

A Letter of Expression

Dear all who will listen,

It has been three long months since our daughter Yali Huang was admitted to Wesley hospital. In these never-ending days, we have seen our lively, joyful daughter transform into a bedridden, struggling patient. The difficulty multiplies as we are strangers in a foreign land. With language barriers, hospital protocol, health care, and insurance settlements, each task seems more difficult than the next. Between the endless tears and suppressed emotions in an attempt to remain strong, we have been unsure where to turn and how to process our growing grief.

Our memories deceive us. It seems so long ago that we bid Yali farewell at the Shanghai airport last August. Overcome with excitement to begin the student exchange program, Yali took off for a new land. As a family we had hoped for this to be the first step towards a brighter future. We had hoped that America could provide Yali with a good education, with new experiences, and with a happy, fulfilled life. The American dream of a house, a husband, two children, and white picket fence seemed such an incredible possibility. Yet, in one instance, the couple seconds it took a Jeep hit Yali at a crosswalk, all these hopes, dreams, and aspirations vanished forever.

We are told Yali will never recover use of her legs. We are told she will never be able to eat without feeding tubes, to speak using her own mouth. We are told that she will need 24-hour nursing care for the rest of her life. The worst part: she's only 22 years old.

We feel like we are at the end of the road. Though there is still so much to do as Yali's transfer is pending, we are tired, insurance has run out, and really have nowhere to turn. As a new segment of our life is settling in, as we prepare ourselves to care for Yali

in our future days, we look to the community around us to provide some hope. We need long term support: finances, equipment, supplies, even suggestions, connections or admission to a brain therapy facility. We do not know how long the road is ahead of us. Nevertheless, as parents we are keeping our heads up, searching desperately for some glimmer of light in the darkness.

Sincerely,

Mr. and Mrs. Huang