

Angels are Real

David Peter Krivoshik - 23rd April 2010

When Laura was born, she was my little angel, so beautiful and perfect as I held her in my arms. That early September morning Cindy fell asleep exhausted while I sat next to her holding Laura. A few hours later Cindy woke and was so surprised to see I was still sitting there holding Laura, not having moved, in the exact same position, so calm and peaceful, something I never could do before, being constantly restless.

When our son Peter was 15 months old, a neighbor driving a mail truck ran over his head and leg in our driveway, in the hospital Laura not yet 3, stood silently, perfectly behaved, knowing something was very wrong yet comforted by someone we could not see but knew was there with her, watching over her. There are so many times that we have felt Laura was being watched over by someone, and protected by an Angel.

Laura has Rett Syndrome [*please visit <http://UnicornMeadows.org>*]. Most of Laura's world revolves around her babies (dolls) which she names, plays with, takes care of and even puts in time out when they are bad. We subscribe to Parenting and other magazines just for her to look at and hold. Laura was always so extremely happy and so very proud to say "I'm your Aunt Laura" to Ashley and Jake, wanting to just simply love them, hold them, play with them and to help take care of them in any way she could.

On Wednesday, August 8, 2007 her latest baby magazine ripped and fell apart on her ½ hour+ bus ride home from the Midland School. In 100+ degree heat she left her room, went unobserved down a back set of stairs, opened a closed screen door, opened a latched wooden gate, walked 85 feet down our driveway, and into a very busy although rural county road that we live on, at 5:30 PM (in the middle of rush hour). Somehow at almost that very moment a neighbor and friend (*a real living angel*), who has 6 children of her own and knew about Laura, was driving by in her van. Her kids said she should just call us, instead she turned around, found Laura had crossed the road, was standing at our mailbox, & looking in it for her new magazine. That *real living angel* helped Laura safely back across the road and to our house.

Our road has a 35/45 MPH speed limit but typically is driven by non-residents at 60 MPH and faster. Our driveway is almost blind after a crest in the road. That evening I talked at length with Laura about how 2 of our cats died crossing that very road, in front of our house and what could have happen to her. Laura remembered very well her cat Ashley, what happen to her and that we buried her after Laura said good-bye.

I repeated several times to Laura that she should never cross a road alone because we didn't want her to get hit like Ashley. Then out of the blue Laura simply said "he helped me". I asked Laura only one time "who helped you" then she said again & again "he helped me" and then she said "he helped me, an angel". Laura said she was sorry and would not go in the road again unless we held her hand. There have been a number of other times that we believe, someone is watching over us, and our children, not only Laura. After that hot August day we know there is a very REAL angel in heaven, looking out for her and us.

On Easter Sunday April 4th Laura didn't want to watch her favorite movies and came down to the kitchen, wanting to help with the food and asked "can I set the table", something she hadn't done in years.

On Tuesday night April 13th at bedtime Laura kept saying again and again "take my picture, take my picture". I finally did with my cell phone with only the 4 watt night light on in her bedroom (no flash). The first time the picture was all black, I moved the night light, and took a second photograph, I showed it to Laura and said "we can see you now", I never showed Laura the pictures on my camera let along my cell phone (which I very rarely take pictures with). Laura then told me "thank you, I love you daddy". I gave her a kiss and said, "I love you too hon (honey), please go to sleep so you won't be tired for school in the morning." That is the last photograph, we will ever have of our beautiful angel, she was smiling & happy.

Wednesday, April 14th Laura was standing on our deck asking me if she could go for a walk, something she has not wanted to do in years. We took Skip, her very devoted pug, and walked through our 4 acre yard to visit a 90 year old neighbor and his dogs. On the way home, Laura asked if she could pick some flowers, I said "yes, of course". Laura did and held out a handful of dandelions she had picked saying "I love you daddy" then she asked if she could pick some for mommy and did. I put the dandelions in water for her.

On Friday evening, April 16th, Laura told me again and again and again when she was going to sleep that she loved me. She woke up several times between 2:30 and 4:00 AM. I found her at the top of our attic steps in the dark, she hadn't gone up there in over 6 years, when her computer was there, we think she knew, was looking for me (my office is in our attic) and we believe she was also trying to get closer to heaven. After the first time I slept at the bottom of the curved 'Jersey Winder' steps to watch out for Laura.

Laura always liked to say she talked for the Rett Girls, being one of less than 4 Rett Girls we were aware of anywhere who can talk and reply in full sentences. Now we believe she talks for the Rett Girls in Heaven.

Laura often talked about my dad, whom she had never met, asking many times if she could marry him. I believe my dad, who died 31 years ago this past March, is one of her guardian angels. Now Laura has her own angel wings, is with my dad, holding his hand. We love you and miss you so much Laura...

Please visit <http://UnicornMeadows.org>