The Wish Begins ...
Our wish shirts and family shirts are washed and ready to be packed.
I am experiencing some emotional paralysis and cannot believe we are heading to Evan's wish in 2 days!
Never did I think our life would be here...
Here - having a child who has been through hell and back that an organization deems him as sick enough to get a wish.
Here - being 10 years into this struggle of holding my breath for the other shoe to drop.
Here - feeling all the stages of grief? Why my kid?
Here - the whiplash from joy to fear to disbelief and back to joy.
Here - gratitude that feels immeasurable- for my son who is such a warrior, for his sister who is just as strong, for my husband who is my cornerstone, for our medical team who never gave up, for my family who did more for us than we deserve, for friends who carried me when I couldn't keep going.
Here - as a member of a Wish with Wings organization. My Best boy is now part of their legacy and we are humbled by their generosity.
Tonight - we kick off our magical week!

The Magic Continues ...
Today is day 3 of the parks and each of us has cried.
This trip has been everything we never knew we always needed. Time together to let kids be kids. Time together to allow us to be a family.
It's a mix of happy sad. Such incredible happiness for all of the magic these parks and Give Kids the World has provided for our family - especially Evan.
Some overwhelming sadness that just knocked Craig and I out of nowhere. A sad that is about us missing out on many years of Iz and Evan's childhood because of the realities of Evan's life the first few years. Sad because of the days that turned to weeks that turned to years of the morphed our babies to kids - in the blink of an eye.
Don't get me wrong - we are laughing and loving and living it up. But being here - **a Wish with Wings** - gifting us this trip - being ever present in moments of their lives and it just being about them - I don't think I can articulate what my heart feels right now. **Happy tears**.

Our last full day and it was so bittersweet ...

Tomorrow - we head back home and back to reality.

We leave behind all the magic and fairy dust - but alway leave with rememberies that are so achingly amazing it brings tears to my eyes just thinking about it.

Heading home and our hearts are so full our feelings are coming out of our eyeballs...

There are moments that can't be unseen and unfelt.
While I always talk about "rememberies", the reality is that memories are both good and bad.

It's that dichotomy of needing to have those heart aching, gut punching moments to truly appreciate the simple moments of joy that are more magnanimous in our minds and hearts than to the everyday person.
I've tried my best to articulate the lowest of the lows, the fear, the painful reality that Evan's medical journey is still not done. I've tried to help guide you into a world that I wish we didn't live in.
The reality is - Evan's medical journey is not over. And it's painful that we wish and pray for more painful surgeries and recoveries. It's painful that I'll ask my boy again to suffer. While there are no dates on the horizon - there is always something looming.
If you've followed our journey or live in my real life world - you know that our family is a chaser of adventures. We take every chance to say yes to an experience. We have been incredibly blessed that our family has gifted many trips around the globe to allow our kids to experience it.
I'd go broke trying to give iz and Evan the world to make memories. I realized after this wish trip why Craig and I have been so desperate and have gone to the ends of the globe. Our rememberies are so full of moments that are seeded into our minds where Evan has suffered and we have suffered along side him. In flashes of seeing him squeal with joy at the next roller coaster, I would get a flash of him in a hospital bed.
I would physically shake my head to end the visions. The moment broken by my arm being tugged by my best boy as he pulled us to the next thrill ride. His fast talking, ride Excitement was palpable. He was just living in the now - loving every second. And that is what I am begging my brain to capture and replace the memories that fill my head.
Some have made comments to me about this trip saying "Y'all are so lucky!
I know it's not meant in malice...but it stings just the same.
When you qualify for a wish trip - you're excited and also gut punched. Excited for this chance for magic for your child but - *gulp*- your child is sick enough to get one.
Wish trips are the rememberies replacers. It's our gallant effort to erase and unsee those jarring images of our child's suffering. It's our child's chance to capture normalcy and joy in their world that is unlike others around them.
It's the thing wishes and prayers are made of. We pray to get them through each hard. The surgeries. The medications. The Hail Mary's to keep them alive.
And suddenly - here we are. Where we prayed to be.
We look back and the memories are muddled. We are scared to look forward because tomorrows aren't promised.
So we capture todays and hold on tight with all our might.
And today - is the day wishes came true.
Thank you to **a Wish with Wings** for sending us and thank you **Give Kids the World** for having us in your home.

~ as told by Evan's mom ~