

Village: Our Loss, Our Longing

Written by Jessica Rios

Friday, 01 June 2018 00:00 - Last Updated Friday, 18 January 2019 09:50

strength and service as the baby moved lower, down, down. By then, I'd grown to treat my home like an altar. Home became a space where everything in it was beautiful for my eyes and soothing for my heart, where every single thing either brought me joy to look at or to use, and was well tended to. I didn't clean once a month for six hours; tending to my space was a practice everywhere I walked. Creating beauty and order was a meditation. Creating home had show up in this world.

become a passion a home that felt capable of holding me in all the ways I'd grown to give and

I liked having my own space, where I could place a turquoise vase of white tulips on any windowsill I chose without having to democratically discuss it with an entire community of cohabitants.

Roaring like a tiger (literally you know it, mamas), I sat on the birthing stool at the edge of my bed, a volcano about to erupt from my womb, and our daughter emerged. With pneumonia.

We spent the next 10 days and nights in the NICU (neonatal intensive care unit). Our daughter's lungs got oxygen pumped into them to grow. I held her little body for only about an hour every

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