

## Rita

Hello, everyone! How are you all doing, as for me and my family are fine. My name is Rita (not real name) telling you my story about my family and future.

My story begins on July 5, 2005 when I was getting ready to give birth to my second baby, I also have a five year old daughter who doesn't know, but soon she will know, she is healthy and going to school.

Knowing what God was giving me when I opened my eyes and held my arms out to grab my beautiful baby girl. She weights about 7 pounds 2 oz and 10inches hearing my baby girl crying in my arms and me looking at her with happiness not knowing what lays ahead from me and my family. It all happened when we came home the first week she had a fever and cough we took her to the clinic to see if she was fine they did all kind of testing took different fluid and blood samples, but couldn't do anything more for her because they have not pediatric floor for kids. So we have drove all the way to Grand Rapids from Lansing MI in the back of an ambulance for two hours. There they told me more about her symptoms that it was just a flu bug going around and that she will feel better in the next few days. So the next day she was feeling fine, but went the weekend was ending she have gotten real sick again. And there I was once again in the hospital with her trying to ask the doctors what was wrong with my daughter but they could only tell me that it was a cold and that it will be fine. So I took her home again but there was only one more time that I took her in for the last time. It was during the months of July or August that her father ended up in the hospital with a weird rash and flu like symptoms, and broken ribs but our daughter was not there with us they told him that they needed to do some more testing and he had to stayed over night. So he stayed I went home to get some sleep, but that night I will be back in the hospital once again. I brought her in, they did the routine testing except for two tests that I didn't want them to do on her. (Urine sample and spinal taps) I told them that they had all her samples and files that I was not going to have any nurse or doctor do anything more to her because I didn't want to put her in that kind of pain again, so they went to look at her file to see if they have missed anything. They came back two or three hours later, maybe three or four docs. And told me that they didn't know what was wrong with her and they were dumb founded and call in some special pediatric doctors when they told me that I told them that her father was in the hospital for something I didn't know myself, so they tried to put the two of them together and there was some similarities in symptoms and said she had to be admitted we stayed to have them do more testing and wait for them to come back. There I was for the last time with her and my family and they were there as well. To be there in a place where they are suppose to help you and your family and for them to come to you and tell you that they don't know what is wrong with your child or yourself that just makes you not wanted to be near any doctors who don't know what they are doing. Also again there I was with her in a hospital room with them asking me the same routine questions like: How old is she? How many wet diapers? And so on... So days kept passing by that I

never realize that I was even in the hospital but it never cross my mind that I or one of my kids will be sick in and out of the hospital for the rest of there life. The day came on September 1, 2005 that the doctors came in and told me that there was some bad news I kind off knew what they were about to tell me, but my hart was pounding so hard that I wanted to faint but I kept my strength and was ready for anything the doctors had to say to me. One doctor told me that they were very sorry to tell me the bad news that they were about to disclose to me. They said to me “your daughter has HIV”. And that the only way she could have gotten HIV was from me. I took it very hard but I knew that everything would be ok. I have my family, friends and people at my clinics who are now still with me and my family to this day. We are all doing fine taking medications and feeling better than ever.

The purpose of me sharing my story and my families is so I can relive myself to let others know that they are not alone that I have the same problems that they do. So if you have any comments or will like to share your stories with me and my family you can write to me at the following address: 760 Broadway NW apt.2, Grand Rapids, MI 49504

I will love to hear from anyone who is dealing with what I have, if you want to send pictures that will be fine. I will send you pictures of my family to you and I will send your pictures back.

Sincerely,

Rita