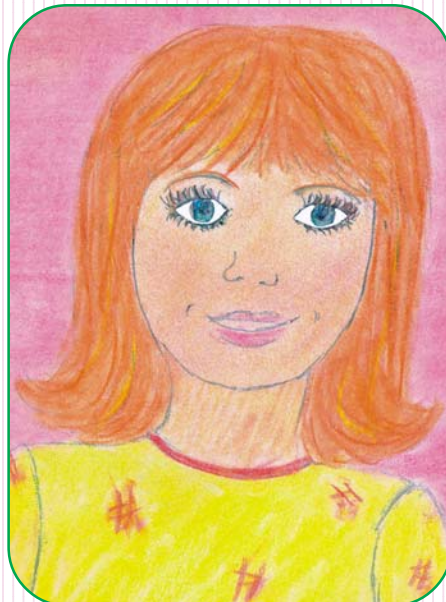


# Contents

<b>Prologue .....</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>Why Am I Sick? .....</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>Lizzy's Lesson .....</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>A Message From Sarah... ..</b>	<b>25</b>
<b>The "C" Word .....</b>	<b>25</b>
<b>A Message From Lizzy... ..</b>	<b>26</b>
<b>You Are Not Forgotten .....</b>	<b>26</b>



## PROLOGUE

There are certain questions that every parent dreads hearing. We expect our children to ask them, nonetheless. These can range from “What does God look like?”, “Where do babies come from?”, or “How does Santa Claus deliver all those presents in just one night?”. There are some questions no parent should ever have to face, much less answer. “Why am I sick?” is one of those questions.

When you're the parent of a sick child, your world comes to a screeching halt, your heart is ripped from your chest, and your faith is challenged beyond belief. You learn to sleep sitting on a windowsill in the middle of the day, while the T.V. is blaring. You are forced to take a crash course in medical terminology just to understand the basics, whenever the doctor comes in to see you. You keep a journal at the bedside so you won't forget anything and to give you back some small sense of control.

Throughout all of this stress, you can lose sight of the small person who is sick...your child. If you think all of this is overwhelming to you, just think how your child is feeling. This book is designed to help open a healthy dialogue between a parent and a sick child. Both of you are scared to death and neither of you wants to admit it. It's like having a dinosaur in your living room. Everyone sees it, avoids it and hopes it will go away; however, unless someone actually admits that it's there, it will never leave.

It's the same with fear. The fear of the unknown scares people to death. When dealing with a young child, you have to be especially careful how you explain things to them. Most children are concrete thinkers until

around the age of five. This means that everything is black and white to them. They believe what you say, take it at face value, and as their parent, they *trust you unconditionally*.

I was in and out of the hospital for weeks at a time as a child. Prior to one surgery, the doctor told me to count backwards from one hundred and I would wake up just fine. I frantically grabbed at his arm and started crying, "I can't count that high!" He simply laughed and forced the mask on my face anyway. Little did he know that my last thoughts before going to sleep were, "I'm going to die because I can't count up to one hundred!" It sounds silly, but to a small child, it was a very real fear...my fear.