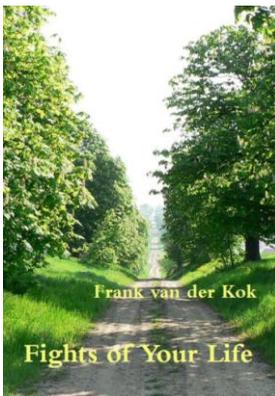


Welcome into my world. Flower's world. Her sudden, unexpected meeting with Death. Her fight with a severe brain damage. Winning it, to then continuously strive for a better life. No, let me correct that. A normal life. She just wants to be like you, me or anyone else. Loved, respected, happy. This is her fight. Triggered by special circumstances, but not a paranormal story at all. We all fight for the same things, don't we? I do. I can bet you do as well. While the flow of events will be surely different, I am certain this could be easily the daily fight of any of us. Even the...



# Fights of Your Life

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The snow falls outside. I am staring at the snowflakes cheerfully playing in the wind. Sitting in this warm room I don't even realise how cold and wet they can be. How dangerous... Because they are! I hate them for this. Or not? For long years I was totally in love with anything to do with winter and snow. Building a snowman, playing with the snowballs or the home-made sleighs. Or later on playing different games – with the girls from my school. Or lately the special atmosphere of a ski resort, with the fun and drinks related to it. All this altogether – I used to simply love it. And perhaps I still do. Or at least I would like to. As this cannot change anything. This cannot change my view of winter and snow. It cannot change us... Even when it reminds me of what happened with Flower some years ago.

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## **First phase: runaway train**

The snow was falling at that time as well. Ruthlessly. At least that's the way I remember it now. At that point I was rather happy. Finally the first snow of the season. Finally a chance for a white Christmas. It was already mid-December. So our worry of missing a white Christmas was real. Worries... back then we were getting worried for such things....

I got a call. A call meant to change everything in a single moment. I didn't even answer it. It was Flower; I usually didn't pick up her calls. It was a sort of game, a romantic nostalgia from our youths. I always called her

back. Childish game, a small memory of our high school love.

So I called her back. A man answered. Introduced himself and asked me when I would pick up the car. Or at least that's all I could understand. My mind blocked at this level of information. My soul on the other hand already started filling up with panic.

“What happened? When? How?...”

Loads of questions, all rushing through my brain.

- Is my wife all right?

This is all I could really say. But at least I asked clearly and loudly. With emotion. As if that would make it better. The answer was still informative and formal. He is working for the police, securing the scene of the accident and he only wants to know when I will pick up the car. The car my wife smashed. In which she hit herself. In the snow.

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I jumped into my car and started off with high speed. It was still heavily snowing. On the motorway I could see accidents here and there, cars that slipped into each other or ran off the road into the ditch. But all alive. They made it... This thought only made me drive faster. I was in a hurry, driving as fast as I could, almost pushing away the cars in front of me. Dangerous. Statistics again. Low chance we both suffer an accident in the same way, on the same day, in more or less the same place. My mind was running wildly as I was getting closer. It just came to my mind that she could remain invalid. She could lose a leg, a hand, whatever.

„That's the worst that can happen, right?!”

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„Focus! You have to be strong now, whatever comes next.”

An ambulance approached quickly. An ambulance. I was sure it was taking Flower to the hospital. I always do the utmost to free the way in front of an ambulance. Now I did it tenfold. I was helping Flower. I was the saviour now.

Yet, the first obstacle stopped me. A pitiful obstacle. There was no parking slot in front of the hospital. Should I leave my car in the middle of the road or should I drive further looking for a spot? While Flower was fighting for her life, I was wondering on such a pitiful dilemma. Finally I stopped the car on the side of the street, in a no parking zone. Sort of a midway solution... Pitiful...

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- Her scalp turned upside down, she got such a big hit on her head.

I didn't hear this last sentence. Or actually I did, I just could not digest it. The head of my Flower. That cute little head I always liked to keep in my palms. He continued:

- This was her luck at the same time. The only reason she survived, as it provided enough space to release the pressure from within the cranium. Otherwise she would have died on the spot.

ooooo

Suddenly the big heavy doors opened. They pushed out a bed. Still with the same high speed. Still with the

professionalism and routine organisation I have seen earlier. I noticed her. Actually I noticed her beautiful long hair.

„She noticed me as well?”

Yes, she could see me for a moment. She was alive and aware. At least this was my understanding of the events right there, in that moment. Doctors say it is impossible, it was only my imaginations. I am still sure of it. A dilemma we will never solve I guess.

## **Second Phase: game of nerves**

Mental work was impossible with Flower, she would forget everything in matter of minutes.

Physically she also got into a dead end. All her joints kept on ossifying, becoming one big stuck bone structure. Letting no room for movement; thus blocking any chances for development. On the contrary, making everything more and more complicated. Imagine you would need to step into a car not being able to bend your knee. Or imagine combing your hair when your elbow is fixed in a straight position. Not to mention even more difficult situations when you have an itch on your nose; or a mosquito bothering you...

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Does the miracle know she is a miracle? I know this may sound now too philosophical, but just think about it. She was in a stage when she was making huge steps. Clearly and without any doubts. But still, she was not showing enough

signs of her own understanding of reality. We were still uncertain what was going on within her mind. We could not know if she was generally happy now. Or afraid. Or confused.

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- We need to prepare the guest room for her.

In the heat of the moment someone from the family came up with this idea.

“The guest room?!”

- She is not coming home as a guest. She is coming HOME. The home she left behind that morning when she left to work. Everything must be as close as possible to what she left behind that morning.

And so we did. Anything different was completely unacceptable to me. The only way I could really help Flower was by giving her all my love. By showing to her that she still matters. By helping her back into society. Loving and caring for her as best as I could. Rest was not on me. The rest stays on God, the doctors, the therapists – but not me.

“How could I show her my love by isolating her in a separate room?”

I am not a doctor, nor a psychologist. But trust me on this one. The moment you isolate an ill person, you kill their hope. You tell them they don't matter anymore, that they are not the same any more. They start accepting they are ill. And therefore start behaving as such. All potential development killed. Right there.

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- Oh... Everything is like I left it!
- Of course it is. It is your home.

## **Third phase: Back to the future**

Any rehabilitation process will get stuck from time to time. It happened to us as well few times. When all people involved get tired. Or disoriented. When everyone still wants to continue fighting, but you are out of ammunition. Like soldiers waiting for food supplies on a remote front.

- What do you think of moving to Netherlands?

My manager called me with this question when we were again in one of those blocked periods.

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- Let's do it. I can prove them I deserve longer rehabilitation.

This was a major difference to any previous hard decision. Flower was with me by now. Mentally I mean. She was involved. Responsibly and seriously. And she was ready to take the risk. She felt this was an opportunity that may never come back.

- I am sure you can. Let's do it then!

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We continue from here. I promise. God has already made the cards. It is clearly not the end, just the beginning. I will continue sharing with you how it turns out. As long as you, dear Reader, will be interested.

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*“Love is patient  
and kind.*

*Love is not jealous  
or boastful  
or proud  
or rude.*

*Love does not demand its own way.*

*Love is not irritable,  
and it keeps no record of when it has been wronged.*

*It is never glad about injustice  
but rejoices whenever the truth wins out.*

*Love never gives up,  
never loses faith,  
is always hopeful,  
and endures through every circumstance.*

*(...)*

*There are three things that will endure  
- faith, hope, and love –  
and the greatest of these is love.”*

*Paul's First Letter to the Corinthians  
chapter 13*