'm not naive. I know I'm not going to live forever.
Eventually, I'll have to consider residential- but not now.
I'm not sending him to *some* home- when he already has one.
Do you understand now?

- End-