

4 Weeks Without You

Written by NickyBear's Momma

Monday, 14 April 2014 13:18 - Last Updated Saturday, 10 November 2018 12:23

One month later, it's been 4 weeks since I held my son. 4 very hard and long weeks.

Looking back to the confirmation that we would lose him, it was a brace for impact Little did we know the impact would be so extreme - deafening and is with us every single moment we breath... We could do nothing but watch and pray and wait.... There is nothing worse than that feeling helpless for your child. To bare witness of suffering and pain for weeks Yet we knew even when it was the worst of it he was finally cancer free.

Many tears, many may wonder the way someone may grieve - well I know look a kitchen shelves without medications and it's a weird feeling. A week ago I noticed our mini frig that we had to have costco mini waters for Nicky because that's all he drank, was empty only formula for the twins was in it. The pantry, we threw away all the foods only he would eat away as they would be wasted and most were opened. Laundry, I find a sock here or there and it sets me into a spiral.... People ask what's the hardest time for you. Mornings, no doubt. I carried my Nicky down first covered him in his blue blanket and started a movie and then got the babies. It's so quiet now without my bossy Nicky ordering me around. Nick is working again so I'm here with nothing but a of of time to revisit the entire life my little boy had, and what a tough one he had.

I noticed his hand prints on the pantry door and won't let anyone wash them..... This pain to preserve things you really can't hold on to, is intense. The babies are ready to go to cribs, but for this Momma who had 3 little ones in my room - I can't do it yet. I have learned grief is different for my whole family. I can't block him out, he ruled our days with his menu selections and chasing food for him was all our tasks, mainly Nick, from ordering pizza almost every other day (it had to be fresh) to subs to McDonalds. I miss toys r us and target runs just to see him give us the thumbs up and say, thank you Momma, thank you. Sweetest words. With a kiss making the sound, Muuuuah!

Looking back, he knew before we were confirmed that. I recall one morning he lifted my blind fold I hate light, he pet my face and kissed me I cried, I realized these small gestures were the storm completely coming to take my boy. Over that next month he kept telling us, "I love you, I love you more" he would wake up scratching Nicks arm and moments that just really told us he knew. If you watched the service - he would always tell us, no cry Momma no cry, or the same to Dada As if he was comforting us to let us know it's all good. Those hugs, those kisses were sweeter than sugar. He would make Nick bring him down in the final weeks.... Dada got some great alone time with our boy. I will warn you, I do get more detailed so if you find this hard to read, it's ok just stop here.

I want to share with you what happened before he left us .. He actually woke up from being in a state of coma and grabbed his dada's neck - he said dada then said phone - I gave him my old iPhone for games, but he instead wanted to show someone, some angel(s) there in that room what he liked he held it up to the ceilings of spongebob, it changed to a toy he wanted again

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showing the ceiling that toy.... As parents that KNOW angels are sent to comfort and bring children home to heaven, this wasn't a shockjust hard to accept. When he put the phone down he pointed up with his right hand as if he was showing us / someone I tried to pull his hand down but he kept pointing up to show me and daddy that they were here waiting.

I felt a pull and told Nick to talk to him because I felt no closure for him. They did for 15 minutes and when they returned to our roomthe hardest 6-7 hours of my life started. This I won't go into detail as it was unreal and painful, I had c-sections, so I don't know what birthing is like but I screamed and moaned for an hour and a half straight almost like laboring him home to heaven in a voice I believe only God knew why. I gave back God the child he allowed me to "borrow" because he was clearly borrowed and he was ours Thank you God for trusting us with his child.

I miss his smiles, his smell, hugs, kisses and my little shadow that followed me to the bathroom and would always shut the lights off and sit on the ground and giggle. I miss hearing him waiting for me to open the door after showering, he never let me get ready. I miss cuddling, he was such a great cuddler. I miss having to guess at what he wanted to watch or wanted or how persistently he would obsess over a toy online from toy reviews on YouTube that were impossible to find but somehow I would find it. I miss making food and he never touched it, he had his green tray filled with snacks. I miss his cravings for white Oreo cookies that I had to fake eat and say Mmmmm to that I didn't eat. I miss our routine hug, kiss, high five, fist pow when we said goodbye, our little secret hand shake. I miss him stealing my phone to google mater, mcqueen and whales. I miss watching "believe" on YouTube from the whale show at sea world and hearing him say Wowwwww, what's that!!! I miss him saying that's disgusting when changing the babies. All his tiny silly things like, "Oh man" Or him sign language "I want " and then point to what he want and say "that" with a smile and a thumbs up. We would sign all the animals ...I miss hearing blues clues in my car or Sesame Street counting and the dance we did to the one duck. the last thing he signed to me was "OK" I was so proud how well he was signing. I MISS watching Free Willy Pirates Cove and Frozen for 6 weeks straight, they were on replay nonstop. I miss him asking for his whales they always had to be in his hands. I miss watching him sleep, playing with his hair daddy begged me to cut. I miss him telling me calling me Mumma I miss him picking out his shirt, typically Elmo or Mcqueen, I miss his toys piled up and that he would notice if one car was missing from his collection we had to find it. I miss him asking "Christian, where are you?" Or "Christian, let's go" I miss watching them run down the hall holding hands or Christian carrying him, I miss that he started to love mindcraft and infinity because he loved watching his big brother play it. I mostly miss him sleeping with us and throwing his legs on me to scratch them.... Waking up to his smiles My days are so very different without our Nickybear. I miss always having to cut up pizza at every restaurant, I never got to eat and he always sat on my left. I miss he hated socks and shoes and had to have them off in the car or restaurants. I miss dancing with you especially to the end of Kronk or Madagascar 3 and twirling you around. I miss holding your hands I miss you letting me smother your face with hundreds of tiny kisses and you just smiled and let me. I miss you kissing me and not stopping to make dada jealous and giggle while you held on. I miss you making me sit in the back seat with you. I miss how excited you would get to open a present or unload groceries to see what I got. I mostly miss you when I look at the empty couch you always sat in every morning and wanted your iPad and hugs, this is where I break down every morning telling him

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how much I miss you I hope you can hear me and feel my endless love. I even miss saying, "1 minute" and you never trusted that and would try to run after us all. As the weather breaks, I will miss the endless bubble machines that you adored to chase. There are so many things that catch me right now off guard and I end up in tears missing you so so much. I miss hearing your little feet running around here, I miss you asking me to call dada so you could talk to him on his phone. I miss face timing you even when I couldn't. I miss having to dodge certain routes because you always knew where we were and couldn't go near target or toys r us without you winning. I miss whispering "I love you, I love you, I love you until I couldn't say it anymore....

I look at the trampoline never used outside and a bike you never had a chance to ride and so many other things that break my heart Dada sent me a video of you today I just cried seeing you so silly and happy in California for your birthday.... The videos are so hard to watch for me because I long to see you giggle and hold you.

We went to dinner, figured we better rip the bandaid off and how hard it is to say 5 and not 6. And that empty seat next to me. Tough stuff. I went to look for a new nanny and noticed our ad had all 6 of us on there, I left it up and when it asked how many children and ages Another hard hard moment. There will be many firsts that we will have to get through.

People have sent the kindest words, thank you for your cards. Personalized gifts that we will always treasure... Thank you. Meals, and food and diapers for the babies, and so much more.....Thank you for your prayers, they are needed now more than ever as we try to figure out our new normal without our sweet blue eyed boy.

Dear Lord,

Please give our bear all our love, he is missed every second of every single day. Please allow him to show us signs he's happy healthy and waiting for us. Please lord allow cures so no other family endures such heartache and pain. Through your grace help us to get through each day.....