

Autism Awareness Day, 2nd April.

What does that mean for us?
Before our angel opens her eyes..
Is her breakfast bowl clean, and her socks with matching days.
Is the uniform laid out in a specific way.
Thump thump down the stairs is she singing or crying,
Lets prepare for meltdown as the day is just starting.
Half hour I've allowed to get her hair in a bobble,
Half an hour is that all?! No time for a wobble.
Singing our way to school and questions beyond imagination,
To meet her mate this morning she is full of anticipation.
Scooting along in her own little zone,
Shouts goodbye to her brother who would rather walk on his own.
Into the building she goes with a 'new little job'
As the teachers persuade her to leave me, her mom.
The end of school day, how did it go?
Was she happy, was she anxious? I can't wait to know.
Enough behaviour letters to repaper a mansion,
But she doesn't care for that now, she just wants my attention.
Lines all the shoes up so perfect and releases her stress,
Bossing everybody around because she always knows best!
Dinnertime approaching how will this go,
Can I mix your spaghetti with your sauce... who knows?!
'I need my blanket, those pyjamas are trash,
Leave me alone I want to sleep in the bath.
The noise is too loud, the lights are too bright,
Can you rub the soles of my feet until I fall to sleep tonight?'
The storm falls quiet and her bedtime talking starts
But we made it through another day without falling apart.
Her brother & I are learning daily how to suit her needs,
Sensory, emotionally and everything in between.
GPs, paediatricians, therapists and teachers,
Are just the outsiders to this whirlwind adventure.
It's me that's your safe place, your brother that's your friend
And no matter how hard the fight we will get there in the end.
I have no idea what I am doing, I wing this every single day.
But Amelia Grace 'with the beautiful face' I wouldn't have you any other way.