

REFLECTIONS ON VINCENT'S CHILD

by Inex Paskal

I'm pregnant? That nurse has just told me that I am pregnant. No! I didn't think it was possible. I never even considered... Of course not - however, could that have stopped you?

So here you are walking down the corridor of a hospital with a half-smile on your face, reliving the pleasure of desire fulfilled and at the same time the terror that Vincent might not survive. It is really something very profound to think about, Vincent was given his life a the same moment our child started his.

I wonder if people are staring at me, I must look strange as I weave my way down this hall with tears of awe streaming down my face. How did I get here? I don't remember thinking that I wanted to go to the nursery. What force led he here to look at all those healthy, happy, perfect babies. What is in store for you, my little one?

My little one, it has not taken me long to be able to say that. They tell me you exist, I'm almost afraid to hope for fear it may not be true and almost afraid it is true. You are not real to me. Look at those babies; they are real. They will grow up to have lives, be educated, have careers, get married and have children. As I think of the possibilities for you, there is sorrow that all of this may not be in your future. Oh, no! Not tears again, not now; I have to get home.

Well, for one thing, all that traffic and crowds on the street sure takes your mind off of things. Things, hmmp. This is a pretty big 'thing'. Oh, let me get some supper started.

Now, why are you crying? Well, you weren't hungry anyway. I'll probably never want to eat again. You know that isn't true. You usually eat a lot when you've got a problem. Problem? There should be another word for the enormity of this.

Oh, God! What am I to do? Okay, now, don't get hysterical. It won't help think. Just think about it for a minute. You are carrying Vincent's child. Was that a skip of your heart as you had that thought? What a concept! I am to have a child, Vincent's child. It is the one dream I would not dare allow myself. Damn those tears!

Okay, cry sob! Get it out of your system! Feel better? It is difficult to admit a forbidden heart's desire; a child born of our love. I didn't realize how much I have wanted this. And now, I'm afraid of hope too much. What if it isn't true? Can I live with the disappointment now that I've allowed you a small chink in my heart. Your father says that anything is possible. What will he think about this, about you? I am beginning to personify you, I guess it is all part of accepting.

You, a very real little person. I guess the first thought is what you will look like. Ordinarily that wouldn't be too involved. You'd look like one or other of your parents or a mixture of both including grandparents. But in your case, it could be very interesting. You could have blue eyes, brighter than the sky and tumbling blond curls, a flat fuzzy nose and a tiny mouth with a soft cleft in it. To me you would be the most beautiful baby ever; you would look just like the love of my life. And I will hold you close, cuddle you as, nuzzling, you turn toward my breast. I can feel your weight in my arms.

It doesn't really matter what you look like because you can grow up surrounded by love. Your father is

capable of love beyond human boundaries and your grandfather will try to be stern, teaching you all you need to know. Their friends will share and take care of you like a little prince.

Of course, the possibility exists that you may look somewhat... like me. Then you could live in both worlds. You could go to school here and the best universities. I'd see to that. I know you will be brilliant like your father.

Your father, what will he say, what will he think? Will he want to take the chance that a child will be like him? We don't care, do we? But for him life has been a painful reality. Would he want you to suffer like he has suffered? He doesn't even remember the fulfillment of our love. What will he believe? He doesn't think it is possible for him to father a child. What will he think of me? Can I stand there and see these accusations cross his mind? What if he doesn't want you?

No! You now exist in my mind and heart as well as my body. You are mine, as my love for him is always in my heart, mind and soul. I love him, I love you; it is all one.

Little one, all I can promise you is that I will take care of and protect you. I can assure you that your father believes in the sanctity of life, and I believe that he will accept and love you. You will grow and bask in his protection for he gives all of himself. He may need time, but the very thought of you will vindicate his existence and your birth will give him peace.

I must admit that I am a bit afraid to go to him. I have always run to him with great joy in my heart. It has gotten to the point where every moment away from him is painful. But how do I tell him of you? Where will the words come from? Do I tell him first of my ecstasy of our only joining? Do I tell him of the thrill I felt as I brushed my lips against his, over and over until there was slight response, or how I loosened his shirt to listen for his heartbeat and couldn't keep from kissing his chest as I fingered the down covering it? And how I cuddled into him when I felt his arm tighten around me as I reached once again for his lips this time drinking fully of our passion.

Somehow, little one, he has to understand all of that first before he can admit to the possibility of you. You, the reality of you, the you that is burrowing in my very depths, the you that I already love. Know that what ever happens, what ever comes, you are a part of me, a part of Vincent Wells and Catherine Chandler, a part of our destines.

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