

A trip to the ER



One night a little while back, I planned to go out for Chinese food. I thought I had everything timed just right, but I was juggling too many things, as usual, so we were late getting out the door. I ran around the house trying to get myself and my kids ready to leave.

I set Alina, my 7-month-old, on the bed to change her diaper, then kneeled down to help Melise, my 2-year-old, put on a fresh diaper, too. As I was about to help Melise put her pants back on, I heard a big thump! I knew before I looked that Alina had fallen off the bed!

I tried to remain calm. After all, Melise had fallen off that bed before (and the sofa, a wagon, and the back of a pick-up) and she never sustained permanent, life-threatening injuries. But as I picked Alina up, something seemed off. She wasn't crying, just whimpering a little.

Alina normally screams at the slightest injury, so I began to get a little nervous. I shifted her weight from one arm to the other. She was half-limp and her eyes were droopy like she was falling asleep.

I began sobbing uncontrollably. Through sobs and sniffles I shouted, "Melise, get your pants on! We're going to the hospital!"

I circled the house, grabbing my purse, putting Alina in the car seat, and calling the hospital to give them a heads-up.

At the door, I shouted again, "Melise, let's go!"

The Laughing Mom: humorous tales of motherhood

Written by Susan Pfaltzgraff

I realized at that moment that I had left Melise alone, half-dressed. She needs help to put her pants on, so I thought she was waiting for me to come back. Drat, I thought, what a lousy mom I am—letting one fall and then leaving the other to fend for herself!

Then Melise came running from her room saying, “Here I am, Mommy!”

If I wasn’t already crying, I would have started when I saw her because she had her pants on! I was so proud! Okay, they were on backward, but how fabulous is it that they were on. And she proceeded to get her shoes on without me asking, too. Out the door we went!

Alina was still a little out of it as we arrived at the ER, but she began to scream as the nurse took her vitals. The doctor worked her over and reassured me that everything looked normal.

We stayed four hours under observation. Most of that was spent trying to keep Alina from pulling the little pulse-ox monitor off her toe (it glowed red and looked like a fabulous toy). The hospital gave Alina a teddy bear and Melise a book. Grandma brought us pizza, turned Melise’s pants around, and then read her a story. Except for a red spot on her cheek, Alina was back to her happy self and we went home with no worries.

The very next day, Melise was jumping on the bed and I asked her to stop so she wouldn’t fall and get hurt. I told her that I didn’t want to take another trip to the ER because it was scary and sad. I was just starting to think that I should reword that because I didn’t want her to fear hospitals, but then she said, “It’s not sad, Mommy. It’s happy with books, lollipops and stickers!”

I don’t recall any lollipops or stickers, but the important part is that this story had a happy ending with a healthy baby, a happy toddler and a mommy who is very proud of her big girl!

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