

IMPERFECT TIMING by Bobbie Candas

EXCERPT

I tried to resurrect our happiest moments. It was probably right after I turned twenty-eight. Trey and I were surprised at how quickly I got pregnant. My labor had been intense, almost twenty-four hours of surging pain, coming, going and then relentlessly returning in a more ferocious onslaught. Trey was my champion through the struggle, holding my hand, joking with the nurses, encouraging me, bringing ice chips, making me laugh, playing my favorite songs to distract me. He stuck by me at my worst and was there for the big reveal.

I still remembered his excited words. “Sweet baby Jesus, Chloe, she’s coming in for a landing. It’s her head. Just a little more. It’s happening, it’s happening. You’re awesome, doing fantastic! She’s so beautiful, so tiny.”

Then he was crying. Tall, burly Trey was crying like a baby, and our soft, sweet smelling pink bundle of a daughter was wailing, as a newborn should. I cried out of relief and my OB nurse and doctor wept from relief. It was one noisy, joyful, wet room. Happy oozed from every pore of my being and I knew Trey was in the same state of mind as we held our daughter, gazing down on the miniature oval wrinkled face, surrounded by wisps of light hair. She cemented us and our marriage in that moment. There’d been uncertainties before, but we now knew we were in it together; a strong binding force brought about by a tiny, fragile person.