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I was drowning, but I was not dying, even though that is all I wanted at this point. I was drowning in hopelessness, solitude, and my own thoughts. I was 19 years old, but it felt like I had been living for ages. I had graduated high school and was trying to figure out my next move in life and college was definitely in my future, but it was something I did not want right then. I had to work because money was what I needed the most then and a reason to keep on living.

“What are you doing with your life?” “Where are you headed?” “Do you even have any idea?” “You are wasting your life…you are a waste.” These statements spoken by my dad, constantly rang in my head. I contemplated life in a negative way. I saw black and white and sometimes occasionally blue. I felt hopeless and alone. The world around me suddenly wasn’t a world, but a place full of blurred faces and voices that sounded so distant. I felt cold and detached from myself. I desperately tried to put myself together and find incentive to keep moving forward instead of backwards, but every time I got back up I was knocked down twice as hard, but eventually I learned that that only made me stronger. Sometimes I would hit rock bottom and it felt like I was stuck. I found a getaway in going out and partying, but out of all those nights of confusion and dullness there was a night where the stars shined brighter to me. I met someone who changed me. He brought color into my life and gently painted my grey skies blue and changed my mind from a whirlwind of black to a calming ocean full of peace. Finding him helped me find myself. He pushed life into me. I found comfort in his arms and he warmed my cold fragile body. His smile was my sun and it turned my grey days into bright ones.

Things slowly started changing for me. I looked forward to the next day. It was full of opportunities and love that I lacked, but found in him. I found a job and was finally feeling accomplished. I was content for the first time in what felt like years. I was turning the pages in my life and they were getting better, but it all changed in one night. A night I do not regret or hate just a night that I should have known better. Weeks after that night I concluded that I was pregnant. I felt numb it was an indescribable feeling. He was the first one I told. The image I had of him shattered into a million pieces. The guy that once was my sun turned into a frightening and loud storm that left my world shook. He didn’t want anything to do with me and I was abandoned in a forest full of fears. I kept running into my thoughts and I was terrified. I knew what I had to do, but I did not want to do it. I felt hopeless again, but this time I knew what I was made of. If I bounced back the first time I could do it again even though this time it seemed like my entire world was drowning. As days went by I built up the courage to let my mom know and I did. She was understanding and showed me support and that is what I needed. I needed comfort in all this chaos. I did not hear from his dad anymore and I realized he was gone. I kept my pregnancy a secret for months. I let a few close friends know and that was it. I did not look pregnant whatsoever it just seemed like I had gained weight. A month before my due date I finally let my dad know and after everything was said and done all he said to me was…”you have ruined your life.”

My dad was wrong about that. My baby gave me life. I felt alive like I never have before because I was the one who gave someone life and that someone needed me and accepted me for who I was. I fell in love and it was a feeling that I have never felt before. I fell in love with this child and I fell in love with life again. He was my haven. He was giving me the strength to keep going. He fulfilled my dreams and made me happy again and he was all I needed. Time went by and the struggle became real. I had to focus on him, work, and school. It felt like my world was crazy. I needed time for everything and it seemed like I could not find any. The lack of presence from his father only made it worse. I craved support from him, but he would not even call me back. There were a few occasions where he did, but it did not last. His words meant nothing and his actions proved that. I had the support of my entire family later on. It took my dad a little getting used to, but he soon loved my son. Everyone did and I loved witnessing that. It made my heart happy.

My son is about to be 1 year old. He is my happiness and being a mom did not ruin my life. It changed it for the better. I live for him and his smile. I live for the days that he wants to be held by me. He has given me a new meaning. Life has not been fair to me, but it rarely is to anyone. I may not be where I want to be right now, but I’m getting there. Meanwhile I’m enjoying every single day of my life and every single smile I see on my son’s face and that is all I need.