

“Who will take her to Prom?” That was the first question that came to my father's mind when they informed him that his newborn daughter (me) was born with achondroplasia dwarfism.

Both of my Parents were devastated. They mourned that lost of a perfect child that they were expecting and they were scared to death of the unknowns. Back then (37 years ago, Wow that ages me) there wasn't much said about dwarfism. All that my parents knew was that most little people were in circus's, actors, and are made fun of in society. They were heartbroken, at that thought of what I would be going thru. The doctor told them to get involved in Little People of America (LPA) and handed them a small pamphlet with information on dwarfism. So with that my mom called the local LPA chapter and was able to connect with other Little people and their families. My mom says this was one of the best decisions she ever made. My family got the support, questions answered, access to the best doctors and medical advice, and life long friends.

Now let me tell you a little bit about my life. I did go to prom; in fact I went to three proms. My parents gave me the world, they got me involved in LPA, they never treated me different, they taught me that I can do anything, and made me the person that I am today.

People often ask me if I could be tall with a snap of the fingers would you do it. I tell them no... first off I don't know what it is like to be tall. Second my life wouldn't be were it is now if I wasn't born with dwarfism. Yes, I had MANY hard times in my life which include being made fun of, called names, laughed at, being left out groups of friends, not always being asked to dances, physical limitations, surgeries, and many other things. But the good outweighs the bad; I have had a wonderful life. The people that I have met, the accomplishments I have achieved, the places I have gone and all the amazing

opportunities that I have had have made my life pretty good.

The more you look into my life its pretty normal. I am a Manager at a credit union, own my own home, a wife (married to a little person), and a mother of a 13 year old (average size) boy and a 3 year old (little person) girl.

As you embark on this unknown, scary, and hard journey please know that you have a great support system in your friends, family, community, and people that are going thru the same thing. Right now you are probably mourning the lost of that “perfect” child and that is OK, you have a right to, you need to and you can. Both my parents told me that they mourned for awhile. But when your ready, don’t be afraid to reach out for support, you are not alone. This little child is going to take you on an amazing journey that not many people have the opportunity to go on. Yes there will be hard times, but know this, everything will be just fine. This little child will run, skip, walk, play, fight with sibling, get in trouble, go to school, ride a bike, make a ton of friends, play sports, cook, drive a car, date, get there heart broken, get married, have kids, and grow old. It will be a good life.....

I hope I was able to ease some of your fears and answer some of what’s ahead of you. As you take this new journey there will be a lot of unknowns, just know you have many people around you that will support you, your family and this sweet little one. I am here for you if you ever have a question, need support or just need to ask why. PLEASE call, email, or contact me at anytime.

Take Care,

Rebekah Barlow

[801-560-4114](tel:801-560-4114)

rbarlow@macu.com

Or

chrisandrebekehbarlow@gmail.com

