

The “I Care” Fund

“You have to terminate that baby. He is a son of a deity. What good would it be to you if you keep that baby? You would only suffer your entire life!”

Suddenly, your memory takes you back to that moment at the hospital, where you were seated right in front of the doctor deeply soaked in disappointment. The unexpected did happen; it is called Cerebral Palsy – a congenital disorder of movement, muscle tone or posture. It has been just three weeks after your child’s birth and you cannot bear the mere presence that it (Cerebral Palsy) has come to stay. You are beaten with reality and forced to deal with it. As he lay in bed and you sing lullabies to him, he doesn’t move or shake. He only stares at you whiles you sang him to sleep.

Big dreams you had for him; play football, perform athletics – a strong and fit child. At a point you wish you listened to your granny’s voice because you can’t take care of him. A mouth of your own to feed is not that easy let alone a second who is in no condition of ever getting cured to live independently.

With tears rolling down your cheeks, denying with all your strength that your child has Cerebral Palsy and wishing so badly that it was all a lie: - the stigma begins. Eventually, you think about how to break the news to your family, friends and love ones and you come to a realization that the trauma would be too much to bear. The stigma would cause more than what is at hand. A social outcast becomes of you, deserted the child becomes of his own family. Questions run down mind, frustration sets in and you wonder where to get help to offer treatment to keep him safe.

Life, as a parent of a disabled child, is so complicated; you do not rest until he is safe, happy, and offered all needs. You become encroached by pain and agony. You neither turn left nor right, look up or down, all you do is gaze at a distance, with the tinniest of hope, fighting through every blessed day reassuring yourself that he would soon get better. As a sibling, you now deal with the issue of acceptance.

Matters become more difficult when it has to do with a disabled mum, aunt, dad or any other relative because then, you begin to ask all the craziest questions in the world and that is when life hits you so hard, you can’t even breathe. Your neighbours stare at you as you pass by and say to themselves *“that’s the mother of that cursed child”*.

Deep down, you feel like giving up, abandoning your child and leaving town to a place far from home but anytime you think about him, it rekindles and gives you hope to fight on, hope to change the world and build a better place for him or her.

Now, that spirit, that energy and reassurance is what keeps you going, though you have very little, you keep yourself alive finding help (funds) to pay the medical bills of your child.