

I remember our daughter when she was little. She kept trying to walk and couldn't. She kept falling, 10 x, 100 x, 1000 x, ... etc. Day after day, week after week, month after month. I watched her, and while it got better from time to time, I just accepted that our child would not be able to walk. And if she does, it won't be much. She had no talent for walking at all. I told her it was no use, let her to accept that she wouldn't be able to walk well. But I guess my daughter didn't understand me or didn't want to understand me, and kept trying to walk. Somewhere out there I had shared that our daughter was walking badly and couldn't walk despite all her efforts. She does walk occasionally, but she falls. I was immediately taken in by an action young mom who immediately bombarded me with syndromes and disorders and blamed us for neglecting our daughter's care. She was ready to rush us to a specialist paediatrician at the hospital. Her face was full of enthusiasm and concern for the welfare of others. Finally, she asked me how old my daughter was. I replied that she was not even a year old, that she would be 3/4 in about two weeks. I have never seen such a rapid change in a woman's face. I preferred to disappear quickly and keep the unnecessary talk to myself next time.