

Luigi

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My son Philip was born with Down's syndrome which turned out to be such a blessing in disguise. He has been one of my best teachers when it comes to matters of the heart. Here is a short story that I wrote about one of our little adventures. I hope it gives you joy.

...It was a warm and beautiful summer's day. The windows in our car were all opened, and the wind was blowing through Joanne's hair as she was sitting in the front seat with Mom.

Music filled the car..."Cabbage Patch kids growing in the garden..." The music and my sister's curls played in the wind while Mom drove us down the highway.

In the back seat I played with my doll Luigi from the amazing Mario Brothers, my video game heroes. I held onto Luigi as I stuck my hand out the window and felt the beautiful wind lifting my hand. It looked like Luigi was flying in the wind.

I had seen Luigi fly so easily in video games. He was amazing. I opened up my fingers and let him go, hoping to see him fly up into the sky, like a beautiful bird; but instead he fell to the ground and was lost.

I couldn't believe it. What happened? I shouted out, "Luigi, Luigi. Get Luigi." But it was hard for Mom to hear me over the music. So I cried out louder, "Get Luigi. Get Luigi."

Finally Joanne looked back and she understood the look on my face and my cries for help, and she told Mom that I dropped Luigi out the window.

Mom knew how important Luigi was to me. He was my whole world, my best friend. Mom turned the car around at the next exit and then drove down that same stretch of highway once again. We looked and we looked, but we couldn't find Luigi.

When we got home I sat on the couch and just waited for Luigi to fly back to me. Mom fixed me a snack, but I couldn't eat. How could I eat or sleep until Luigi came home? I just sat there on the couch all afternoon long on that warm, breezy summer's day. Mom was worried about me, I could tell.

The sun was setting but I didn't move. My world was empty without Luigi. Joanne said that Dad's car just pulled into the driveway. Mom would tell him what happened.

Dad walked into the living room after a hard day of work, and Joanne's eyes almost popped out of her head. She was so excited and so was Mom. There was my Luigi doll sticking his head out of the pocket on Dad's work shirt.

While driving down the highway at 70 miles an hour, somehow, someway, my Dad spotted that 6" green doll sitting upright in the green grass on the side of the highway. Dad just knew it had to be mine.

He drove off the exit and circled around and came down that same stretch of highway once again. He stopped his car and got out and picked up Luigi and brought him home to me.

I never doubted. I knew that Luigi would come home. Mom said something like, "that's a miracle, the miracle of the strength of God's love between a father and his son."

I simply hugged Luigi and thanked my Dad.