


## Essay/Personal Reflection

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# A journey through psychosocial and spiritual: Hurry up and be steadfast in accepting the realities of life

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This incident occurred on a day that should have been normal, on Sunday, November 5, 2023. The sky was clear without clouds, and everything looked peaceful, but things changed instantly. That morning, I was out of town on a study assignment when I suddenly received a phone call that stopped my pulse momentarily. From the other end of the line, I heard the news that my second child, who was 18 months old, had a severe accident. A motor vehicle cut off my child's 2 right ring fingers and little finger. When I heard the news, panic and worry immediately overtook me. In my heart, I could only pray that what I heard was not as bad as I imagined. However, the reality cannot change. My child needs amputation surgery. Every passing second was overwhelming, and my mind was full of unwanted images about my son's condition that day and the future. What about when I grow up? Can I accept it? I'm afraid that my child will be bullied because of his shortcomings, and this incident could trigger traumatic and stressful experiences for me and my family (Turgoose et al. 2021).

Amid that anxiety, I rushed to find a way to get home. Hurriedly, I headed to the nearest train station, hoping to be by my son's side soon. However, in this situation, time seemed to move very slowly. The train, which is usually a fast means of transportation, this time felt like it was pushing against time. Every beat of the train wheels on the tracks seemed to be a reminder of the precious seconds passing by. The train ride was tense. The noisy voices of other passengers and the hum of the engine, which were usually calming, only added to the tension this time. Every station I passed seemed to only remind me of the distance that still had to be covered. My mind kept wandering to my child, who at that time was probably scared and in excruciating pain. A loud sound of crying pierced my heart; if I were there, if I weren't on study duty, I would want to be there immediately. The image of my child's usually cheerful face is now replaced with sadness and suffering and can even cause trauma due to amputation (Khan et al. 2016).

In the slowly moving train, I tried to stay strong. I tried to focus on what to do after arriving. Amputation surgery is not something easy to deal with, especially for a child and us as his family. I knew that this would be a very traumatic experience for my child and family. My child's entire life is about to change, and as a father, I need to be there to support him through every step. While staring out the window, I gathered the courage to be a pillar of strength for my child and family. Every kilometre covered added strength and then dived to face this difficult situation. Even though fear and anxiety haunt me, I know that I have to remain calm and encourage my child and family. I quickly left the carriage when the train finally entered the destination station in 7 hours. Though the cool night air greeted me, nothing could cool the panic that was still burning. Quickly, I jumped into an online taxi and asked the driver to rush to the hospital where my child was being treated.

Upon arrival at the hospital, the atmosphere was silent, and the dim lights added to the tension. My quick steps led me through a seemingly endless corridor. Finally, after what seemed like too long, I found the room where my son was weak with bandages on his hands, accompanied by his family crying but still cheering for my arrival. All the emotions I had been holding back during the trip broke out. I sat by the bed, held her still-intact hand, and promised to always be there for her, no matter what happened. This is a storm of tests that we have to overcome, face, accept reality, survive, be steadfast, and rise to live life as it continues.

With eyes full of tears but full of hope, I, as a father, looked at my son and said, "We never choose the challenges that come to us, but we can choose how we respond to those challenges. Let us choose to respond with strength, courage, and love. Let us rise, not only to survive but to thrive." In the cold room of the hospital, with my child lying weak, I discovered that my responsibility was not only to provide physical support but also mental and emotional support. With my son's hand still intact in mine, I whispered, "We will get through this together, no matter how hard it is. You are strong, and I am here for you." Philosophically, this moment is a stark reminder of the fragility of life and the uncertainty of our existence. We often take everyday life for granted without realizing how quickly our reality can change (Zihao et al. 2024).

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Psychosocially, this news destroyed the calm of our family life. This accident not only had a physical impact on my son but also left emotional scars on our family dynamic. A child's innocent laughter was replaced by pain and crying, testing our resilience and unity. Spiritually, this ordeal tested our faith and belief in a higher power. Amid deep sadness, we seek solace in prayer and spirituality, hoping to find strength and healing (Ellison et al. 2009). It is a moment of introspection, forcing us to confront our vulnerabilities and search for meaning in suffering.

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