

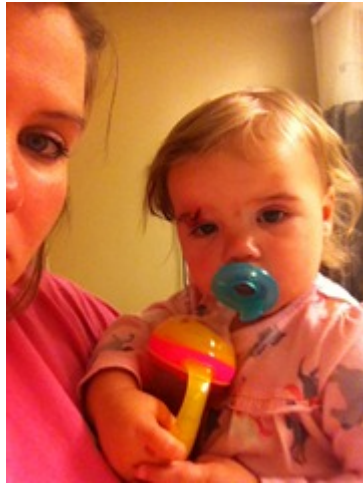
To the ER

Well, I knew it would happen sooner or later. I was honestly hoping for a much later visit to the emergency room. I thought they would be at least two before they got hurt?! What can I say though.. they are mine and Matt's kids. I broke every bone in my body and Matt has had so many stitches he has lost count.

Last Tuesday was a good day. I woke up and nursed Maddie and made breakfast for the twins before they got up. We were all playing and everyone was in such a good mood until we weren't anymore. I was on all fours chasing the kids around having a good time. I decided to run into the kitchen real quick to throw away a diaper. Jocelynn was running after me and she fell. I noticed she was about to faint (which isn't out of the ordinary) so I went to grab her so I could hold her while she fainted. I put her up on the counter to look at her. I was checking her feet, her knees just anything to see why was crying so hard. I looked at her face and noticed blood ALL over her sweet face. My first thought was her mouth. I looked at her gums and made sure her teeth were all there. Then, I noticed her eyebrow was slit right in the middle and her eyelid was cut too. It was gushing out and I felt so sick to my stomach because I knew she must have been in pain. I started crying so hard and did the only thing I knew what to do and just applied pressure to the wound. I ran to get my phone, while holding her, and my phone was dead. NO! I was freaking out and I was terrified. I was just going to call 911 because I had three babies and I thought that might had been easier. Right? But no my phone was dead so I grabbed my iPad and text my SIL. Thankfully she was just right down the road and made it to my house in under five minutes. She held Jocelynn while I threw on some clothes and off to the emergency room we went. My brother in law drove me and Joc. I was a nervous wreck and I wanted to hold Jocelynn to make sure

she didn't fall asleep just incase there was a concussion. I felt so sick to my stomach because she was hurt. All I could think about was what if they have to do stitches? What if she scars? Every thought broke my heart.

Before Stitches



We got to the ER and they got us in right away. A doctor came in and looked at her and said it probably would need stiches but she would try to glue it if she could. I swear 2 hours passed before they came back in our room. Matt had arrived and let the brother in law go home. Jocelynn was happy to see her daddy! Then the doctor walked in with two other nurses and asked if we were ready.. umm who is ever ready to see their child in pain? They wrapped her up in a sheet so she couldn't fight them. A big man nurse held Jocelynns chest and shouldrers down and the other nurse held her head straight up. The doctor attempted to glue it but the wound was too far apart and too deep so stitches it was. She numbed the area and Jocelynn is already furious at this point. I started bawling and telling my baby girl I loved her and that it was ok. She was fighting them so hard it looked like she was having seizures. I hated the look she kept giving me. It was the look of "mommy, why are you letting them do this to me". I looked over at the hubs and he didn't look so good. He told me he was about to faint (she gets her fainting from him) so I grabbed his hand and out he went. The doctor and nurse freaked out because he fainted

and I kept saying "Oh, he is fine". Another nurse came in the room and rolled him out hah. Is this eventful enough for you yet? They were finally done stitching Jocelynn's brow and I laid in the bed with her and held her until the glue dried. They put glue over the stitches just to secure it. We were good to go after daddy felt better. It all felt like a bad dream. I still can't believe it happened. And the weird thing is that I have no clue what she hit. The area of the house where she fell didn't have anything around her. The only thing we can think of was her sippy cup because she was running while holding it. I feel so guilty. Like I should've been watching every move. I know we can't watch every step they take and I know they are going to get hurt, but that was so scary. It hurts my heart so bad that she had to get stitches and might even have a scar;)

We stopped at Dairy Queen on the way home to treat our brave girl.



Here's a good picture of her boo-boo. Oh, and that's food all over her face just so you know hah:)



Dear Jocelynn,

Can we wait a few years before you give me my next heart attack? Please and Thank You. Mommy loves you so much.