

On March 19, 2014, Patrick and I welcomed Molly and Patrick into the world. They were seven weeks early, but overall very healthy little beans. We knew we had a few weeks in the NICU while they learned to eat and gain some weight. It was unbearably hard to leave them there each night and go home to an empty house, but we knew they would be home soon and we could start our life as a happy little family.

Then came the diagnosis. A neonatologist greeted me as I walked into their room in the NICU. He shared that Molly had a head ultrasound very early that morning. He assured me that he was not overly concerned because it was probably something minimal, as the only real concerning diagnosis was so extremely rare, he was almost certain it would not be it. About an hour later he walked back into the room and by the look on his face I knew we had the extremely rare diagnosis.

At that moment my world came crashing down around me. My perfect little baby was very sick and everything that I thought our life was going to be like after the NICU was completely shattered. Very quickly, Patrick and I realized there was no time to feel sorry for ourselves and not accept our situation. We needed to “get moving” and do everything we possibly could to help our little girl.

My life soon became a constant trip to specialists both in New Jersey and Manhattan. I have spent countless hours fighting on the phone with insurance companies to get what my daughter deserves. We’ve had twice daily heart medication, a stay in the hospital for feeding issues, two brain embolization surgeries, a feeding tube, and countless other medical interventions that have helped Molly get to the place she is now. Which is a wonderful place ... she is out of Congestive Heart Failure, off her feeding tube, and catching up to her chubby little brother. Her next surgery is scheduled for February 2nd, and although Dr. Berenstein makes no promises, it might just be her last!

So when the Hibernians came to my parents and said they wanted to do a fundraiser for our little girl, I was not surprised. I have been a member since I was a little girl and have seen the generosity of the men and women of Division 7 more times than I can count. This time it was very different though, as I am not use to being on this side of the charity. I truly mean it when I say, there are no words to express the gratitude that my husband and I have for the extraordinary love and support you have all shown. It was an amazing feeling to see how many people put so much time and effort in to making The Wee Molly Fundraiser so successful. It was humbling to see the amount of people who showed up to support us and those that donated even though they couldn’t come. For the Rosin Dubh Pipe Band to give up their Friday night to play for my little girl, the emotions are indescribable. I could continue writing for days, but I will stop and just say ... Thank you ... Thank you ... Thank you.

All our love,

Molly and Patrick

Patrick and JoAnn