WELCOME TO HOLLAND

One Mother’s Journey
WHEN YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A BABY, IT'S LIKE PLANNING A FABULOUS VACATION TO HAWAII. YOU BUY A BUNCH OF GUIDE BOOKS AND MAKE YOUR WONDERFUL PLANS. YOU DREAM OF THE WHITE SAND AND THE ROLLING WAVES, EXPLORING QUEENS BATH, TAKING A HIKE ALONG THE NAPOLI COAST, ISLAND HOPPING AND OOH THOSE FRESH, SWEET MANGOES.
You purchase your flip flops, a tankini, and sun block. You dream of sunsets, walks along the shore, and a moon that’s grander and stars that are brighter. It's all very exciting and you can’t wait to go.
After months of eager anticipation, the day finally arrives. You pack your bags and off you go.
Several hours later, the plane lands. The stewardess comes in and says, "Welcome to Holland."
"Holland?!?" you exclaim. "What do you mean Holland?? I signed up for Hawaii! I'm supposed to be in Hawaii. All my life I've dreamed of going to Hawaii."
But there's been a change in the flight plan. They've landed in Holland and there you must stay.
Your first few days in Holland, you begin to experience the stages of grief--- denial, anger, depression, confusion. How could this happen to you. You did everything right. You planned ahead, you saved your money, you checked the weather. How could this be?
And then... Soon you begin to accept the fact that they haven't taken you to a horrible, disgusting, filthy place, full of pestilence, famine and disease. It's just a different place.
So you must go out and buy new guide books. And you go about learning a whole new language.
So go about exploring a new area that you would have never seen before. You begin to realize, It's just a different place.
It's slower-paced than Hawaii, and less flashy than Hawaii.
But after you've been there for a while and you catch your breath, you look around.... and you begin to notice that Holland has windmills....and Holland has tulips. Holland even has Rembrandts.
But everyone you know is busy coming and going from Hawaii... and they're all bragging about what a wonderful time they had there. And for the rest of your life, you will say "Yes, that's where I was supposed to go. That's what I had planned."
And the pain of that will never, ever, ever, ever go away... because the loss of that dream is a very significant loss.
But... if you spend your life mourning the fact that you didn't get to Hawaii,
you may never be free to enjoy the very special, the very lovely things ... about Holland.

By Emily Perl Kingsley