

October 9, 2013

Dear CURE hospital recruiter:

It was spring before kindergarten when I first started to notice something wasn't right. It was in my son's artwork, in his need to be close to me, in his skin rashes. Then he developed a cold sore on his lip and his fear increased. Once while in pre-kindergarten he soiled his pants, it was when I had an acupuncture treatment in Sarasota, Florida just an hour away. I was applying for a school as a doctor of acupuncture and I was accepted. This was my first treatment with a school physician. However, when I returned to my son's school to pick him up, he was in another little boy's clothes. I told myself, you are not making mother of the year now, and I reconsidered my decision. I did not change my mind, but I began to consider moving to the city of the school where I would train for three years to be a doctor and keep him closer to me so if the school needed something, I was there.

By summer 2013 however, plans changed. My son's medical surprises continued with rashes, which appeared to be diaper rashes. Two trips to the emergency room led to few answers. All Children's Hospital staff were caring, attentive, kind and patient. Both ER visits I expressed my concerns specific to the cause of his symptoms. I was told that these were most likely hygiene related. With his artwork in hand I explained to the ER physician, my son's artwork shows sad faces, a cat chasing a mouse and both are frowning. A rainbow with five people in front of it, all with sad faces. This artwork was so unlike my little artist. She tried to reassure me that everything would be okay and asked me if it was okay for her to notify the state Department of Children and Families. When she expressed my concerns about his symptoms and his art and his fear, we returned home. It was a Friday night, the summer before kindergarten.

By the next day, late morning a police officer and an investigator came to our home. The police officer sat on my son's toddler bed in his bedroom and he began asking us both questions. He asked to speak to my five-year-old alone. When he returned, he spoke to me and he read me my Miranda rights. I asked, "Are you arresting me?" With that, my little boy, standing in our master bedroom doorway cried to me, "You never came back for me." and I looked at both the officer and the state worker and I said, "I need to ask you to leave. You are causing more harm than good." The officer requested his artwork and I informed he that he could make copies. He took the art and informed me that he would return the originals. My son could not walk. I carried him from my bedroom to the bathroom, to the couch. I asked our nanny and babysitter next door to come help. I told her the whole story. He cried and pointed at his belly that he hurt. I contacted his medical doctor, and the emergency room and a counselor and I kept close eye on him. It wasn't until Sunday morning when the emergency room and physician agreed that I needed to bring him in again. It was not just hygiene. His appendix had burst. He and I arrived at the hospital and spent the next seven straight days in his room. We are so grateful to God that he is alive. I prayed for him to heal. He couldn't have the surgery right away because he needed to be treated

for a month with antibiotics. His healing continues. He is now in fifth grade, almost eleven years old and we have been apart since October 17, 2013.

I am applying for your storyteller position, because until this hospitalization and separation from my son, I have had a profitable and beautiful occupation of a health and life coach. I helped children, and adults of all ages with behavioral change including weight loss, exercise and nutrition. While my son was in the hospital we experienced business identity theft and fraud. Our bank accounts and e-mails and website and e-mail marketing all compromised. My Pay Pal account closed by someone. They took my son and my ability to work my business to earn income. This removed me from my son's school where I was hand-picked by his teacher to help other children learn to read. I was picked to go on field trips with his class and I was a volunteer for the PTA.

This trip to All Children's Hospital in St. Petersburg changed our lives, permanently. By 2016, I heard of the CURE hospital because I found a Night to Shine Video from the Tim Tebow Foundation. For over a year and one half I have read testimonials and success stories. I have prayed repeatedly that God would help me and my son, but also end these types of separations of children from their moms'.

So despite our closeness, our pleasant hospital stay, our requests to be together for his elementary years, we have not been able to reunite and I take this to God in prayer.

Our social media posts including Facebook, Twit video, and website <http://www.inspirewell-being.com> were all joy filled, love posts with gratitude towards God. But it was his first day of kindergarten, when I took him to school, because it was not pre school where you can stay, at the time of the pledge to the flag, I heard a little voice say, I pledge allegiance to ISIS. My son begged me to find a new school and he begged me to home school him. We didn't win, yet. We are still seeking prayer and healing for our reunification.

I am a gifted writer and speaker and I am familiar with Apple and PC. I have a Master of arts degree in Adult Education and a Bachelor's degree in Psychology. From October 17, 2013 until October 9, 2018 I have prayed for God to help me to turn our story into something positive. Your need for a story teller can be filled by me. I am confident in my ability to give God the credit for healing the time apart, and for healing our heart. I can be reached at 727-225-6932 or at soultravelclub@gmail.com

Sincerely,

Elizabeth Nelson, MA, ED

