

Senior Division, Non-Fiction

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The Other Happy Ending (an excerpt)

Months passed and then a year. Then another year. Still no child. I still vividly remember the winter mornings, rising before first light, our fate held by that little white stick. We would watch the hot pink lines form hesitantly, the warm glow from our bedside lamp illuminating what felt like a response from the universe. Chris would hold the Infant Jesus of Prague prayer card while I held my breath for what was only ever a devastatingly negative result.

Time passed, as it always does. We allowed ourselves some time to heal and to reevaluate our search for parenthood. We decided to start the adoption process.

For anyone who has been involved in an international adoption, you know that the process is as convoluted as building a spaceship with floss, wet wool and the tiny, sharp needles of black spruce. It's tangly, intrusive and uncertain.

I would be remiss if I didn't highlight the role that faith has played in our journey.

Through our fertility setbacks and through the adoption that didn't happen, our belief that God was at our side holding our hands through every single step saved us on many days.

Now in our mid-forties, we are living a joyful and blessed and interesting life, just the two of us. We live in Branch, Newfoundland. We're a bit foolish. We walk in the woods. We grow carrots. We love our life together. We love each other.

There are many who say that life doesn't really start until you become parents. For us, life didn't start until we accepted that we couldn't. In an effort to find Jack, we somehow found ourselves instead.

Indeed, many of these stories end with children arriving in people's lives and for those who know that ending, we couldn't be happier. But there is another happy ending and we are proof of that.